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Bonum est homini ut eum veritas volentem, quia malum est homini ut eum veritas vincat invitum. Nam ipsa vincat necesse est, sive negantum sive confitentum.

S. AUG. EPIST. CCXXXVIII. AD PASCENT.

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CHARACTERISTICS OF PHYSICAL LIFE.

Protoplasm; or, Matter and Life. By Lionel S. Beale, M.B., F.R.S.

Lay Sermons. By S. H. Huxley, LL.D., F.R.S.

As regards Protoplasm, in relation to Professor Huxley's Physical Basis of Life. By J. Hutchison Stirling, F.R.C.S.

THERE is perhaps in nature nothing so evident as life, and yet under certain aspects there is perhaps nothing so mysterious. It forms the boundary line between the animate and inanimate kingdoms, and fills earth, air, and sea with its manifold products. With all the cunning of perfect design, and according to the laws given to it, it adapts plants and animals to different countries; under the tropical sun it spreads out its wide-leaved evergreens; in northern climates it strips trees of their foliage or binds them compactly, that they may be able to stand the winter's storm. It is this germinal principle of life which gives its bloom to the rose and its brilliant whiteness to the lily; which scatters variety in every degree of its development in the vegetable kingdom, from the lichen which seems to be identified with the rock over which it creeps, to those "mammoth trees" that rise like so many cathedral spires in the Yosemite valley.

And still this vital principle of growth manifested in such profusion through the vegetative half of the world of life is something which has all along evaded the analytical search of the physicist. He has had at his command carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen elements, which enter essentially into the composition of plants, but manipulate them as he would he has not been able to form

from them even the lowest living organism. Out of them and other elements, indeed, chemical combinations have been made; oxygen and hydrogen have been so combined as to form water; carbon and oxygen have been so mixed as to produce carbonic acid; in the laboratory have also been formed butyric ether and the flavoring juice of the pineapple, as well as the formic acid produced by ants, but all these, though existing as chemical compounds, are not capable by themselves of forming one living cell or tissue. Let it be even granted that science has mastered the inorganic elements and juices that compose any living thing; that it has discovered the variety and combination of its forces, and still it must be admitted that it has not succeeded in making one living compound, nor thoroughly accounted for the results of the constituent elements of any organic or inorganic body. Physical science deals only with sensible facts or phenomena and the laws that govern them, but the ultimate reasons of all these, their substantial support or their cause, it can neither see with the microscope, nor touch with the scalpel. "It is in strictness true," says Mr. Huxley, "that we know nothing about the composition of any body as it is." The scientist can with wonderful precision classify plants and animals according to their species; he can also trace the formation and adaptation of their organs for special functions, but how the lowliest plant grows or how the minutest insect exists, he does not know. The force with which one body attracts another he calls gravitation, but what gravitation is in itself, he is ignorant of. That things live, he is aware of, from the phenomena of life, but what life is in itself, or how precisely it is generated, he cannot by mere physical research determine. Amid the blaze of science, then, in this nineteenth century, at the root of every living thing there still remains mystery.

Elements we know, and laws and phenomena we know, but what is life?

The great characteristic index of life is motion or activity. This is the universal test of animation throughout nature,—the sign by which the dead plant or animal is distinguished from the living. This motion, however, is not barely external or mechanical motion. The locomotive does not live, though it moves, nor is it the attraction of one body for another, as the inertness of the very bodies proves, but it is that principle of activity within a plant or an animal which makes them to live and to grow and to be organized. This is a fact or truth which all animated nature teaches us; every tree of the forest and every plant of the garden proclaim it, as it were, by their freshness and productiveness. Motion or activity thus specified is so indicative of life, so intimately and necessarily related to the principle from which it proceeds, that some scientists

of our time, for their own purposes, seem to say that "life itself is nothing but motion of an infinitely complex kind;" that "it is matter in its finest ferment." They thus confound the phenomena of life with life itself, and taking motion in its generic sense as external motion of one kind or other, they pervert its specific meaning when applied to living things. They tell us that "if matter moves, it is force that moves it," but when they say that "if a certain structure, vegetable or mineral, is produced, it is through the generation of the forces exerted between the atoms and molecules," they assume that the growth of vegetables is the result of the force of attraction—a fact which they have never verified, and which, on the contrary, all observation has shown to be utterly false. Mere material force has never produced and will never produce any living organism. Does magnetic force give life to the iron which the magnet attracts? And since it does not, how can it be said to give the life of growth to the molecules that go to form and to develop the vegetables? Simple attractive force does not surely give any vital energy, otherwise we should have no inert matter and no dead clay, and no one imagines the absurdity that the mechanical force of the lever or screw communicates anything like life to the mass of granite which it raises. Inorganic brute-force, therefore, all experience proves, cannot of itself give vital growth, and the motion which is originated by the same force cannot, consequently, be the index of the principle life. In plants this motion consists in that immanent vital activity whereby their organization is developed and becomes fruitful. In some of their species this activity is so great that by its vegetative force, botanists tell us, it produces the external movement of leaves and branches. "Such movements are not confined to the lowest plants," says a lecturer, "as the Oscillatoriæ, but are met with among the most highly organized members of the vegetable kingdom. The movements of sensitive plants, various species of Mimosæ, of Dionæa muscipula, of certain tropical species of Desmodium, of the stamens of Barberry, etc., can be referred only to the vital contractility of certain of their tissues."

These movements, however, of certain species of plants, do not imply that they have anything like a sensitive nature, that they experience impressions and perceive sensation as animals do. They are influenced by the elements of the atmosphere, by heat and by moisture; to some plants the evening air gives new life, others turn to the sun's heat, while the leaves of others are fatal to the insects that alight upon them. In all these qualities or changes, there is, however, nothing more than the force or quality of vegetative growth, nothing that would indicate a sensible organic nature. Plant life itself excludes such a hypothesis, since it has no sensitive organism, no function which requires sensation, and no movement which is determined or actuated by sense. All nature

proclaims that growth, nutrition, and productiveness are the three special functions of plants. In man himself there exist the qualities of vegetative nature, but no one is conscious that it has the faculties of sensitive life.

Naturalists, it is true, find it difficult to decide whether a few of the lowest of living organisms belong to the vegetable or animal kingdom; and this fact they think, furnishes them with proof for the theory of evolution. Now, strange as it might seem to some, in the same fact, St. Thomas finds reasons for admiring God's wisdom in the exercise of His creative power, in that gradation which He has followed in communicating life to creatures, drawing the dividing line between the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and still making this line so slight that it is hardly perceptible.

But besides those symptoms of life that are seen in certain species of plants, there is the universal law of activity and growth, which reigns in the formation of every herb and tree. It manifests itself in different ways, although indeed the least of the plant's life is that which appears on its surface. Within it, there is going on in its growing season, a never-ceasing movement, a noiseless whirl of various elements, which are assorted, combined, and refined by vital processes in order that they may become fit matter for living tissue. No sooner has the primal cell been formed and the germ been expanded than the budding plant seeks nourishment. On all sides it spreads out its feeders, takes from the soil the food that suits its specific nature, imbibes by its fibrils and roots juices and mineral elements, and takes them into its laboratory, to be there converted into the sap or stuff of life. While this secret feeding is going on from below, another process of nutriment is going on from above. The plant breathes, as it were, through its leaves; through them, under the sun's radiance it retains carbon and releases oxygen, while during night, on the contrary, it retains oxygen and releases carbon. Let a sun-loving plant be kept in the dark, it immediately becomes sickly; it will grow, indeed, but without color or solidity, because it has no carbon to strengthen its digestive powers, to give freshness to its leaves, or firmness to its tissues. The plant dies, but in its specific kind, it lives, as it were, again in its seed. While it exists in vigor, life permeates all its parts, is latent in its minutest cells and tissues, and gives to its organs their special vital functions. From this fact, which is patent to observation, some writers on physiology have concluded that besides the vital forces of a plant or an animal there is no common principle of life in either. In other words, they recognize vital phenomena, but will not admit that they proceed from a principle or cause. Still, surely in this case the arguments from induction and deduction, on which all physical science professes to rest, may be very well applied. On the lines of these arguments, the prin-

ciple of the activity of a living plant seems to be as clearly demonstrable as the existence of the sun from his rays. The plant's vital force manifests itself in countless forms, like so many rays of light working to its ends by fixed laws, giving vegetative growth to each stem or germ, and showing marks of its vivifying influence in leaf and branch, in flowers and fruit—all this it does with a measure and proportion, with a symmetrical growth of the plant, which point distinctly to one controlling principle of activity and life within it. Were its vital energy to act independently of any central directing principle, it might distort nature, turn branches upwards, when it should have turned them downwards, give the shape of a laurel to a pine, or of a palm-tree to an elm. We should then be at a loss to know how their life-fluid is distributed to all the organs of the plant according to their needs, how all its parts are so harmonized that they contribute to their mutual support, and how their action is so unified that they form but one living plant.

To this method of reasoning a writer has answered "that in referring operations to the principle of life, we have not explained them, any more than we have accounted for fire by referring it to the combustible principle." Certainly not; our contention here is not about explaining vital properties or operations, but about accounting for their origin and pointing out the principle from which they proceed. We seek not now to know the intrinsic nature of life, or to define its essential qualities, or to investigate its different stages of development. Our object is simply to show, from the life-signs through the whole vegetable kingdom, that within each plant is a substantial form or a principle of life to which these signs must be traced. Biological phenomena prove, we presume, with as much force, the existence of the principle from which they spring, as any other physical phenomena denote the existence of their cause. External circumstances will indeed modify the development of the plant, but our senses and reason tell us that its growth springs from the innate principle of its life. Through it the character and nature of the plant are defined and a unity given to it according to its determinate species.

Approaching the question from another side, other scientists not only deny that there exists in plants anything like a principle of life, but also assert that vital forces are nothing else than mechanical or chemical forces in an organism, and that as these will produce the heat or the ignition of bodies, so may they also, when properly conditioned, be the cause of vital force,—of life itself. Waiving the point, however, whether mere mechanical force, such as the friction of wood or the hammering on iron produces heat or fire, or whether such force is not to be considered rather as a condition for developing the latent heat or spark, we wish to

examine whether any inorganic force, no matter of what kind, can become by its own nature a vital force in a living organism.

What the bare capacity of inorganic force is in its action on brute-matter, we have seen; all the world knows and admits that it does not originate the least spark or shadow of life, and that howsoever exerted it retains its own material character. This should be received by all as a true test of its nature, and should be taken as clear proof of the fact that whatever vital qualities inorganic force has in a living body it has not of its own. Still a further illustration of this subject, which scientists insist on so much, may be taken from a contrast between a living and a dead organism. Tear up a plant by the roots, it continues to have its organization; mechanical and chemical forces are at work in it; for a time the energies of life also remain in it, but no sooner are these exhausted than its former forces, so far from working for the preservation of the plant, are tearing its tissues to pieces and bringing on its total dissolution. These same forces, while the plant was still living, were its bracing power; they held its parts firmly together and acted on all its fibres to the end that it should be preserved and propagated. All this they did, however, not as inorganic forces, but because they were vitalized; because they received a new influx of force from the vital principle, and in its service became instrumental in building up and fertilizing a living organism. Such is the doctrine which St. Thomas lays down; and such, also, is the doctrine which has been confirmed by the authority of one of the greatest of modern chemists. Speaking of those who maintain that organic life is due only to the chemical combinations of the elements of matter, Professor Liebig says: "They are ignorant then that every chemical combination supposes not one, only, but three causes, since it is always the plastic force of cohesion or crystallization which, together with heat, governs chemical affinity in its productions, and determines the forms of crystals and their properties. But in living bodies there is added a fourth cause, which regulates the force of cohesion, combines the elements of matter to produce new forms and to give them new properties—properties which are not found outside the organism itself."

An effort has been made to neutralize the admission of this great chemist by an argument taken from the analogy that exists between the composition of protoplasm and water. Both resemble each other in this, that they are physical substances; that chemical and physical properties go to form them. Water is composed of oxygen and hydrogen; protoplasm contains carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen. Inasmuch, therefore, as protoplasm and water are composed of physical elements they are alike, although in the number of the elements they are not so; what the agency of the

one is, what its physical qualities are, cannot be predicated of the other. But admitting that under a mere physical point of view they are on a par, under other respects they are essentially different. Living protoplasm is organic, water is not; the former has an assimilating active force, the latter has not; in protoplasm there is the inherent principle of growth, in water there is only a capacity for accretion; on these grounds surely there can be no analogy between them. Water indeed changes into different states; it is convertible into ice or vapor, but no one will seriously hold that ice is formed or vapor generated after the manner in which a plant grows or an animal lives, or that the relation of ice to water is like to that between living protoplasm and dead protoplasm. Life is, therefore, clearly something superadded to chemical elements or inorganic forces and cannot be explained by them. "The differences alluded to," says Dr. Stirling, writing on this subject, "are admitted by those very Germans to whom protoplasm, name and thing, is due. In pronouncing protoplasm capable of active or vital phenomena they do by that refer—they admit also—to an immaterial force, and they ascribe the processes exhibited by protoplasm —in so many words—not to the molecules, but to organization and life."

Men in our time have, indeed, invented machines which, taking up into themselves raw, rough materials, have grappled with them, assorted them, and having digested them, as it were, by difficult processes, have turned them out transformed and refined—quite a new article. And if art can do so much, it is argued, why should not nature do the same, or more, and transmute inorganic forces in organisms into vital vegetative energies? A prompt answer to the question is furnished by the difference of the results in either case. Art, no matter how much it may mix or refine the materials it works, does not change their essential nature; wool or cotton, wrought out into textures the most delicate and the richest, are still essentially the same. It is quite the contrary in the process of living nature. In her laboratory she substantially transmutes inorganic forces, puts new elements into them and bids them perform in the plant functions to which, when not under her control, they are entirely opposed. Besides, that the comparison should hold good, the wool and cotton should be transformed into the machines themselves and not into fine broadcloth. Furthermore, it is to be noted that machinery, however perfect it may be, produces out of elementary materials only stuff composed purely of their nature. Of itself it will insert neither gold tissues in a cotton woof, nor will it embroider a woollen fabric with a silver filigree. Now, in organic bodies, nature, by the law set to it by its Creator, acts differently. Given the same chem-

ical elements and in the same quantity, it constructs out of them bodies of quite opposite qualities and productive of quite contrary effects. Strychnine, for instance, quinine and caffeine are composed of the same quantity of carbon, nitrogen, oxygen, and hydrogen, and still their nature is altogether different. The first is a poison, the second a remedy, and the third a harmless aliment. From this well-ascertained fact Liebig concludes that no chemical analysis suffices to explain the nature of organic combinations; then noting the difference between forces as they exist in and out of an organism, writes thus: "Out of the plant, oxygen constantly manifests its predominant affinity for the combustible elements, carbon and hydrogen; on the contrary, in the plant in which living forces work, oxygen is separated from water and carbonic acid, to be communicated by the leaves to the atmosphere as oxygen. The vital functions of the plant then are all contrary to the process of oxidation which characterizes inorganic nature, they form a process of reduction."

To this teaching, derived from the very constitution of matter and from its law, Mr. Tyndall replies by a sentence which is in the first place based upon a supposition, then on a prejudice, and again on a hypothesis which covers the whole range of possibility. "If then, he says, solar light and heat can be produced by the impact of dead matter, and *if* from the light and heat thus produced we derive the energies which *we have been accustomed to call vital*, it indubitably follows, that vital energy *may have a proximately mechanical* origin." In another passage, however, he speaks of the "mystery and the miracle of vitality."

The process by which the substantial form or the vital principle acts in plants is likened also to the phenomenon of crystallization, in which it has been said, we find "the first gropings of the so-called vital force."

At the close of the last century, the French Catholic priest Haüy was the first to give a clear, definite, mathematical expression to the laws of crystallization. He explained the nature of the force by which crystals are formed, as well as their angles and shape, and how these differ, just as the elements of which they are composed vary. In forming them the crystalline force attracts differently the particles that suit the specific nature of the crystal. In the very bosom of the earth even it has welded ores and metals, in countless varieties of form, while by its inexplicable power it has cemented quartz to quartz and silex to silex with such wonderful solidity that on the granite or rock-crystal might be laid the foundations of the world. It is this same crystalline force that photographs, in mid-winter, frost-ferns on our window-panes, that has moulded and burnished myriads of gems of every hue, and

has given to their structure the greatest variety of proportions. "The splendor of their tints," says an American writer on the Russian jewels, "is delicious intoxication to the eye. The soul of all the fiery roses of Persia lives in their rubies; the freshness of all the velvet sward, whether in Alpine valley or in English lawn, in their emeralds; the bloom of all Southern seas in their sapphires, and the essence of a thousand harvest-moons in their necklaces of pearl."

And wonderful still, crystals attracting fresh matter repair the injuries done to them, they are varied even by adding to or changing some of their elementary particles, they may be classified as it were, into species, and out of fifteen fundamental forms they change their symmetry and structure indefinitely. The formative principle of crystals, however, is essentially different from that of plants and animals. A mere material attractive force, it has no vital function and generates no living tissue. It forms the body of the crystal, not from any germinal principle within it, but by an adhesive power from without it. The growth of crystals is by accretion or by addition of matter to their surface; the growth of plants, on the contrary, is from an internal process, by which the raw material of inorganic matter is transformed and assimilated into the substance of a living organism. In the one case we have a physical law by its cohesive power adding matter to matter; in the other a life-cell, expanding by its plastic force and innate activity into a plant or tree. A lifeless glacier may be formed by the first, but by the second alone is moulded the oak-sapling which, nourished continually by the life-currents shooting through it, shall one day wrestle with the tempest.

Living plants are permeable to water, and are in constant molecular activity under the working of their internal power; crystals, on the other hand, are completely solid and by no internal action either change or modify a single particle of their ingredients. This power, therefore, of growth, from within the plant by assimilation, is the great characteristic of vegetative life. Mysterious in its nature and wonderful in its working, this life develops, nourishes, and fertilizes itself. Puzzled by this mysteriousness and looking back of it, one may be here inclined to ask,—whence originally came this life? has it, in the first instant, generated itself? whence came the first plants and the first trees? To these questions, revelation giving a great lesson to science answers infallibly, God's creative word was the first seed of all living things. "And He (God) said, let the earth bring forth the green herb and such as may seed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit after its kind, which may have seed in itself upon the earth."

Looking out on the great field of nature with its plants and

flowers and fruits suited to every clime, how little do men think of that silent, never-ending labor with which the vegetative world is manufacturing food for the support of animals. To its formation, earth and air, light and darkness are contributing; the combination of different elements gives it variety and flavor; for its ripening, cells and tissues and fibres are set in motion by a vital principle, and all this through a most delicate and complete woof of mechanism that unerringly works to its end according to specific laws. The clock, the steam-engine, the telegraph, the telephone, by the combination of their parts and forces, flash directly on our minds the intellectual powers of their designers. Their works speak of them. After a similar manner, man, when not biassed by error or passion, can see reflected, in the beauty, variety, order, and productiveness of the universe, God's power and divinity, and in the light of right reason "can look through nature up to nature's God." But could he look behind the rind or bark of plants and study the workings of their interior nature, could he note the functions of the sap—the plant's life-blood, and those of roots and leaves for the plant's sustenance,—he would mark how this incessant activity springs, under suitable conditions, from the vegetative principle of life, and would find additional motives for adoring and praising Him whose wisdom is mirrored in the tiny leaflet or flower as well as in the giant pines or oaks of the forest.

What has been said in the foregoing paragraphs of the life-principle and its formative powers in plants is truer in a higher sense, and for more cogent reasons still, in animals. Both plants and animals have some vital features in common. Existing at first only in germ, they grow in virtue of the activity inherent in their nature; they are distributed alike into different species, possess different members or parts, and propagate themselves according to their kind. But a sensible perception, an internal activity, ruled by sensation, instinct, and appetites, together with an innate, self-moving power,—these animals have, and plants have not. In the latter, life is manifested to us in their growth, in their leaves and flowers and fruit; in animals, life comes out more definitely in their locomotion. To show forth this life-sign, or rather, through it, to fulfil its specific functions, each animal species, from the lowest to the highest, is furnished with a body of a peculiar structure. The jelly-fish, for instance, glides through the water by the pulsations of its own body; the crusty shell of the sea-fan serves it as a propeller; in the star-fish its motor-power lies in the adjustment of its manifold plated covering; while in view of the coming storm the little nautilus freights some of the compartments of its tiny shell and descends for safety to the bottom of the ocean. Mollusks move themselves by dilating or contracting their muscles;

insects innumerable, with jointed legs and with wings firm or web-like, "with a nervous system encased in a single internal cavity," signal forth life by different degrees of swiftness. In the vertebrates, the organs of locomotion are more perfect and varied than in other animal species, and may be classified in some respects, it has been said, under the same laws of structure. Through the whole animal kingdom, however, as the most cursory observation shows, life is manifested in different grades, by different species and classes of animals. In one form it is seen in that power, by which, at its pleasure, the oyster opens or closes its shell, or in that by which the structureless amœba contracts itself; and in another form, in that agility with which the eagle sails in mid-air, or in that with which the stag bounds through the forest. But by locomotion of one kind or another, life displays itself in all animals, from the animalcule that dances in the sunbeam, to "the great finner whale," that disports in Northern seas, "his eighty or ninety feet of bone, muscle, and blubber."

Besides this self-moving power which animals possess, there are going on within them the unceasing functions of vital activity, the development of their form and organs, and the assimilation of food to their specific qualities and wants. Similar operations, we have seen, are going on in plants under the organizing law of a vital principle. Under a like principle also, but of a higher and different nature, animals live and move. The plant's living activity is determined for it by physical law; it specifies for itself, by no immanent act whatever, the manner of its living or the nature and qualities of its food. Its sole function is to put in execution the uniform law of activity and fruitfulness prescribed to it by its Creator. In the irrational animal the case is otherwise. The principle of its life, or its immaterial sensible soul, originates the law of its sensible activity. Through its senses it is brought into relationship with myriads of sensible objects; it sees or hears, scents or tastes or feels them, and forthwith by its sentient faculty it has a perception of the sensation that affects it, or of the image that sense mirrors to it. It is not the mere physical impression, however, that moves the animal, or stirs it to action, but the actual perception of the sensation; a horse, for instance, may look at an object for hours and may not realize its presence; the steady fixed gaze rivets its eye, but it is only the force of attention that gives it the living power of vision. How indefinitely varied then, how continual and vivid is the activity of the animal, we may gather from the countless ways in which objects touch its senses. Emotions of pleasure or pain, of fear or hope or joy, affect it; and by them it is inexorably ruled. It cannot break with its instincts, and is inevitably drawn to satisfy them; it has neither the freedom of

choice of the means to gain its end, nor has it free volition wherewith to curb its appetites. The activity of the brute then is limited by its instincts. Its soul generated with its body is essentially dependent on the same; it cannot rise above its sensibility into the high sphere of speculative or intellectual life; it has no "mental sight," no "contemplation of mental operations or results as opposed to experience, experiment, or sense," nor can it go behind the mere sensible qualities of physical objects to form those universal ideas that represent the characteristics of a species. A dog recognizes his master but has no idea of humanity.

Still even with these limitations the brute possesses wonderful vital activity; through its senses and imagination, impressions of every kind flow in upon it, and when seized on by its soul become its motor-power. But besides those impressions which are derived from its sensibility, there are different vital operations in its vegetative nature, all controlled by its sentient soul. Under its vital influence the brute assimilates food to its substance, forms bone and muscle from mineral and liquid elements, and by the balancing of the matter of waste against that of repair is continually renewing the material of which its body is composed. Of these and other operations of its vegetative nature, the brute has no perception, although they are dependent on the principle of its sensible life—its soul. It is this which makes the animal's vegetative nature to have features different from those which it has in plants. In these it works out its special ends according to the laws assigned to it, without dependence on any other natural superior force. In the irrational animal, on the other hand, that vegetative life is dependent on a superior organizing power; it is made to minister to a higher nature, is vitalized by it, and forms with it one complete living substance. From the sensitive soul, therefore, of the animal, as from a principle of vital force or a substantial form, spring those influences that touch and energize all the powers of its nature; from it comes those life elements which change and elevate with new vigor the forces of its vegetative life, and which puts into its senses those vibratory faculties that bring it into intimate contact with the external world. These are facts which we can partly realize for ourselves by looking down into the vegetative and sensitive nature of our own bodies; and yet these facts so-called science has sometimes endeavored to falsify.

About three centuries ago, Descartes, following the views of the Spaniard, Gomez Pereira, maintained that all brutes are only *automata*, which are moved by some mechanical contrivance, although they seem to move themselves. Descartes, however, admitted that animals possessed a lower kind of soul, but this, he taught, is to their bodies much what steam is to the iron framework of an en-

gine. This theory, strange to say, has been maintained by some modern scientists. To them, animals are no more than machines, though the plan on which they are modelled is altogether a peculiar one.

After having stated this view, many modern writers pass it over without deigning to refute it; its very extravagance they consider to be its best refutation. It has been pronounced false by the judgment of the human race, and consequently by the law of right reason. It stands not the test of experience, and is at variance with what men know of animal life. A machine, understood in any legitimate sense of the word, receives from an agency without it its strength and activity; it neither makes nor repairs itself. But the animal grows in virtue of its soul—the inherent vital principle of its nature; it makes and sustains itself by assimilating food according to its wants, and by the quickening energies that run through it. Without any extrinsic cause whatever the innate vital power given to it by God's creative word adjusts its organization for the place it is to have in the animal kingdom. In the abstract, the animal's soul may be considered apart from its body, but in its actual living state the animal is not made up of two independent agents, as it were, welded together, but is one living creature, which is the subject of various emotions.

Many years before Descartes's time another theory on brute-life was put forward by Chancellor Bacon, of England, the extravagance of which, though perhaps less striking than that of which mention has just been made, was not less real. The soul of the brute he considered to be material; to be "a fine commixture of flame and aerial substance," an opinion which had been upheld many centuries before by some pagan Grecian philosophers. The Chancellor, taken up with the study of physical nature, and desirous to ennoble it as much as possible, sought to give to the phenomena of the animal's soul a material cause. All the while, however, he forgot that there can be no relationship between them, since the most imperfect knowledge like that of the brute is engendered by the act of perceiving—by the apprehension of the sensible form of the object by the sensitive soul. Matter, as its nature teaches us, however subtile it may be supposed, can never gather up into itself the living image of any given object, then identify that image, as it were, with itself, and from their union form anything like knowledge. Stamp or impress matter as you may it will never produce anything but matter. Let it be an atom, or a fluid, or a chemical agent, or a vitalized mechanical force, all the same, everybody admits that it is incapable of knowing, because it is incapable of perceiving. Life even does not correlate thought no more than matter correlates life. A tree does not think although it lives; neither does

a stone live because it is matter. But the barest outlines of knowledge connote the immanent acts of a perceptive faculty, of an immaterial, though sensible, principle, such as the soul of the brute. It alone can take in, separately, the sensible forms of the numberless objects that fall beneath its senses, can picture each object to itself, and feel the impulses of life from instincts and appetites.

On this subject of brute-life it is singular to note, how controversy has run counter to itself. In the seventeenth century scientists were zealous for even degrading the brute by reducing it to the level of a mere machine; in our days, on the contrary, scientists strive to exalt the brute by pretending to make it a man. Then, whatever they may have taught about brute-life or capacity, they always recognized the transcendent superiority of man's reason; now, they would ignore man's reason, and if they could, would make the brute rational. This admiration for the brute creation has entered even into the working of civil life, and there is formed a "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," which writes beneath the statue of a horse, "justice, humanity, compassion." The horse is to be decently kept and comfortably lodged; meanwhile man is often left to shiver and hunger in the cold, or to be sheltered in houses, some of which, for order and cleanliness, we have been told by the press, are not to be compared with many stables. It is indeed a good thing to prevent cruelty under any form, but surely it ought to be one of man's first cares to alleviate the hardships and to provide for the needs of his fellow-men.

Sympathy for suffering and abhorrence for cruelty are the grounds on which some persons, nowadays, protect brute-life; others, however, would do the same, but on the plea that man and the brute are of the same lineage. A few years ago, this latter view made some noise and excited curiosity; it was not precisely new, but it was presented in a new form. For a few seasons, it had a "run," and put into bookshape, was as marketable as a sentimental novel. But when able scientists came to grapple with it, they found that it began with conjecture and ended with conjecture, that some of the facts on which it rests were of doubtful existence or of doubtful meaning, and that when other data were wanted, they had to be supplied by fancy. In a word they found that there is no real science in Darwinism.

The great law on which this system professes to rest is that of verification; and judged by this law the system has completely broken down. The antiquities of the ancient kingdom of the Pharaohs bear testimony against it. During Napoleon's campaign in Egypt animal and vegetable fossils were discovered there that date back, it has been estimated, some six thousand years; and these fossils have been recognized by all naturalists as being exactly of the

same kind as the animals and plants of the Egypt of to-day. A more striking refutation still of this theory of "the transformation of the species" is taken from the coral reefs on the coast of Florida. The formation of these, some geologist tell us, spans ten thousand years, others say twenty thousand. Now the coral insects and the shell-fish which have built up these reefs, at least in part, are just, in their specific nature, in the lowest stratum, what they are in the highest. Indeed in all the geological formations, from the Cambrian bed to the earth's surface, there have been found fossil remains of plant and animal species, some of which are extinct, while others exist at the present day. In each of these strata fossils of the simplest structure are mixed with those of a more complex nature; but in no geological formation have fossils been discovered, to mark the transition of one species to another,—of the zoophytes to the mollusks, of the mollusks to the articulates, of the articulates to the vertebrates. Mr. Darwin himself acknowledges that there are no data wherewith to prove these transitions, and then, in spite of the obstacles put by hybridism to his system, he and his followers come into court, so to say, promising to prove their case from "geological documents," and when challenged to produce them, fall back for proof, without any fear of paradox, on the want of documents. Making all due allowance then for the "scientific use of the imagination," it is difficult to comprehend how a physical theory which rests on no positive proof can claim to be scientific. The great instrument of this theory is the modification of animal organs or members, but surely experience teaches, that such modification, even when it is hereditary, does not change the species. There are numberless varieties among plants and animals, but their species remain the same. The change of a species, if it were to take place at all, should come from the life-principle that organizes its individual members and gives them their distinctive characteristics. If the transformation of one species into another were one of the natural functions of this principle it should always work to its end in spite of any accidents of modifications. Still, Mr. Darwin holds, that after a time species become immutable and that the law of evolution comes to a stoppage. He will not have it go farther than he wants, and as it would seem, will dictate to nature when it suits him. "No ordinary matter known to us," says Dr. Lionel S. Beale, "does such wonderful things or acts in any way like the matter which is supposed to be always developing variations to be instantly taken advantage of by selection called natural."

Under the application of this system to the human race man is only an outcome of the freaks of animal nature through the agency of "natural selection." His lineage, however, in this hypothesis,

cannot be proved; the record of his descent is entirely missing, since it cannot be found among the fossils of the dead past, nor among the living animal races of the present. On scientific grounds, indeed, the hypothesis has been rejected by the leading scientists of the day, and a place apart has been assigned by them to man in the animal kingdom.

"In the name of scientific truth," says M. de Quatrefages, "I can affirm that we have had for ancestor, neither a gorilla nor an orang-outang nor a chimpanzee, any more than a seal or a fish or any animal whatever" (*l'Unité de l'Espèce humaine*). Even scientists of the school of Mr. Darwin, considering man only from the point of view of anatomy, admit that his erect stature, the adaptation of his feet for walking, the development of his brain put him at an immeasurable distance above all other animals. This was exactly the doctrine which St. Thomas taught some six hundred years ago, and for which he gave his reasons. "Whereas other animals," he says, "are delighted with the sensible only, to satisfy their hunger or other sensual appetites, man alone delights in the very beauty itself of the sensible creation. And whereas the face is the principal seat of the senses, animals have their faces turned toward the earth as if in search of food, but man holds his face erect, that by his senses, especially by his sight, the most subtile and most discerning of all, he might freely know, everywhere, sensible phenomena, both heavenly and terrestrial, and from all gather intelligible truth." "Among all animals, man ought to have, relatively to his body, the largest brain, in order that in it might take place more freely the operations of those interior sensitive forces which are necessary for the action of the intellect."—Summ. 97, 1 p. qu. 91, art. 3.

In maintaining the hypothesis of evolution scientists lay great stress, sometimes, on the phenomena of embryonic life. It points, they think, directly to an affinity between the species and to the facility with which they may have been transformed. All animals, observation has shown, are oviparous, and in embryo undergo various changes before they are "differentiated" and receive their specific organization. In the ovules they seem to be akin, but when they have put on severally the shape and dress of their species and their life history begins, they disclaim relationship with those of different specific organizations. On this subject, German physicists, particularly, have rung the changes. Of it, Büchner writes: "Embryology gives us a formal and irrefragable testimony in favor of the intimate parentage of all living things;" while Haeckel, following up the same line of argument, stigmatizes those who differ with him as "superstitious," and as "ignoramuses." In common with these writers, Mr. Darwin upholds the same view,

but in a tone far less arbitrary and dogmatic. "The embryos of a man, dog, seal, etc.," he says, "can at first *hardly* be distinguished from each other." Even Büchner and Haeckel, on second thought, retract, virtually, what they so boastingly asserted. The former writes: "After all it is certain that there are differences between the ovules and the embryos—differences precise and characteristic. But these do not exist in the outward forms, though, to confess the truth, even in these there ought to be some diversity, but too minute to be verified by our optical instruments. The differences of which I speak ought to exist in the intimate constitution and in the chemical and molecular composition."—*Man, according to the Results of Science.* The latter (Haeckel) speaks thus: "The subtile differences of each ovule,—as being indirect and virtual,—cannot be directly ascertained with our means of investigation. Still, by natural induction, they ought to be admitted and recognized as forming the first cause of all the individual differences."—*History of Creation.*

This self-contradiction illustrates a phase of much of what is called modern science. It boldly asserts, then, when asked to prove, shifts its ground, and again when pressed to answer, pulls down the work it strove to raise, by sapping its very foundation. The ovules of various species are *hardly* distinguishable, but still they are distinguishable; they seem to be altogether alike, but they are not. Their formative force it is which forms the rudiments of the organs in the embryo, and thus by degrees, through the influence of life, species are distinctly separated from species; varieties are formed even within these species, and the brute creation, with its distinctive characteristics, lives and grows in virtue of the organizing, sensitive soul of each of its members. For the developing of the phenomena of embryonic life, heat and other external circumstances, are required. In order that the plastic force of the ovule should exercise its functions, it must be properly conditioned; by a general law of nature it needs external aids for the process by which it works on towards its end, and as in the case of all human and natural agents, external conditions form the apparatus through which it acts. But conditions are not causes, nor are embryonic phenomena the effects of any external circumstances. "If these phenomena are to be regarded as consequences of heat we may as well maintain that a steam-engine is a consequence of the coal that takes part in generating the steam that turns the lathes that are used in its construction. All the force, all the heat, all the motion of the non-living universe is incompetent to develop a living monad, and this the physicists know."—*Protoplasm, or Matter and Life*, by Dr. Lionel S. Beale.

The theory of physical life, however, that offered the most prom-

ising field to the advanced school of scientists, was that of "spontaneous generation." It had a long history; three centuries before Christ, its first principle was formulated by Epicurus in these words: "The earth is the common mother of all that lives, and from that origin so simple man himself is not exempted." Modern Epicureans do not state their views so plainly as their master, but when analyzed, these views are strictly reducible to his principle. As far as the production of some lower organisms was concerned, this theory had some grave mediæval authorities quoted in its favor. By them, of course, the thought was never entertained that matter possessed in itself "the potency of every form of life," but it was a great deal for the school just mentioned to have it admitted that matter could produce life at all. For some years Haeckel and other physicists were enthusiastic on the subject; they pretended that in the formless particles of albumen they discovered inchoate life. As a test-proof of what they said, they quoted Bathybius, an organism which, they averred, sprung to life spontaneously in the bottom of the ocean. Much talk was held about the matter at the time, and spontaneous generation was in the ascendant. Well, Bathybius was put to the crucial test of chemistry, and was found and admitted to be nothing but the sulphate of lime. This theory has now completely broken down, and this delusion of scientists has been dissolved by modern experiments. M. Flourens, a member of the French Academy of Science, thus writes on the subject: "Since Redi (1668) no one maintains the spontaneous generation of insects; that of intestinal worms has no longer a serious advocate since Van Beneden (1853); since Balbini, the origin of infusoria through spontaneous generation has been abandoned; and after the experiments of M. Pasteur (1865) it has been generally given up in regard to all kinds of animalcules." In 1875, the last-named scientist, after having confirmed his first discovery by successive experiments, thus addressed his audience: "Oh, behold, then, far from us and relegated to the region of chimeras, all the theories of fermentation imagined by Berzelius, Mitscherlich, Liebig. . . . . All this scaffolding created by the imagination has given way before our experiment, so simple and still so searching."

In the phenomena of the vegetative and animal kingdoms man may study the characteristics of physical life, but it is in himself that he becomes intimately acquainted with them. In living objects around him he studies life in its outward forms; in himself he perceives what it is by the consciousness of his vital actions; he sees it, as it were, face to face. By doubling his thought on itself he is conscious of his power of thought and of motion, and through his intellectual acts he is aware of the principle of his ex-

istence and vitality. "This," says St. Thomas, "every one experiences in himself, that he has a soul and that it vivifies."—*De anima.* "Man perceives that he has an intellectual soul, from the fact that he perceives that he understands."—*Summa*, p. 1, qu. 87, ar. 1. All man's natural knowledge must be of his own making, and the preliminaries of that knowledge must come through his senses, or imagination, or his sensible memory. He has no innate idea either of God, or of nature, or of life, or of anything whatever, and for the arousing, as it were, of his intellect to action he depends on sensible impressions. These or the images of sensible things are taken and vitalized by the inherent power of the senses; they are the excitants of thought, the phantasmata, as they are called, over which the intellect casts its own pure light, looks through their sensible character, in order to find beneath them its own object,—the intelligible. Man knows that he knows; is conscious of what worth his knowledge is; the brute is not; the latter's soul is restricted in its perfectibility by nature; the former's intellectual faculties may be more and more perfected. "Other beings are complete from their first existence in that line of excellence which is allotted to them; but man begins with nothing realized (to use the word), and he has to make capital for himself by the exercise of those faculties which are his natural inheritance. . . . . It is his gift to be creator of his own sufficiency, and to be emphatically self-made." The sensible form of things is the object of the brute's soul; the supersensible, the substantial form or the real truth of things is the object of the intellect of man. Its aliment, so to say, is being, essence, nature, substance, etc., which are common to all things; or animality, vegetation, heat, cold, humanity, and other such properties which may be predicated of specific classes of creatures. By its searching, abstractive force the human intellect breaks through the barriers of thought, widens more and more its view of particular objects, and by seizing in them what is universal by nature, reaches those ideas which are based on the essence of things. "The intellect," says the author just quoted, "knows directly, only the universal; indirectly, and as if by reflection, it can know the singular."—*Summa*, p. 1, q. 86, ar. 1.

In the very depths of man's nature then, within the very sanctuary of his soul, there is going on a far-reaching activity that reveals him to himself and teaches him that his soul has come from God's creative power and not from human generation. In its distinct mental operations his intellect breaks loose from the senses, acts above and beyond them, searches into the depths of God's being, looks back into the soul through its own thoughts, examines justice, goodness, honesty, duty, compares idea with idea, and projects its thoughts even unto infinity.

Not only in this great reach of the mind is man's natural activity displayed, but in a more striking manner still, in the freedom of his will. Howsoever far the mind may penetrate by its native energy, thither the human will can also lead by the force of its desires. The aim of the first is truth, the aim of the second is happiness. The intellect is by its nature necessarily determined to its end; the will, on the other hand, though naturally inclined to seek for happiness under some indeterminate form, is free to look for it in this or that object, and to strive to acquire it by this or that means. Herein lies one of the great characteristics of man's rational nature. When his desires are rushing to their object with more than the velocity of lightning, he can put a brake on them by his will-power; of two objects he can choose the least pleasing to him, or reject both; and even by the abuse of his freedom of will he can swing himself away from the observance of the moral law and from his obligations to God. In these and a thousand other ways the conscience of every one tells him that he is a free agent, the master of his own acts, that for these he is accountable to his Creator, who has prescribed to men duties as well as rights.

The few reflections just made show, I presume, that the activity of the human soul is indefinitely greater and of an incomparably higher order than that of any other creature in the animal kingdom. The soul is the substantial form, the principle of life of the body, and both united in man form, not two substances but one substance,—one individual human being. In him is vegetative and sensitive life; in his body are combined the vegetative functions and the sensitive faculties of the animal. Into the bearing of these functions and faculties he can look from the height of his intellectual power, feel their energy and scope, and thus through his own consciousness, get the knowledge necessary for the interpretation of the inner life and resources of both the vegetable and animal creation. Outside man, vegetative and sensitive natures are formed and sustained by their respective principles of life, as their substantial forms; in man, these same principles are taken up into and virtually contained in his intellectual soul. What they did in the plant and animal, that the human soul in a higher order and for its own special ends does in man. It energizes the vegetative and animal elements of his nature, gives life to every nerve and muscle and cell and tissue of his body, and makes it to be a human body. This body, the soul by its influence and presence informs and so governs, that in man there exists, in the specific sense, but one nature,—the human. The body grows, but the soul does not; as it comes from the hands of God and is united to the body, it is complete in all its faculties, but, for the proper exercise of them,

needs that the body should be fully organized. How marvellous for this end is the life-power in man science teaches us.

"At the threshold of life," says one of our modern textbooks, "the wisest physiologist reverently admires, wonders, and worships. How strange is this transformation of food to flesh! We make a meal of meat, vegetable, and drink, ground by the teeth, mixed by the stomach, dissolved by the digestive fluids; it is swept through the body. Within the cells of the tissues it is transformed into the soft sensitive brain or the hard callous bone; into briny tears, or bland saliva, or acrid perspiration; bile for digestion, oil for the hair, nails for the fingers, and flesh for the cheek. Within is an almighty architect who superintends a thousand builders, which make, in a way past all human comprehension, here a fibre of a muscle, there a filament of a nerve, here constructing a bone, there uniting a tendon, fashioning each with scrupulous care and unerring nicety. So without sound of builder or stroke of hammer goes up day by day the body—the glorious temple of the soul."

In this building up of the human body by means of these vital energies which the soul imparts to it, we may readily understand how great must be the activity of man's internal physical life; and how wonderfully active his external life also is we may learn from the histories of individuals and nations. They give us the summary of man's vital power in its physical, moral, and intellectual character. In them we may trace the mingling, so to say, of the thoughts and views of men, the contact of actions with actions, and of interests with interests, the tendency to a common end by legitimate means, or the formation of those bonds which constitute social life. This manifestation of life, however, varies with the religious, moral, and intellectual culture of tribes and nations; and even in physical features, races differ from each other. But these differences, no matter how great, do not break up the unity of the human species, nor imply that all men have not descended from the one common father. It is universally admitted that certain tribes or classes of men degenerated, fell away from the primeval type of manhood, but for all that they did not cease to be men. Amid the wreck of many of their natural or acquired powers, their rational nature survived; they had still left to them some sense of religious worship, some perception of good and evil, of right and duty. At the hands of certain scientists, however, savages fare badly in our time; they are made worse than they really are in order to better, if possible, wild theories, and are supposed to have come from ancestors more degraded than themselves,—ancestors not superior in fact to the brute creation. These prejudices, however, have partly ceased to exist, and the character of savage tribes is now better appreciated. How guileless and simple that character was a few centuries

ago in the case of many tribes we learn from the narratives of the discoverers of this continent. By recent explorers, savages wherever met with have been recognized as possessing the characteristics of humanity, while antiquarian research has proved conclusively that savagery was not the primitive condition of mankind. As far back as the oldest records go, and that is to the cradle of the human race, civilization is met with. In many respects undoubtedly it differed from what is now defined to be civilization; it did not run mainly on the lines of physical comfort or of great wealth, but embraced at least two essential elements of all true civilization, namely, religion and morality. From this ideal of the conduct of life many tribes fell through their own excesses, and considering the inclination of human nature to evil, their descent was an easy one; but on the other hand, all history is there to tell us that ascent from the savage state to civilization is very difficult; nay, facts go to show that a savage race has never yet risen as a race to the fulness and elevation of a truly civilized life.

The physical features of men, natural history teaches, will also be modified by their environment. Climate, food, customs, moral habits act forcibly on the human frame and contribute to form diversity of races but not diversity of species. Formerly, the striking contrasts that exist between the different races of the human family, were the grounds on which scientists argued against its unity. But, as Alexander von Humboldt remarks, "Most of these contrasts have vanished before the profound studies of Tiedeman on the brain of the negro, of Vrolick and Weber on the form of the pelvis, and of Flourens on the human skin." To the same conclusion linguistic studies have led many scholars. Having gone back through languages, analyzing and comparing them, they have been able to reduce them to three great parent-tongues,—those spoken, they say, by the descendants of the sons of Noe,—and farther back still, under the structure of these same tongues, Leibnitz and other linguists have found the remains of one primitive, original language, of which it was written, "And the earth was of one tongue and of the same speech."

Indeed the human family itself by the laws of its generation proclaims its unity. Hybridism, it has been unmistakably proved by naturalists, is not in the order of nature. Every species of plant or animal, in order to propagate itself indefinitely, must remain within its own limits. If in some instances, different (although proximate) species have been prolific, this at most has been only for two or three generations. After that time there is a reversal of the breed to one or other of the primitive stocks, and the species again maintains its exclusiveness, and with its varieties or races wants to live for itself. It marks out its own boundaries; outside

these its union is a forced and unnatural one, within them the fact that its races are prolific is a proof that they are of the same specific nature. This lesson derived from the vegetable and animal world has set forth in a clear light the unity of the human species. Human races intermarry, and because they are of the same original human stock, there is no limit put by nature to the generations of their descendants. Under whatever climate they may be, or under whatever circumstances, be these the most degrading, they are recognized as having the essential attributes of humanity. The contrary opinion has now become almost obsolete. Differ widely as modern scientists do about the origin of man, they generally agree in regard to the unity of the human species. Still by proving the unity of man's nature, one has gone far to prove the unity of his origin. If, as naturalists admit, among inferior animals "a new race can readily be formed from a single pair," it may be easily conceived how the first race of men sprung from Adam and Eve, and how from it other races were formed by some variations, which in time became hereditary. This stray truth, so to speak, acknowledged by antichristian scientists of our day was also uppermost in the minds of pagan nations of the remotest antiquity. Obscured by fable, it lost for them its full meaning, but read in the light of true tradition and philology it teaches us that from the beginning mankind were acquainted with the real history of their origin. Thus it has come to pass that in this respect and in many other ways, real science has been the handmaid of faith, and after having been confused by theories on man's origin finds the inspired record of Moses to be the only firm ground on which it can securely rest. And He (God) said: "Let us make man to our image and likeness; and let him have dominion over the fishes of the sea, and the fowls of the air, and the beasts and the whole earth and every creeping creature that moveth on the earth. And God created man to his own image, to the image of God he created him, male and female he created them."

THE EARLIEST DISCUSSION OF THE CATHOLIC QUESTION IN NEW ENGLAND—SEGUENOT AND BURNETT. 1727.[1]

IF any reader, looking only at the great questions now absorbing the minds of men, think us too far behind the times in reviewing at this day a publication of the early part of the last century, we plead in defence that we Catholics had no REVIEW, or, in fact, any publication at all in this country at the time of the appearance of the work, and that even in our hands this curious and romantic affair cannot be very dull or dreary.

The little work is, in fact, connected with some of the most romantic incidents in New England history, with the preaching of Eliot, his praying towns, New England injustice to the Indians, King Philip's War, the death of Major Waldron.

Though the story of Christine Otis has been alluded to in many local histories, it has probably escaped the eye of Catholic readers in general, with the discussion we here rake up from the musty piles of New England controversies. The publication on which we found our notice is extremely rare, so rare that the late George Brinley, who had scoured all the old garrets and closets of New England to bring together his wonderful library, does not seem to have possessed a copy.

To a Catholic it has the additional interest of being the first statement of Catholic doctrine printed in New England, or, indeed, in any part of the thirteen Colonies, and as such should have led all our publications in the *Bibliotheca Catholica Americana*, of our late antiquarian friend, Rev. Joseph M. Finotti.

About the same period there were two other controversies, it is true; one between a Jesuit father and an Episcopal clergyman, in Maryland, and the other between the Jesuit Father Sebastian Rale, of Norridgewock, Maine, and the Rev. Mr. Baxter, who was sent from Massachusetts to endeavor to win his flock to Protestantism. These discussions were not, however, printed at the time, so that the letter of the good Sulpitian to the Christine whose amiable character from childhood seems to have endeared her to her Canadian friends, though it failed to recall her to the faith in which she had been nurtured, was translated and printed in Boston as

[1] Letter from a Romish priest in Canada to one who was taken captive in her infancy and instructed in the Romish faith, but some time ago, returned to this her native country; with an answer thereto. By a person to whom it was communicated. Boston: Printed for D. Henchman, at the corner shop over against the Brick Meeting-house, in Cornhill. MDCCXXIX.

the first publication to diffuse in that benighted land the true doctrines of Christianity.

Before the first English settlements in New England, the Pawtuckets, or Pennacook Indians, spread from the banks of the Merrimac to the Kennebec, and were ruled by a chief of superior ability, Passaconaway. When colonists came, sachem and people welcomed them, and lands were ceded for their use. Every year, however, the newcomers became more exorbitant in their demands, till, at last, the sachem, who had reached the years, not only of four score and ten, but even of five, and it is said of six score, sought humbly from the guests whom he had welcomed a scanty foothold for his band in the wide domain over which he had once held sway.

Amid the grasping and sordid people who were thus pushing away the Indians, to chafe, and fret, and plot, there arose a man who believed that as Christians they were morally bound to impart a knowledge of God and his divine Son to the benighted natives.

John Eliot, who so cordially met the Jesuit Father Druillettes, and invited him to winter in his home, began his labors as a missionary at Newton Corner, gaining many hearers and a few converts. Praying villages sprang up, not all made up of Indians who had embraced Christianity, but including those who showed an inclination to listen to the teachings of Eliot and his associates. Efforts were made, meanwhile, to induce the natives to adopt the agriculture and habits of the whites.

Eliot gradually extended the area of his labors, and in 1647 visited the village of Passaconaway, but the chief would not see him. He withdrew, disdaining, as it were, to hold converse with the man who was bent on transforming the gallant brave into the dull plodder, the open-handed Indian into a close and grasping white.

The next year he showed less repugnance. Eliot began his work,[1] and ere long there were praying towns in the land of the Pennacooks. The religious influence, however, produced by annual visits could not have been very profound, or the instruction extended.

Passaconaway himself said to Eliot: "You do as if one should come and throw a fine thing among us, and we should catch at it earnestly, because it appears so beautiful, but cannot look at it to

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[1] Eliot's first sermon before Passaconaway was from Malachy i. 11, which he thus rendered: "From the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, thy name shall be great among the Indians; and in every place prayers shall be made to thy name, pure prayers, for thy name shall be great among the Indians." This suppression of the idea of sacrifice is curious, and, in view of one of Seguenot's chief points, not without interest.

see what is within; there may be in it something or nothing, a stock, a stone, or a precious treasure; but if it be opened, and we see what is valuable therein, then we think much of it. So you tell us of religion, and we like it very well at first sight, but we know not what is within; it may be excellent, or it may be nothing; we cannot tell; but if you will stay with us and open it to us, and show us all within, we shall believe it to be as good as you say it is."

We know how Eliot, with immense labor, translated the Bible into the Natick language, as though that were to achieve what only daily instruction and guidance could effect.

Something, however, was gained. The legislature appointed an Indian superintendent; idolatry and the superstitious rites of the medicine men were suppressed; laws made; the sale of liquor prohibited, though it could not be wholly prevented. It will strike us as queer, however, that tithes were to be levied on the Indians for the support of their teachers.

While the efforts of this zealous man to convert and save the Indian were extending, he did not receive general support. By many, in fact, his whole scheme was viewed with an evil eye. In their judgment the Indian should be crowded out and exterminated. Their policy, so often revived and followed, bore its fruit. Philip animated the scattered bands to begin a war of extermination, urging the Indians to root out the whites unless they, themselves, would be rooted out.

The hamlets and outlying farms of New England reddened the midnight sky with the blaze which disclosed the scalped and murdered inmates. Then every Indian became a matter of suspicion and dread; and the Praying Indians were marked out for destruction by the hot and lawless. Wannalancet, the successor of Passaconaway, faithful to the counsels of that chief, had refused to enter into Philip's projects, and to the last declined to give him any aid. But this could not save his tribe from the brutality of the colonial rabble. Yielding to the storm, the General Court confined the Praying Indians to narrow limits, and at last carried off hundreds from their villages to perish in the close confinement to which they were doomed.

The glowing pictures, by New England writers, of the rigid morality and piety of the settlers, are not sustained by facts. Impartial visitors found these colonies not superior to others which were less loud in their professions. Vice and debauchery among the lower class, unscrupulous rapacity among men in office, appear there as elsewhere; and the Indians suffered alike from both.

Wannalancet would not raise his hand against the whites, but he could not remain in safety. With his band he struck into the

wilderness and wintered on the headwaters of the Connecticut, far from all the haunts of men. His village was given to the flames and his lands laid waste. A band that had remained at Wamesit were accused of ravages committed by Philip's men. They were all seized and hurried to Boston, where, after long delay, they were declared innocent; yet while conducted back to their home by a guard, one of them was deliberately murdered. The outrage was followed by a still grosser one, when women and children were fired upon, one being slain and several dangerously injured.

The Wamesit Indians fled in alarm to join their brethren under Wannalancet, in the woods near Canada, but after great suffering were forced by hunger to return. As danger again menaced them, they fled once more, leaving some of the old and decrepit, who were soon burned alive in their wigwams.

These well-disposed Indians, thus hardly treated, patiently awaited in the wilderness the close of the war, hoping that the minds of the mob would be more disposed to credit their innocence. When Philip fell and peace was restored, the fugitives began to return. The post at Dover, where Major Richard Waldron commanded, with its stores of goods, became a centre. From the woodlands afar the braves came, with their squaws and children, to barter the furs they had gathered for articles they sadly needed. Among them came many of the Pennacooks. Ere long four hundred dusky forms were gathered around; all considered themselves as perfectly safe. But Waldron, instigated by greed and cunning, or acting under orders from Boston, resolved to seize a number of them. To do so openly might result in a disastrous failure, so he had recourse to stratagem. He proposed to the Indians that they should have a sham battle. The Indians entered into the spirit of the affair. While the fictitious strife was going on, two companies of Provincial soldiers surrounded the Indians, and before the latter could suspect treachery, disarmed them all, and prepared to send them to Boston. The General Court approved the dark act of treachery. The Indians were put on trial; a few escaped; five or six were actually hung, the rest were sold into slavery.

Wannalancet and a remnant of the tribe fled, never to return. They made their home in a mission village on the banks of the St. Lawrence, where devoted men preached and practiced a purer and nobler faith, and the neophytes of Eliot became the unexpected and uninvited catechumens of a Catholic mission.

Others lingered in fastnesses of the mountains brooding over their wrongs, and anxious by any agency to wreak vengeance on their oppressors.

Year by year the winter snows whitened the earth and it hardened under the fierce summer sun, till at last these Pennacooks

gloated with savage glee to see the long-desired vengeance ready at their hands.

When Leisler, in his mad folly, had sent the New York savages to give the Canadian towns to conflagration, pillage, and murder, and New England had, as unwisely, provoked hostility on her frontiers, the Indians, whose unwritten annals kept vividly before their eyes the treachery of Cocheco, resolved to repay it.

Their design was known in Boston, and a letter of warning was sent to Waldron. It was too late. That very day two squaws sought a night's lodging in every one of the garrison houses of Dover. They were admitted without distrust, and the inmates showed them how to open the doors early in the morning.

When sleep had settled on the town the women silently unbarred the doors to admit the vengeful braves. At Waldron's house they rushed at once to his room. The old man, if he had entrapped Indians and flogged Quakerwomen, was no coward. In spite of his eighty years he seized his sword and drove his assailants before him till they closed around and overpowered him. They set him upon a chair on a table, and each cut him across the breast as their victim used to mark their accounts in his books, crying, "I cross out my account," and when he tottered forward from loss of blood it was to fall upon his own sword.

His house was given to the flames. That of Richard Otis was taken in the same way, and he was killed as he rose from his bed. Two of his children fell beside him. His wife and four daughters were hurried away, three to be rescued, but the widow and her child Christine, with two Otis boys, the sons of Stephen, marched their weary way through the wilderness, enduring all the horrors of Indian captivity. New England Indians as they were, their captors did not halt till they reached villages of Indians under French control. The condition of these hapless persons, suffering for the wrong done by others, appealed to the Christian hearts of the French. Mrs. Otis and her child were purchased from their Indian captors and found a home at Montreal. No immediate prospect appeared, in those days of war, that they could soon return to the fire-marked site of their once happy home. The New England widow soon came to look on Canada as her future home. She embraced the Catholic faith, and married Philip Robitaille, in 1693, bringing up Christine and her other children in the religion which she had embraced.

Christine grew to womanhood, and married a Canadian named Le Beau, their marriage being blessed by the birth of a daughter; but her wedded life was not a long one, and we next find her a widow.

After vicissitudes of peace and war hostilities ceased, and com-

missioners were sent from the English colonies to superintend the return of all prisoners in Canada. Captain John Stoddard and the Rev. John Williams, a New England clergyman famous for his own Indian captivity, were those deputed, and with them went Captain Thomas Baker, of Northampton, Massachusetts, who had likewise had his share of Indian perils, bondage, and war. The meeting of Baker and Madame Christine le Beau seems to have inspired a strong affection. Baker, through the commissioners, used every effort to obtain her restoration, and she showed the greatest desire to return to New England. Her mother and daughter clung to Canada; the French clergy and the authorities sought to dissuade her, and raised various pretexts to delay or prevent her return. But she gave up mother and child, all her share in her husband's estate, and the means offered her, to accompany to New England the object of her choice, whom she married soon after. Isolated from all Catholic influence, Christine le Beau, become Mrs. Margaret Baker, lost her faith, and openly renouncing it joined the church of Mr. Solomon Stoddard at Northampton.

She was not forgotten on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and some years after the Rev. Francis Seguenot, a French priest from the diocese of Autun, a member of the Community of St. Sulpice, who had been zealously ministering for years to the people at Pointe-aux-Trembles and a wide district around it, resolved to make an effort to regain the lost sheep. The original letter which he addressed to Christine Otis is not extant, but a translation of it under the title of "A Letter from a Romish Priest in Canada" was printed at Boston in 1729. The letter seems to be pretty faithfully rendered, as the reader will judge:

J. M. J.[1]

My dear Christina, and whom I may call my Spiritual Daughter, Since I esteemed and directed you as such whilst you were here, and had the happiness of making one of the holy family of Jesus, Maria, Joseph, Joachim, and Anne, whereof I had the honor to be the director, and that you as well as Madame Robitail, your mother, whose confessor I am become since the death of Mr. Remi, who was well known to you, were of the number of about two hundred women of the best fashion of Ville Maria (that is, Mount-real), who then made up the mystical body of that holy association: I own also that all our members of the seminary, as well as all Mount-real, were edified with your carriage, you being sober and living as a true Christian and good Catholic, having no remains of the unhappy leaven of the irreligion and errors of the English, out of which Mr. Meriel had brought you, as well as your mother, taking you out of the deep darkness of heresy to bring you into the light of the true Church, the only spouse of Jesus Christ, out of which there is no salvation. I say the only spouse of Jesus Christ. It was allowed under the law of nature, and under that of Moses, to have many wives, for reasons which your ministers must know; but under the law of grace in which we live, established by Jesus Christ, the holy and true legislator, that multiplicity of wives is

[1] "These three letters are put in honor of Jesus, Maria, Joseph." Note in pamphlet.

forbidden, and for that reason Jesus Christ himself chose to have but one single spouse, which is His Church, which he purchased by the price of His adorable blood, which He loves and will love to all eternity, and against which the gates of hell and all the powers of this corrupted age shall not prevail, as He assures us,—St. Matthew, chapter xvi.,—when he saith to St. Peter: "Thou art Peter, and on this rock will I establish my Church," which all the infernal powers shall never overset. Which is verified by the experience of all the heresies which almost in all ages have assaulted her, since she has dissipated them all, thrown from her bosom and crushed all those vipers, and has all along subsisted whole and without spot, and true to her spouse Jesus Christ, and will continue in that unalterable fidelity. . And since Jesus Christ has promised on His side to be with her to the end of the world. Matt. xxviii. 20. There is (saith St. Paul, Eph. ch. iv. 4 and 5) but one God, one Jesus Christ, one faith, one baptism, one single body, which is the Church, one single spirit which animates and directs her. The English, the Dutch, the Calvinists, the Lutherans, the Zuinglians, dare not take those qualities to themselves, since they are many bodies and many spirits, different as to the doctrines of faith, differing the one from the other. The Puritans in England make up one, the Non-Conformists another; the Presbyterians one, the Episcopals another; the Quakers one, the Anabaptists another; the Poor[1] one, the Lutherans in Germany, another; and do not the Calvinists in the Marquisat of Brandenburgh make up a separate body from the rigid or moderate Lutherans? Lastly, do not the Zuinglians in Switzerland and the Genevese, their neighbors, make up bodies different from many others? And these different sects far from being animated by the same spirit, do they not contend with one another? and, to say the truth in one word, there is not one of all these sects that can boast of any religion.

And for proof of this, what is religion? It is a virtue by which we worship God as the sovereign and absolute Lord of all His creatures, whether by sacrifice and real offering with blood, as did of old the priests Aaron and his successors under the Mosaic law, in killing bullocks, rams, and lambs, or mystically, though very really, as do the priests under the law of grace, in sacrificing and offering every day to the most adorable Trinity, Jesus Christ, upon our altars. This sacrifice, besides, was instituted by Jesus Christ himself, the great and high Priest of the new law, to thank God for His mercies, to ask for new blessings, and to obtain of His goodness the pardon of our sins, so that the sacrifice of the law of grace, instituted and commanded by Jesus Christ, performs itself alone all that the sacrifices of the Mosaic law did together, and in a more effectual, more real, and truer manner, since those of the Old Law did not bestow grace, being, as St. Paul saith, but weak and poor elements (Gal. iv. 9), whereas, those of the New Law have it in themselves, and truly give it (Gal. iv. 5), since they contain the merits of the death and passion of Jesus Christ and of His adorable blood, and give us a real entrance into the adoption of the children of God. Egeus, President of Achaia for the Romans, willing to oblige the Apostle St. Andrew to offer sacrifice to his false gods, he made this answer, which ought to confound all those who are out of the Catholic Church, and especially the ministers: "I offer every day," said that holy apostle, "to the Almighty God, not the flesh of bulls, nor the blood of goats, but Jesus Christ, the Lamb without spot, whose flesh remains whole after the faithful have been fed and sanctified by the real eating of that divine Victim, which is the Bread of angels and children of God." From this argument I conclude, and you ought to conclude with me, dear Christina, that the real sacrifice of some victim is essential to religion; and this is so true that the first idolaters and Pagans seeing that the Jews offered fleshly offerings to the true and holy God, according to the commandment given by the Lord to Moses on Mount Sinai, since this blind people, following the example of the Israelites, did build temples where they offered living creatures to their false gods, and it is what the Chinese and Japanese do to this day, who offer to them reasonable creatures, as do also the Africans in some places of that third part of the Old World, and in America, whence I conclude there is no religion either in Old or New England, nor in Holland, nor in part of Germany, nor at Geneva, nor in the Swiss Cantons that follow Zuinglius, because in all those

[1] By which is meant Vaudois, who were called the Poor of Lyons.

places there is neither sacrifice nor sacrificer, though they know, as we do, the true God, and because by a most deplorable blindness they have banished from amongst them the priesthood of Jesus Christ.

Reflect seriously, my dear Christina, on those fundamental truths, and know that the Catholic Church is the only mystical ark of Noah, in which salvation is found. All those who are gone out of it, and will not return into it, will unhappily perish, not in the deluge of waters, but in the eternal flames of the last judgment. Let me, my dear Christina, say to you what St. Paul said to the Galatians: Who has so far bewitched and blinded you as to make you leave the light and the truth to carry you amongst the English, where there is nothing but darkness and irreligion, schisms, divisions, and confusions, and consequently where the Catholic Church is not? She who is the only spouse of Jesus Christ, a Church of peace and unity. In a word, all those pretended churches spread over England, Holland, Switzerland, and part of Germany, are a very Tower of Babel, where they neither understand nor agree with one another; without head, without charity, without faith, without sacrifice, and consequently without religion. A Tower of Babel which destroys itself, and which shall be thrown down into the abyss at the terrible day of the last coming of Jesus Christ, the supreme Judge of the living and the dead.

Consider within yourself, my dear Christina, poor stray sheep, and, following the example of the Prodigal Son, come back to your Heavenly Father. Humble yourself before Him as Achab did; own yourself guilty, as certainly you are, to have apostatized and forsaken the Lord, the only Spring of the healing waters of grace, to run after private cisterns, which cannot give them to you, since they have them not, having only the muddy waters of the Nile of unbelieving Egypt, and those of the Euphrates of infamous Babylon. Look once more within yourself, my dear Christina, as the Prodigal Son in the Gospel; hearken to the stings of your conscience, for it is impossible but you must feel them reproaching your apostasy. Read with attention the two letters I send you concerning the happy and Christian death of your daughter; above all, weigh with care the particular circumstances by which she owns herself infinitely indebted to the mercy of God, and the watchfulness of her grandmother, for having withstood her voyage to New England, and not suffered her to follow you thither. Consider with what religion and inward peace she received all the sacraments, and with what tranquillity she died in the bosom of the Church. I had been her confessor and director for many years before her marriage, and before her going down to Quebec, where she lived with her husband peaceably, and to the edification of all the town. Oh, happy death! My dear Christina, would you, like her, die as predestined, come in all haste and abjure your apostasy, and live as a true Christian and Catholic; else fear, and be persuaded that your death will be unhappy, attended with madness and despair, as that of Calvin was, whose errors are followed in New England, and who bewailed at his death, and, acting like an agitated fury, detested the fatal moment in which he had separated himself from the Roman Catholic Church, and those false and calumnious writings he had published against her. Luther, his predecessor, did not make a much happier end, he dying suddenly at the end of a plentiful supper, which lasted till ten or eleven at night, at which supper were present his three children and Catharine de Bore, his wife, who had been a nun, had made her three vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience; a woman of condition, and whom he had taken out of a monastery to make his wife, and had the impudence publicly to marry after the death of the Duke and Elector of Saxony, his protector, for he would not have dared to accomplish that sacrilegious marriage whilst that prince was living, who, though a Lutheran, abhorred marriages contracted between persons who before God and the Church had made vows of chastity, which Luther had done in his convent and Catharine de Bore in hers. But after the death of that Elector, Luther pulled off the mask, and publicly married her for all that he was a priest and a monk and Catharine de Bore a nun.

Henry the Eighth, King of England, was the first that made a schism with the Roman Church, not being willing to own her for his mother, as he and all his predecessors had done very religiously before. He left the Roman Church that he might put away his lawful wife, Catharine of Arragon, a princess of eminent virtue, and aunt to

the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and marry Anne Boleyn, whom some English historians believe to have been his daughter, begot by him on the Lady Boleyn, in the absence of Sir Thomas Boleyn, whom he had sent to France as ambassador to Francis the First. The same Henry the Eighth, four years after this scandalous marriage, caused the same Anne Boleyn to be beheaded, having discovered her unfaithfulness and her intrigues with some gallants which she had. The schismatical prince, feeling himself near his end, was desirous of confessing himself; and, notwithstanding he was a schismatic, he had not renounced those two sacraments of the Catholic Church, instituted, like the other five, by Jesus Christ. The bishops and priests who were then in London hid themselves, and would not receive his confession, as much in regard to the great scandal he, by his schism, had given to the Church as on account of the unheard of cruelty which he had committed against the monks, and some people distinguished by their characters, as Thomas More, Chancellor of England, and John Fisher, a bishop, who had refused to subscribe to his pretended and impious primacy of the English Church; and for having besides plundered and rifled all the goods, even to the holy vessels, out of the churches of the chief and richest abbeys of his kingdom. One of these bishops, however, confessed him, laying him under an obligation to build a hospital, thereby in some measure to redress the excessive wrongs he had done to the churches, which hospital, to speak justly, was nothing however in comparison with the rapines and extortions he had committed. He received the Communion also, and as the Consecrated Host was offered to him he would come out of his bed and fall down before it, a token that this unfortunate prince had kept the faith towards that divine sacrament, and towards the other six, on which he had writ a treatise against Luther, who had writ to him a wheedling letter to bring him into his party, which the King would not hearken to, but treated Luther as an heresiarch. And we read in history that one of King Henry the Eighth's predecessors, on his being to give battle to one of our kings of France, ordered, on the morning of the day of battle, all the soldiers should, as well as himself, partake of the adorable Body of Jesus Christ, at the Masses which the chaplains of the army were to officiate in, every one in his own quarters. Why, then, do the English at this time no longer acknowledge the truth and reality of the presence of Jesus Christ in that awful sacrament? The same history tells us that the English of former times built magnificent churches in some of our provinces, which then were in their possession, and in which churches Mass was said, and Jesus Christ offered to His Eternal Father. Why, then, do the English at this time not make profession of the same religion with their ancestors, who were thoroughly Roman Catholics? Was not Zuinglius, the chief of the Sacramentarians, killed at the head of the army he led against the Catholic Switzers, whom he would by force oblige to embrace his sect and his errors? Have even the apostles, or any other laborers in the Gospel, whereof Protestant ministers pretend (but without reason) to be the successors, been seen to march at the head of armies, with swords in their hands and cannon pointed to enforce the Gospel? I leave it to your ministers to judge of so extraordinary a proceeding.

But let us return to you (poor stray sheep): Think seriously on death, which may be nearer to you than you think of. What will you in that moment say for yourself to Jesus Christ to justify your apostasy, when He shall come to judge and decide of your fate to all eternity? Rather, in what sorrow and despair will you not be when you find that you have nothing solid to allege to Him to excuse your cowardly desertion? Perhaps, like the unfortunate Antiochus, you will own that you were in the wrong in forsaking Him and His Catholic Church, His only spouse, promising that if He grants you health again, you will repair the scandal that you have given by your apostasy. But do you know, my dear Christina, what will happen to you? the same (poor lamb) that happened to that unfortunate prince to whom the Lord showed no mercy, and whom He left to His justice, because he had first forsaken Him; and that when in health and able to convert himself he had slighted the Lord, and trod under foot the warnings which godly people had given him from God. Do not, then, dear Christina, saith the Lord by His prophets, defer any longer, and do not delay your repentance till the hour of death, but work it out now, as saith St. Paul, whilst you have time.

Harden not your heart, as saith the kingly prophet, but hearken to the Lord who speaks to you by our means. Your soul, my dear Christina, like that of the Prodigal Son, dies with hunger in the strange land whither you are gone. I call strange land that which is out of the Catholic Church, our true mother, who abundantly fed you with her milk and with her honey. You have where you are nobody that can absolve you of your sins, and give you that grace again which they have made you lose. You hear no longer the wholesome and true Word of God, having in that strange land no preachers who have received their mission from Jesus Christ or His apostles, nor bishops their successors, to declare to you that Divine Word, and to instruct you in the fundamental points of faith and principles of the Gospel, and in the practice of virtues, such as humility, Christian charity, contempt of the world and all its vanities, chastity, prayer, fasting, repentance, mortification, sufferings, love of the cross, longings after eternal blessings, and other principles taught in the Catholic Church, a language unknown to the Protestants, and to your fine reformers, let us say rather the true destroyers of all these holy practices. Who has sent these worthy reformers? Is it Jesus Christ? Has He spoken to Luther, to Calvin, to Zuinglius, or to the other schismatics who have withdrawn themselves from the Catholic Church to set up for themselves, as He spake to St. Peter: "Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my Church?" Did He say to them as He said to the same St. Peter and to the Apostles: "Go preach my Gospel to all the world; whatsoever sins you remit on the earth will be remitted and pardoned in heaven, and whatsoever sins you shall bind shall be bound in heaven?" Your ministers dare not say that Jesus Christ has sent them, or Luther, or Calvin, or Zuinglius, in such a manner; they never durst say it. Now none (saith St. Paul, Rom. x.) ought to intrude into the Gospel ministry without an authentic mission. Let us add, dear Christina, that the strange land in which you are doth not afford you the Pascal Lamb, the true heavenly Manna, the Bread of angels; I mean Jesus Christ contained really within the holy Eucharist, which is only to be found in the Catholic Church; so that you are in that place like the Prodigal Son, reduced to feed on improper and insipid food, which cannot give you life, after having fed here on the most exquisite, most savory, and most delicious food of heaven. I mean the adorable Body and precious Blood of Jesus Christ at the holy sacrament of the altar, as saith the Prophet Jeremy in his Lamentations, iv. 5.

Once more, dear Christina, return to this land, where you have received your baptism, and which I may say has given you life, since it is there you have been regenerated with water and the Holy Ghost, and have received the grace of adoption, and eaten the Bread of angels and children of God. Prevail with your husband to resolve on the same undertaking; the Holy Church, our good mother, will, on your abjuring your errors, receive you with open arms, as well as Mr. Robitail and his wife, your mother; you shall not want bread here, and if your husband will have land we shall find him some on the island of Montreal; but if he doth not desire any, and has a trade, he shall not want for work; but what is most essential is that you shall be here both of you enabled to work out your salvation, which you cannot do where you are, since there you are not in the mystical ark of the true Noah, which is the Catholic Church, the sole spouse of Jesus Christ, in which your daughter was bred, and in which she died.

Read, dear Christina, again and again that letter with the attention it deserves, since your eternal happiness or misery is at stake; show it to your ministers if you think it proper, or to whom else you please; and if they will answer me, let them do it in Latin or Greek, if they cannot conveniently write in French. I shall reply in Latin or Greek, for I cannot speak the English nor the Dutch tongue; and I hope, with the grace of God and the assistance of the Holy Ghost, who is the Spirit of truth, I shall evidently show them that they are in error, and that they entertain therein the people that hear them. Tell them from me to refute, if they can, the principles which I have set forth in this letter concerning the unity of one only true Church, founded by St. Peter and the other apostles, and transmitted by the bishops, their successors, to whom Jesus Christ has committed the keeping of the faith, and the direction of that same only spouse of Jesus Christ till now, and will continue so to do without any interrup-

tion, as the Scripture testifies in St. Matthew, and in the Acts of the Apostles, to the end of the world. Desire them from me to keep to that point, and to answer me with solidity, which they cannot do, to the principles I have laid down in this letter, for it would be endless to go over every article wherein we differ from one another, which, as it draws to no conclusion, serves only to maintain the dispute, and it is what those who find themselves in an error choose to do. In a word, let them give me an answer to what is essential and solid, and to the principles I lay down, of the unity of one true Church, the only spouse of Jesus Christ. And let them show me that the same Jesus Christ sent Luther, or Calvin, or Zuinglius to establish that same only Church, as He sent St. Peter and the other apostles to preach His Gospel, and to found that one Church. 'Tis what they can never do, who have framed many churches, all differing the one from the other; and it is what evidently proves that they err, and that those that follow them are maintained in an error; all their pretended churches being no other than a Tower of Babel, which, by its confusion and multiplicity, destroys itself.

Yield, dear Christina, to these truths, which are clearer than the sun at noonday, and return to the Catholic Church, the sole Church and spouse of Jesus Christ, her only Husband.

Before I make an end of this letter I must tell you that we have received here at Ville-Marie the abjuration of Mr. Henry Lidius, son to the deceased Mr. Lidius, or Dellius, late minister at Albany, and he is married to a very virtuous French young woman of Canada. I received his abjuration, and officiated at his marriage; the one and the other were performed to the edification of all Ville-Marie. I expect your answer to my letter, and am, dear Christina, entirely yours in Jesus and Maria.

SEGUENOT,
Priest of the Seminary at Ville-Marie.

You know me very well.

AT VILLE-MARIE (that is, Mount-real), the 5th of June, 1727.

The letter of the Sulpitian was not thrown aside. Mrs. Baker seems to have read it, and not without effect. Those around her could not understand it, but seemed to have noted an influence which they desired to counteract. The letter is said to have been written "in a very crabbed and hardly legible hand." It was at last placed in the hands of a gentleman who knew enough of French to transcribe it; but this, it seems, consumed "a pretty while."

The copy was submitted to William Burnett, a son of the famous Bishop Gilbert Burnett, who after having been for some years governor of New York and New Jersey, arrived in Boston in July, 1728, to hold the same twofold office over Massachusetts and New Hampshire. He was a dabbler in religious matters, and had recently published an essay on Scripture prophecies. As none of the New England clergy had entered the field to answer the Abbé Seguenot's letter either in Latin or Greek, Governor Burnett wrote a letter, in French to Mrs. Baker to refute that of the Canadian priest. The bookseller's preface says that this answer gave its author "but little trouble," "and besides had been done pretty hastily."

The two main points of Mr. Seguenot's letter, the unity of the Church and the necessity of sacrifice, he does not meet at any length. To the first he makes the point that if the Greek Church

is a true Church the Roman Church cannot be, since there can be only one such. A very weak argument, as the separation of the Greeks from the unity is a fact of history, and their schism could not make the Church less true than it was. He declares that it is "very ill-grounded" to insist on Protestants proving the divine mission of Luther and the other Reformers, without proving the divine mission of the Pope. He then lays down that the true Church contains all the faithful, of all ages, all over the world; that the unity is not visible, and that the Church has no need of a visible head; that the Church has been a great persecutor; that there were disputes between the religious orders, and therefore no unity.

In regard to sacrifice he insists that there was none at the Last Supper, there being but one sacrifice, that of the Cross. Yet if our Lord, as High Priest, offered on the cross the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, He was none the less a high priest forever according to the order of Melchisedec, offering bread and wine, the twofold sacrifice accomplished on the evening and morning that made the last day of the week of weeks that preluded the Sabbath of man's redemption.

As points of history he denies the repentance of Calvin, Luther's taking Catharine de Bore from a convent, and the story about Anne Boleyn. He then adduces scandalous lives of Popes, justifies Zuinglius, and warns her not to trust herself again in the hands of Catholics.

From first to last there is not a single argument to prove the truth of any form of Protestantism, in its creed, worship, or ministry. It was not, indeed, very easy for the son of a bishop of the Church of England, who had just been the bulwark of Episcopacy in New York, to prove satisfactorily at Boston that Congregationalism, a revolt from the Church of England, persecuting alike Episcopalians on one side and Quakers and Baptists on the other, was the true Church of Christ. He had to set up a broad Church of his own, resting on no authority but his own.

His answer, as well as the Abbé Seguenot's letter, was translated, and they are printed together in the pamphlet issued at Boston in 1729, but Governor Burnett's name does not appear, and he is alluded to in the note of "The Bookseller to the Reader" simply as "a Person of distinction among us." New England writers assert his authorship, but biographical and bibliographical works, in speaking of the governor, do not include it among his literary performances.

Whatever effect it may have had on Mrs. Baker, it did not induce her and her husband to remove to Canada. They seem to have had many misfortunes and hardships, and leaving Northampton, in

Massachusetts, they made their way to her old home at Dover. But trouble followed them, and in 1736 she applied for a grant of land from the colony. It seems to have been ineffectual, and Mr. Baker seems to have been inclined to yield to some desire on the part of his wife to rejoin her mother in Canada. The Abbé Seguenot was, indeed, dead; his requiem was offered the very year in which he addressed his touching letter to her; but her mother and her kindred there would insure her a welcome. That Christine entertained this project may be inferred from the statement in Savage's *Genealogical Dictionary*, that the town of Dover ultimately gave her land on condition that she should not return to Canada.

She lived to an advanced age, and died February 23d, 1773. The name of Otis has remained in Canada. One of the sons of Stephen Otis, taken with Christine and her mother, was baptized there by the name of Francis John, and settling at Baie St. Paul, became, by his energy, a prominent man. One of his descendants, Messire Lucien Otis, after having had charge of several parishes, became Director of the Normal School at Quebec, and died in 1868, highly respected and esteemed for his ability and worth.

Christine is represented here by many descendants, among them the Hon. John Wentworth, of Illinois; and some of them may have received grace to embrace the truth which their ancestress lost.

THE EXISTENCE OF GOD DEMONSTRATED.

SECOND ARTICLE.

By what Proof does the Theist demonstrate the Existence of God?

GOD is the highest object of all knowledge, infinitely above any limited being; and yet the certainty of His existence is the end of all metaphysical inquisitions, the full and last solution of all philosophical questions, the point of rest for all researching minds. It is, however, not so difficult to find Him as He is transcending the perfection of our feeble nature. He is, we are assured (Acts 17, 27; 14, 16), notwithstanding His infinity, not far from each one of us, nor has He left Himself without testimony. Knowing once that His existence is demonstrable, though not *a priori*, yet *a posteriori*, that is from the effects He has wrought in this visible world, we are not at a loss to find for it quite cogent and evident reasons. It will only be necessary, first, to show that this universe is contingent and produced, and then, to infer from the conception of its being effected its dependence on the Absolute and Infinite Being as its cause.

As the Scholastics have pointed out this way of demonstrating God's existence, so they have also furnished us with many arguments of this kind. We shall, above all, give the proofs of S. Thomas, yet for the sake of greater facility somewhat differ from him in their arrangement. Let us begin our argumentation with the analysis of the effects we perceive in the physical order, though we always rise from them to God by metaphysical reasons and principles.

The first proof evinces the existence of God as the first cause from the existence of beings produced.[1] There exists in this world,

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[1] S. Thomas S. Theol., p. i., qu. 2, art. 3: "Secunda via est ex ratione causæ efficientis. Invenimus eim in rebus sensibilibus esse ordinem causarum, nec tamen invenitur nec est possibile, quod aliquid sit causa efficiens sui ipsius; quia sic esset prius se ipso, quod est impossibile. Non autem est possibile, quod in causis efficientibus procedatur in infinitum; quia in omnibus causis efficientibus ordinatis primum est causa medii, et medium est causa ultimi, sive media sint plura, sive umem tantum. Remota autem causa, removetur effectus. Ergo si non erit primum in causis efficientibus, non erit ultimum nec medium. Sed si procedatur in infinitum in causis efficientibus, non erit prima causa efficiens, et sic non erit nec effectus ultimus nec causæ efficientes mediæ, quod patet esse falsum. Ergo necesse est poneres causam aliques efficientun primam, quam omnes Deum nominant."

For the better understanding of S. Thomas, it is to be noticed that by *causæ ordinatæ* such causes are meant as depend on one another. If one depends on the other as to *existence*, they are said *causæ ordinatæ per accidens;* if one depends on the other as to action or *causality*, they are termed *causæ ordinatæ per se*. Here evidently

as we most certainly know, a series of things produced in succession, each one depending on that by which it is preceded as on its sufficient cause. But this series of produced things presupposes as its sufficient cause an unproduced being, which, as all things are effected by it, and itself is effected by nothing, is the first efficient cause. Consequently, there exists a first efficient cause, which we call God.

But why can a series of things, of which each subsequent is produced by the preceding one, not have its sufficient cause but in an unproduced being? Everything produced requires a pre-existing cause distinct from itself; for by itself a being cannot be produced, since else, as the efficient cause produces its effect by action, and action presupposes the existence of the agent, it would exist before existing, which is evident self-contradiction.[1] Now, in the series, of which we speak, each being, though it is the cause of the subsequent member, was produced and was first an effect, before it could be an efficient cause; it, consequently requires a pre-existing cause distinct from itself. However long, therefore, the series of produced beings may be, it always demands a further cause, and can never come into existence by itself or by virtue of anything contained within it. For this reason, if we join in one series even all produced beings, sensible and supersensible, the sufficient cause of its existence cannot be but in a being distinct from it, and existing beyond it. But the being existing beyond the series of all produced beings is itself not produced. The series, therefore, of things produced in succession requires as the sufficient cause of its existence, the existence of an unproduced being.

However, it is said that, if the series of produced beings be supposed to be infinite, we cannot arrive at a first cause, and that, consequently, in this supposition, the absurdity of which cannot be evidently shown, the existence of God cannot be inferred from the existence of produced beings. True, by adding effect to effect and cause to cause, we cannot reach the beginning of an infinite succession. Nevertheless, even if there existed an infinite series of produced beings, the possibility of which we shall not discuss at present, it would require an unproduced cause, not one, indeed, that is contained within its members, but one that exists beyond them all; nor could, without such a cause, its existence be ac-

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causæ ordinatæ per accidens are meant, since the preceding one gives existence to the subsequent. Again God is sometimes called the first, sometimes the ultimate cause. The first He is in the ontological order, or in the order of being and existence, *in essendo;* because all other beings depend on Him as their cause, whereas, He Himself is not dependent on anything. The ultimate cause He is in the order of our cognition, *in cognoscendo;* because, starting from the visible world and inferring the cause from the effect, He is the last cause we arrive at and rest in.

counted for by any intellect. As this objection of the infinite series will recur nearly in all the following demonstrations, in the same as in a similar form, let us, once for all, solve it at full length.

S. Thomas, as may be seen from the text quoted in the note, refutes it with the following reason: In any series of causes, of which each subsequent one is dependent on the preceding, a first, mediate, and last cause is, of necessity, implied; by the last, that being understood which is preceded, but not followed; by the mediate, that which is both followed and preceded; by the first, that which followed, but not preceded, by another cause. That cause on which the last effect depends is the last; because it is preceded, but not followed by another one. Any cause which, being itself dependent, precedes the last, is a mediate one, because it is preceded by that on which it depends, and followed by that which depends on it. Now, as the last cause presupposes the mediate, so the mediate presupposes the first. For the mediate cause involves in its very conception one by which it is preceded, but which is itself unpreceded. But may not a mediate cause be preceded by one or several mediate ones in succession? No doubt it may, yet so, that before them all it supposes one unpreceded. To see this, let us comprise all mediate causes in one taken collectively. Of what nature will this collective cause be? It must needs be a mediate one too. For the whole has no perfection that was not contained in its constituent parts, it being nothing else but their addition. But in the single mediate cause there is no independence of, but, on the contrary, only dependence on, a preceding cause; hence, also the whole of them is dependent on a cause, not by one single dependence, but by the collective dependence of all its parts. It is by the same principle that a multitude of blind men is blind too, and that a herd of brutes however numerous is also destitute of reason.[1] All the mediate causes, then, being comprised in one, which remains a mediate one, this latter requires beyond itself a cause which cannot be mediate again, and all dependent causes preceding the last, being gathered into one collective cause, which is also dependent, the cause on which the latter depends must be independent. But the cause on which all others depend, and which is

[1] Very appropriately Suarez (Disp. Metaphys., 29, sect. 1, n. 32) remarks: "Si nullus est hominum qui non pendeat et factus sit, ergo tota collectio hominum seu tota species humana pendeat et facta est; ergo necesse est, ut pendeat et facta sit ab alia causa superiori non contenta intra speciem homanam; ergo etiamsi fingatur, seriem hominum procedentium inter se esse infinitam intra suam speciem, nihilominus sumpta tota collectione, necesse est habere causam superiorem. Atque ita progrediendo, velab uno individuo ad aliud, vel ab una specie facta ad aliam factam, tandem erit necessario sistendum in re non facta."

itself independent, which precedes all mediate causes, and is itself not mediate, is the first and unpreceded cause. In any such series of causes, therefore, a first cause is implied, on which the mediate is dependent, as the last is dependent on the mediate. An important conclusion may be drawn from this. Since on the first cause the mediate and through it all the following effects depend, and since it is impossible that anything dependent can be, the cause on which it depends not being; it is evident that, if there is no first cause, neither a mediate nor a last cause, nor in general, any effect at all can be. From this reason the absurdity of any infinite series of causes, of which one is dependent on the other, without a first and independent cause, is quite apparent; for by eliminating the first cause we not only disown what is essentially implied in the series, but are compelled to deny even the reality of all causes and all effects.

To apply this reasoning to the efficient causes existing in this world, all of them, whether taken collectively or singly, are produced, and, consequently, either last or mediate efficient causes. If they are last causes, they depend on the mediate; if mediate ones, on the first efficient cause, which being itself independent and unproduced, has produced them all, either mediately or immediately. The atheists, therefore, trying to arrange the efficient causes in an infinite series, in order to avoid a first and unproduced cause, undermine the reality of this world, of which they are certain by the testimony of their senses, and destroy the very existence of mundane causes, the duration of which they admit to be infinite.

The impossibility of an infinite series unconnected with a first cause, is shown also by a shorter and more mathematical proof. In every series of causes and effects there must be as many causes as there are effects, each effect requiring its cause. But a first cause being excluded, in an infinite series of that kind, the number of effects must exceed that of the causes. For the number of the causes does not comprise the last effect, whereas the number of effects includes this, and, besides, all the causes of the whole series; because none of them being unproduced, they all are effected. The effects, therefore, exceeding the causes in number by one, the absurdity of such a series is palpable.

It would be of very little avail to the atheists to suppose that the efficient causes existing in this universe, whether finite or infinite in number, produce one another mutually, the first for instance the second, the second the third, the third the first. For then again the absurdity should be admitted that a being could act before

existing, and could, through the medium of its own effect, produce itself.

It being thus proved that the produced causes presuppose an unproduced one, let us now by the second proof infer the existence of God as the necessary being from the existence of contingent beings. We must, however, in advance explain the notions of the necessary and the contingent.[1] Contingent is what so exists that its non-existence also is possible; necessary, on the contrary, is what so exists that its non-existence is impossible. These definitions may be taken in a wider or stricter sense, as possibility is understood differently. For possibility is either intrinsic or extrinsic, metaphysical or physical. Intrinsically or metaphysically that is possible, the component parts of which do not contradict one another and, consequently, constitute a conceivable object; extrinsically or physically that is possible which is proportioned to a certain power, whether active or passive. Likewise something is said to be intrinsically or extrinsically impossible, as either its components are contradicting one another, or as it does not lie within the reach of a certain active or passive power. Now, those beings which by their very constitution have no passive power or liability to be destroyed, on account of their simplicity, we call incorruptible; whilst those are termed corruptible which by their very nature have the passive power or liability to be destroyed on account of their composition. If, then, by possibility or impossibility of non-existence that is understood which is extrinsic, the incorruptible may be called necessary, and the corruptible, contingent. However, so these terms are taken in a wider sense. For strictly contingent is what so exists that its non-existence is conceivable or implies no contradiction in its conception, which may be said also of incorruptible things; and strictly necessary is what so exists that its non-existence is not even conceivable, because inconsistent with its essential attributes. Necessity or contingency in this stricter sense must be attributed to a being, inasmuch as the sufficient reason of existence is contained either in its own essence or in a cause extrinsic to it. For what has the sufficient reason of its existence in its own essence cannot be thought not to exist; because it cannot by itself once pass from non-existence to existence or from existence to non-existence, as its essence always equally contains its existence; nor can it be annihilated by another being, as it is with regard to its existence quite independent. On the contrary, what has no sufficient reason of existence by itself can be conceived not to exist, or not to be produced by its efficient cause. From this another difference between the incorruptible and the

[1] Suarez, Disp. Metaphys., 28, sect. 1, n. 8–13; J. Kleutgen, S. J., Philosophie der Vorzeit, II. Band, n. 918.

strictly necessary may be understood. As the incorruptible has in its nature no liability to destruction, if it once exists; but does not require to have the existence of its nature by itself: it is not the last cause of its own necessity; whilst what is strictly or metaphysically necessary, since it is self-existent, has the last sufficient reason of its necessity in itself. Wherefore, the necessity of the one is dependent and hypothetical, that of the other independent and absolute.

The remarks premised, let us see how S. Thomas from the existence of the contingent demonstrates the existence of a necessary being.[1] We perceive in nature things which originate by generation and perish by corruption, and are, consequently, contingent. But what is such cannot always exist, since its duration is limited by generation on the one and corruption on the other side; and for this reason once, that is to say, before its generation, it did not exist at all. If now all things that exist were generated and corruptible, there would have been a moment when nothing at all existed. For however many such generated beings may be supposed to exist, there was before each one of them, and hence also before the whole of them, an instant of non-existence. But in this supposition even now nothing would be in existence, because what is not existing cannot come into existence but by something that exists. Hence, as the existence of contingent, or of generated and corruptible beings is certain and unquestionable, the existence of a necessary being also is certain and undeniable.

Here, however, a serious objection is made. S. Thomas, with other eminent philosophers, admitted the possibility of creation and, consequently, also of generation from eternity; which being supposed, it is not necessary that before the series of generated beings there was a moment of non-existence. We might deny this inference of eternal generation from eternal creation, as S. Thomas himself denies it in the Summa Theologica (p. i., qu. 46,

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[1] S. Theol., p. i., qu. 2, art. 3: Tertia via est sumpta est possibili et necessario, quae salis est:

"Invenimus enim in rebus quædam, quæ sunt possibilia esse et non esse; cum quaedam inveniantur generari et corrumpi et per consequens possibilia esse et non esse. Impossibile est autem omnia, quæ sunt talia, semper esse, quia quod possibile est non esse, quandoque non est. Si igitur omnia possibilia sunt non esse, aliquando nihil fuit in rebus. Sed si hoc est verum, etiam nunc nihil esset, quia quod non est, non incipit esse nisi per aliquid, quod est. Si igitur nihil fuit ens, impossibile fuit, quod aliquid inciperet esse, et sic modo nihil esset, quod patet esse falsum. Non ergo omnia entia unt possibilia, sed oportet aliquid esse necessarium in rebus. Omne autem necessarium vel habet causam suae necessitatis aliune, vel non habet. Non est autem possibile, quod procedatur in infinitum in necessaris, quæ habent causam suæ necessitatis, sicut nec in causis efficientibus, ut probatum est (in isto art). Ergo necesse est ponere aliquid, quod sit per se necessarium non habens causam necessitatis aliunde, sed quod est causa necessitatis aliis; quod omnes dicunt Deum."

art. 2 ad 8), and we might maintain that in this very place (S. Theol., p. i., qu. 2, art. 3), he shows the impossibility of generated beings to exist without a beginning in time, although he adopts the opposite opinion in others of his works. Yet let us solve the difficulty without touching this controversy. Could even generable or contingent beings have succeeded one another from eternity, nevertheless each one of them, and hence also their whole collection, though infinite in number, would have been brought into existence from non-existence. But nothing can come into existence by itself. If, therefore, a non-contingent being did not exist, even now nothing at all would exist. As, however, many contingent beings most certainly exist, we arrive again at the conclusion that besides the contingent something necessary must exist.

The question now arises, by what kind of necessity that being exists which exists besides the contingent. Is it hypothetically or absolutely necessary? Does it bear the sufficient reason of its existence and thus also of its necessity in its own essence, or has it received existence and with it also necessity from another being? If we admit it to be of absolute necessity, an absolutely necessary being exists. If it is of hypothetical necessity, then, just on account of its dependency, it presupposes beyond itself another necessary being existing. This holds good not only with regard to one hypothetically necessary being, but also with regard to the whole of them, however many they may be; because in a collection that perfection cannot be found which is in no way contained in its constituent parts. The existence, therefore, of all the necessary beings that are dependent as to their necessity, prerequires the existence of a necessary being which, being distinct from them, is no more dependent, but independent as to its necessity and hence must be necessary by itself. Consequently, there exists an absolutely necessary being, which has the sufficient reason of its necessity, that is of its necessary existence in its own essence, and is the cause of the necessity of the incorruptible, and of the perishable existence of the corruptible.

By this way we have risen from the corruptible, which strikes the senses, to the incorruptible, which is simple and immaterial, and from this to God, the absolutely necessary being, as the cause of all necessary and contingent existence. We may, however, from this world also immediately infer the existence of the absolutely necessary being, directly considering its not being determined to existence by its own nature, and not regarding its corruptibility. For of those beings which do not exist by themselves both each single one and the whole collection require at last to be determined to existence by a being which has the sufficient reason of existing in its own essence.

As from the produced the unproduced, and from the contingent the necessary, so also from the existence of the finite the existence of the infinite is inferred. This we set forth as the third proof for the existence of God. It starts from the different degrees of perfection in which the beings of this universe are found to be, if contrasted with one another. But here we speak of pure perfections, to wit, of those which do not imply a limitation in their very conception. These again, as they are here considered, are of two kinds. They either by their different degrees constitute the different essences of beings, as, for instance, life, cognition, intelligence; or they are the common attributes of beings also of divers essences, yet exist in them in different degrees, as truth, goodness, wisdom, power, beauty. Both these kinds of perfection are comprised in being, the most universal of all conceptions.

If, then, we compare plant, brute, and man, life is in the brute more perfect than in the plant, and in man more perfect than in the brute; likewise cognition is more perfect in a rational than in a merely sensitive being.[1] Wisdom exists in a higher degree in the man than in the boy, and again in a higher degree in the learned than in the unlearned. The power of the intellect and the will is of a higher order than that of matter, and beings endowed with life are more accomplished in beauty than the inanimate. Thus perfection exists in the world in many degrees, beginning with matter as the lowest, from there rising to rational nature, and there again continually increasing. But the ascending degrees of perfection suppose one that is the highest, both in the physical and in the metaphysical order. For since whatever exists is determinate, the physical order—that is, the order of things existing—must actually contain so many and no more beings, so many and no more degrees of perfection, and hence one above which there is not another one. In the metaphysical order we can conceive in any kind of pure perfection a being which possesses the same in its fulness and without any limitation; and again above this another one more perfect cannot be. Thus we have in either order some-

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[1] S. Theol., p. i., qu. 2, art. 3. "Quarta via sumitur ex gradibus, qui in rebus inveniuntur. Invenitur enim in rebus aliquid magis et minus bonum et verum et nobile, et sic de aliis hujusmodi. Sed magis et minus dicuntur de diversis secundum quod approprinquant diversimode ad aliquid, quod maxime est; sicut magis calidum est, quod magis appropinquat maxime calido. Est igitur aliquid, quod est verissimum et optimum et nobilissimum et per consequens maxime ens. Nam quæ sunt maxime vera, sunt maxime entia, ut dictur 3. Metaphys. (text 4). Quod autum dicitur maxime tale in aliquo genere, est causa omnium, quæ sunt illius generis, sicut ignis, qui est maxime calidus, est causa omnium calidorum, ut in eodem libro dicitur (text. eodem). Ergo est aliquid, quod omnibus entibus est causa esse et bonitatis et cujuslibet perfectionis; et hoc dicimus Deum." See also S. Theol., p. i., qu. 44, art. i.; S. c. gent. lib. ii., cap. 15; J. Kleutgen, S. J., Philosophie der Vorzeit, II. Band, n. 982–986.

thing most true, good, beautiful, powerful, perfect in life, cognition, intelligence; and as all perfections are realities, also a supreme, most perfect being. Yet whether or not that which is the highest in the metaphysical order exists also in the physical order, and constitutes its supreme degree, cannot be inferred from our argumentation thus far developed; it will, however, presently be understood from the inquiry we are now to make into the sufficient reason of the existence of beings differing in their degrees of perfection.

No being having an inferior or limited degree of perfection can be self-existent. For what exists by the very essence of a pure perfection cannot be limited, but must needs be infinite, because, essence and existence being in it the selfsame thing, whatever is comprised in the essence of such a perfection is realized in its existence. Hence it has not only a part or some degree, but the fulness of this perfection. Thus the true, the living, the beautiful that exists by itself is truth, life, beauty, without any restriction. This philosophical tenet, that the self-existent is infinite, and that, on the contrary, the finite cannot be self-existent, may be illustrated from another point of view. Since the existent is determinate as to its being, the self-existent must have a certain and definite degree of perfection by virtue of its own essence, this being the sufficient reason of its existence. But the degree of perfection, to which a being is determined by its very essence, is absolutely necessary to it, so that a lower or a higher degree would be even metaphysically impossible in it, and repugnant to its conception. Now the finite, on the one hand, does by no means with absolute necessity exclude a higher degree of perfection, at least within the range of its species, but rather must be conceived to be indefinitely perfectible; it, therefore, cannot exist, by virtue of its own essence. The self-existent, on the other hand, is not such as to exclude with absolute necessity the possession of infinite perfection, but, on the contrary, must be conceived as capable of it. For as infinite perfection is metaphysically or intrinsically possible, because it involves no contradiction in its concept; and as dependence on an efficient cause is an imperfection, and independence or self-existence a pure perfection, because implying no negation: it is evident that infinity in perfection can and must be possible only in the self-existent. This, therefore, must in reality be endowed with infinite perfection.

Since, then, all the beings that have a lower degree of perfection cannot be self-existent, and must, consequently, have been produced, they have come into existence by the infinite, in which all their reality is contained eminently. So the highest in any kind of pure perfection is the cause of existence and the source of being for all

the lower; and what is the highest in perfection in the metaphysical or ideal order—the infinite—exists also as the highest in the physical or real order.

But may it not be objected that, if this be so, we must either admit as many infinite beings as there are pure perfections, or grant one to be produced by the other, which both imply evident contradiction? Neither one nor the other inference is legitimate. Being, as it was already remarked, comprises all essences and all attributes, and, therefore, infinite being implies all infinite perfections, as conversedly every infinite perfection must be conceived to be infinite in its being. There exists, for this reason, only one infinite being, which is the cause of all finite beings that exist, in whatever degree and in whatever order of perfection. That this infinite being is to be called God nobody will deny, because no other conception expresses the Divinity so fully, and distinguishes it so well from any other nature as infinity in being.

This proof for the existence of God is handled with particular delight both in antiquity by Plato and Aristotle, and in the Christian era by St. Augustine, St. Anselm, St. Thomas, and many other scholastics. Plato, however, with his school, has misrepresented it, by supposing that in any order of a perfection conceivable by a universal notion, in any species and genus, the highest and most perfect was the cause of the lower. Many grave errors followed from this false admission. Nevertheless Plato's leading idea was undoubtedly true; his fault was that he did not distinguish between pure and mixed perfections, saying of them both indiscriminately what had to be said of the pure perfection alone.[1]

Thus far we have demonstrated God to be the first cause, the unproduced, self-existent being, absolutely necessary as to His existence, and infinite in His perfections, the proofs for this truth being furnished by the very essence of the things of this visible world. Let us now prove Him to exist as the absolutely immutable being from the mutability of the universe, thus regarding rather His attributes than His essence, and starting also from the accidental qualities of the finite. This fourth proof, we are about to give, was in the ancient schools proposed in the following terms: "*From the things moved a mover unmoved is to be inferred.*" Some explanations are necessary for the understanding of this proposition.

The ancients took motion: first, for any kind of operation; secondly, for any actuation of a passive power, whether successive or instantaneous; thirdly, for the successive actuation of a passive power alone. This last was motion in the strictest sense, under which the change of position in space ranges itself as a particular

[1] S. Theol., p. i., qu. 6, art. 4.

species. Hence, to move a being is nothing else but to turn its passive power into act, or in other words, as the act means a perfection, and the passive power the capacity of receiving it, to move a being is to confer upon it a perfection which it did not possess before, but was capable of possessing. An instantaneous motion or actuation is the conferring of a complete act or perfection, which at once fills the capacity of a subject; a successive motion or actuation is the conferring of an incomplete act or perfection, which partly actuates the capacity of the subject, partly lets it unactuated, so that the entire actuation of the same is achieved only by a series of such incomplete acts conferred.[1] Yet thus we used motion actively; taken passively motion is identical with mutation, or the reception of a perfection; and hence an unmovable being is one that cannot undergo a change nor acquire a new perfection. The unmovable in this sense is also called a pure act, because it is perfection free from any receptivity; which freedom is necessarily founded on its independence and its fulness; for what is dependent and imperfect is of necessity also receptive. The demonstration, therefore, by which the ancients deduced the existence of the unmovable from the existence of the movable is the inference of the existence of the immutable from the existence of the mutable. Having besides remarked that here motion is taken for any actuation of a passive power, instantaneous as well as successive, we now set forth the argument itself.

There are things in this universe which change, or which are reduced from passive power to act, because they begin to be endowed with perfection which they did not possess before, but had only the power of possessing.[2] This is quite evident from their

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[1] The Scholastics defined motion according to Aristotle: *Actus entis in potentia ut in potentia*, that is, such an act of the passive power of a being as leaves the power still potential or unactuated. This definition may be taken in a twofold sense. By the act which exists already in a passive power, and yet lets it unactuated, we may understand either *an inferior degree of a perfection*, still to be followed by a higher of the same species, or the *reception itself* of a perfection. In the first case, motion is taken for the successive actuation of a passive power; in the second, for any actuation of a passive power, successive and instantaneous. Suarez, Disp. Metaphys., 49, sec. 1, n. 9, 10.

[2] S. Theol. p. i., qu. 2, art. 3. "Prima autem et manifestior via est, quæ sumitur ex parte motus. Certum est enim et sensu constat, aliqua moveri in mundo. Omne autem, quod movetur, ab alio movetur; nihil enim movetur nisi secundum quod est in potentia ad illud, ad quod movetur; movet autem aliquid secundum quod est actu; *movere enim nihil aliud est, quam educere aliquid de potentia in actum.* De potentia autem nihil potest reduci in actum nisi per aliquod ens in actu; sicut calidum in actu, ut ignis, facit lignum, quod est calidum in potentia, esse actu calidum et per hoc movet et alterat ipsum. Omne ergo, quod movetur, oportet ab alio moveri. Si ergo id, a quo movetur, moveatur, oportat et ipsum ab alio moveri, et illud ab alio. Hic autem non est procedere in infinitum, quia sic non esset aliquod primum movens, et per consequens nec aliud movens, quia moventia secunda non movent nisi per hoc, quod sunt

successive actions; for a new activity both requires in the agent, and effects in the subject acted on, a new perfection. But whatever is reduced from passive power to act is actuated by another being. This axiom is the main support of the whole demonstration and needs a careful examination, particularly as it is sometimes doubted of. We must, therefore, closely examine into the nature of passive power and its actuation. As passive power is the capacity or receptivity of a perfection, it always implies in its subject the lack of a certain perfection, whilst, on the contrary, actuation supposes in the cause which achieves it the real possession of the same perfection. For as to actuate something is to confer on it a perfection, and as nothing can confer that which it does not really contain, the actuating cause must already possess what the subject to be actuated is to receive. But the same thing cannot at once lack and possess one and the selfsame perfection, and, therefore, we must infer that the subject reduced from passive power to act is not the entirely sufficient cause of its actuation, but must needs be actuated from outside.

However, though this be true with regard to brute matter, it seems to be false with regard to living beings in general, the nature of which according to the Scholastics consists in self-motion, and to rational beings in particular, which determine themselves to action by their free will. To solve this difficulty, let it be well understood, that we did not say that the actuated subject cannot concur to its own actuation, but only that it is not the entire sufficient cause of the same. Living beings, in reality, have the faculty of producing acts in themselves and even of determining themselves with freedom; but if there is a succession in their vital acts, their vital faculties are in themselves incomplete, and hence must, before they can bring forth their effect, be accomplished by the influence of an exterior cause. Many examples of daily experience confirm this assertion. Why does a plant not grow in winter, yet grows in spring, passing thus from potential to actual growth? No doubt, on account of the influence of the temperature on its organs. Or why does it not grow in this, but grows when transplanted in that other soil? Because the one furnishes it with suitable food, the other not. Again, why can we see certain objects only under certain circumstances? Because they act on our eyes only in certain places and at certain times. Likewise, our intellect and our will

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mota a primo movente, sit baculus non movet nisi per hoc, quod est motus a manucu. Ergo necesse est devenire ad aliquid primum movens, quod a nullo movetur, et hoc omnes intelligunt Deum."

See also Sum. c. Gent., lib. i., cp. 13; Sylvester Maurus, S. J., Quæstiones Philosophicæ, lib. iv., Quæstio Physico.–Metaphys.–viii.; J. Kleutgen, S. J., Philosophie der Vorzeit, II. Band., n. 912–917.

cannot produce new acts by themselves and quite independently, but must be determined or moved by the object thought of or desired. If we imagine a spirit independent, in all its acts, of any exterior object, containing in itself all truth conceivable and all goodness worthy of desire, we cannot conceive in it a change of thoughts or volitions. Thus just the objection taken from the living beings rather proves than upsets the principle laid down, "whatever subject is changed or reduced from passive power to act is changed or actuated by an outside cause;" not as if it could not by itself also concur to its actuation, but because, not being the entirely sufficient cause of the same, it must, in order to effect it, be accomplished from outside. Indeed, the accession of a new perfection to a subject is not conceivable, if this latter is supposed to be the sole and entire cause of it. For in this supposition the perfection would be in the subject, already before having accrued to it, since every cause must precontain the reality of its own effect.

If, then, whatever is changed or reduced to act, is changed or actuated by an exterior cause, the question is to be answered: "Whence had the cause actuating the mutable beings of this universe, the perfection by which it was completely enabled to actuate others?" It may have received such perfection from another being, and thus also have been reduced to act. In fact, in this nature we see changeable beings successively act on, and change, one another. So again we have a successive series of dependent actuating causes, since each subsequent one has received from the preceding the perfection necessary to actuate another one. But in such a series, be it even supposed to be infinite, there is of necessity a last, mediate, and first actuating cause implied, of which the mediate is so actuated by the first, as the last is by the mediate, and of which, consequently, neither the mediate nor the last can actuate anything, the first not preceding and being in act. For that which has produced the last actuation is the last cause; that which has actuated either the last or any other cause after having been itself also actuated from outside is a mediate cause. Each mediate cause by its very conception requires another cause by which it is preceded and actuated. But what each mediate cause essentially prerequires on account of its intrinsic dependence, also the whole of them prerequires. Hence they altogether presuppose an actuating cause existing beyond them and distinct from them; and this cannot be again actuated from outside, but has the perfection necessary to actuate others from itself. All the changes, therefore, or actuations of passive powers we perceive in this universe suppose a first actuating cause, which is the source of all perfections received by the beings changed or reduced to act, yet is itself endowed with them by its own essence, without any change or influence from an ex-

terior cause. It must, for this reason, as to its perfection be absolute, independent, self-existent, and necessary, and hence it is perfection itself free from any receptivity, a pure act. This absolute being, the first cause and source of all perfections received, we call God.

Before leaving this argument, it will not be useless to adjust a difference which seems to exist between Plato's and Aristotle's reasoning. Plato requires as the first mover of all one that moves himself; Aristotle, on the contrary, maintaining the principle that what is moved is moved from outside, infers a mover unmoved. In spite of these different terms they use there is, in reality, no opposition between them. Plato takes motion in its widest sense for any operation, also for intellection and volition, but supposes the first mover to be self-active and independent of any exterior cause. From what was said above it is evident he thus excludes from the first mover any kind of change. Aristotle by motion understands change or reduction from passive power to act, and hence teaches the first mover to be unchanging; yet, as the production of a change is, no doubt, an action, he also has to admit him to be self-active. Both Plato and Aristotle, therefore, arrived at the very same conclusion, either of them proving the chief attributes of the first cause, independent self-activity and immutability, though one of them speaks of self-activity explicitly and of immutability implicitly, the other, on the contrary, of immutability explicitly and of self-activity implicitly.

By the demonstration from the unstability of the universe God was simply proved to exist as the absolute and immutable being; but neither the nature of His perfections nor the way of His acting on the mutable was made known. This will be obtained only by more particularly regarding the changes produced in this world. We therefore take the fifth proof for the existence of God from the order of the universe. For this order is, on the one hand, produced by reducing the passive power of material beings to act, and, on the other hand, supposes in its author intellect and free will. The argument is generally worded in the following terms: "From the order of this universe the existence of a highly intelligent Orderer is to be inferred."

That order exists in the universe nobody can deny. Are not in the minerals the atoms joined to one another in regular proportion? Are not all organic bodies, in general, governed by constant laws in their formation, as well as their activity? If we call our attention to the organic bodies, we find in them a great variety of organs, each one fitted for a certain vital function, and all of them united to one harmonious whole. The same form of organism regularly recurs in all individuals of the same species and in

all those which are generated by them. Centuries of study and observation have verified this unity and harmony of organic life, and bring it daily more to our cognizance. But if each particular being of this world is worthy of our admiration, the whole of them is much more so. The heavenly bodies, being put in motion, though each one follows its own direction, yet altogether constitute one great system, never disturbed, never getting into confusion. On earth the several bodies by mutual attraction increase in size, or form new substances, always according to the same laws. What is still more astonishing, all the numberless molecules of brute matter so combine with one another as to subserve the living beings and to furnish them with all the necessary means of their subsistence; and the system of the heavenly bodies is so built up and set in motion as always to foster or to renew organic life. A similar subordination we observe among the living beings themselves; for not only is one plant subservient to the other, and the lower species of animals to the higher, but also the whole mineral realm is subordinate to the vegetable, the vegetable to the animal, and the animal to man. This earth, indeed, is man's dwelling-place, adapted to his needs, and fitted to promote his well-being. In each single man, again, the lower faculties are subject to the higher, to the intellect and will, which tend to infinite truth and goodness; and all men together naturally incline to society, in order to help one another in the pursuit of happiness. Though the organic realm is continually dying in a great many individuals, yet it is always reviving in as many others, in the same form, and according to the same laws, so as to lose none of its species, and to render the death of those which perish beneficial to those which survive. Through a long series of centuries, this course of death and generation is going on with always the same uniformity.

It must, moreover, be borne in mind that this perfect order and unity is closely connected with the nature of things itself. The fitness, for instance, of the several organs for certain vital functions, their mutual dependence and combination into one living body, constitute the very nature of plants, animals, and their faculties. Again, that the organic beings of a higher order are in need of those of a lower order, and that these latter just answer their wants, entirely results from the essential constitution of both one and the other; that the molecules of matter always combine according to certain laws, and that they form bodies of certain active and passive qualities of a certain rarity and density, lies in the nature of their forces. To the organic beings the fitness for ever propagating their species is natural. In the system of inorganic bodies motion is as surely regulated and counterbalanced as in the

most artificial mechanism we can imagine. Its permanency, therefore, and unity has its cause in modifications, unchangeably like laws, impressed on matter. From this we conclude that this universe, by the very nature of its beings, its forces, its structure, combines to unity; that constant order with necessity follows its constitution, and is the object of the tendency of all its powers.

Now, whence this inborn impulse of the universe to order? From four different causes it has been derived by philosophers: from the nature of brute matter itself; from chance; from a higher power acting on matter with blind necessity; from a free and intelligent being. From the nature of brute matter it does not spring. The actual order of the universe implies a certain distance of the several bodies; a certain direction of their motion; certain combinations of their molecules and forces; for all this being changed, the present order also will be changed, or even entirely destroyed. But matter is first, owing to its inertia, quite indifferent to motion or to rest. It is as capable of one as of the other, and if once in rest it can by no means pass, by itself, to motion, and if in motion it cannot, by itself, come to rest. Secondly, matter is indifferent to any direction of motion, combinations of molecules, position in space, and distance between its parts. It follows therefrom that matter itself is also indifferent to order or to confusion; to this or to that order; it follows that it could not put itself into action and effect by itself either the actual or any other possible order. Nor will it avail to object, that one molecule of matter may determine the other to action. Since, as I have said, all molecules are inert and inactive by themselves, none can exert any power on the other. Each one needs, before it can act, to be aroused from its inertia, and none is able to arouse others, all and every one of them being inert. Something, therefore, must, from outside, have given matter the impulse to that order which now exists in the universe.

Many atheists of ancient and modern times say that this something is chance. But what is chance? It may be taken in a twofold sense. It means either the absence of any cause at all, or a cause not intrinsically directed to the effect it produces. Chance, taken in the first sense, is an absurdity. Nothing that is in itself inert and indifferent can be determined to action, to motion, to order, without the agency of a cause. A sufficient cause is for any effect of absolute necessity. Hence, if order resulted from chance, chance must be taken for a cause which is not intrinsically directed to the effect it produces. So, in fact, finite causes, both free and necessary, sometimes act. If two friends, without knowing of each other, go to the same city, they meet there, though their journey was not intended for such an effect. If a hurricane transfers a

house just where the proprietor likes to have it, this is effected, though the violence of the storm is not in itself fitted to comply with man's wishes. Such happenings are called chances, and it is evident that to the effect then produced, the cause was directed, not by itself, but only by the particular coincidence of exterior circumstances. Were, therefore, the impulse to order given to the universe by chance, a cause distinct from matter would, by acting on this nature, have combined its forces to a system without being proportioned in itself to unity and harmony in its effects. Is this possible in reality? Let us suppose that the different determinations worked on matter, by which order was put in all organic and inorganic beings, were effected by different actions either of the same or of several causes. In this case, all these countless actions would evidently not have been fit to bring forth harmony in so wide a universe, but after having been themselves reduced to unity, and thus intrinsically directed to order in their effects. For it is a well-grounded axiom that what happens by chance, and without being aimed at by the agent, occurs seldom, and only by exception, and that, on the contrary, what lies in the tendency of a power recurs regularly. Indeed, the effect to which a cause is in itself directed, must always be brought forth, unless it be impeded from outside; the effect, on the contrary, which does not result from the bent of the cause, but from the particular coincidence of circumstances, cannot happen but in rare instances. The actions, then, which have determined matter, being numberless and yet concurring constantly, uniformly, and everywhere, in putting harmony in this immense system of the world, cannot have agreed among themselves by chance, but must have been directed to order in their effects by their own intrinsic unity. Let us, therefore, rather suppose that one single action of one cause has impressed such determinations on matter, as constitute its tendency to the actual order of the universe. Might we then conceive that this one action has effected order by chance? Such an action would contain all the perfections of the many actions spoken of above, in an eminent degree, since they all would be reduced in it to perfect simplicity. But the many particular actions could not produce the order of the universe, unless united and directed to it, and this unity of them, and conjoint direction to order, is undoubtedly a very great perfection of theirs. Hence, also, this one action, which is supposed to have determined matter, must have been proportioned to order by its very nature and in an eminent degree.

To advance another reason for the impossibility to produce order by chance, every perfection of an effect brought forth must be precontained in its cause. But the order of the universe is a stupendous perfection; the highest accomplishment of things put in

existence, as wide and lasting as the world itself. Shall we then think that this great perfection was not contained in the nature or the tendency of a cause; that it was effected, no efficient cause being in itself proportioned to it; that to this widely extended unity in such a multitude of effects answers no unity in its cause; that this universal agreement of all the parts of the world has resulted from no universal principle? The absurdity of such an admission is apparent as soon as we apply it to works of art. For instance, to a clock, or to a palace, to a picture, to a book. The very harmony and unity of many parts, we are convinced, presupposes a particular perfection in the cause, just proportioned to this quality of the effect. For this reason, no sensible man will ever attribute such works to chance.

If, then, the cause, putting harmony in this material world, did not act by chance, but tended to order by its very activity and its intrinsic direction, how was it determined to such a tendency? Since we inquire into the last sufficient reason of this determination, it is to be understood that here we consider that principle of order which is determined by itself, and not from outside. But a being may be self-determined in a twofold way, either with necessity, if the determination springs from its self-existent nature, or with freedom, if it springs from its free will. From the nature of the cause which has acted on matter the determination to put the present order in the universe cannot have sprung. Two principles concerning this point are most certain. First, there are numberless orders realizable, whether we consider the absolute and metaphysical possibility, or the passive power and capacity of matter, and out of this countless orders possible, the actual is neither absolutely or relatively to the capacity of matter the most perfect. Secondly, whatever is ultimately determined to produce order by its own self-existent nature, is determined to produce the most perfect order, for any perfection of a being that results from its self-existent essence is infinite, as it was shown above, and no determination to produce order is infinitely perfect, unless it tends to the most perfect order. It is, therefore, not possible that the cause which has given this universe the impulse to order was determined to do so by its own nature, and hence, with necessity; but out of the many orders possible it must have determined itself to one with free choice. But the cause which determines itself with freedom is endowed with intellect and free will. The ultimate cause, therefore, of the actual order of the universe is not blind necessity, but an intelligent and free agent.

Another consideration will still more illustrate this conclusion. The supreme cause of order cannot be of the same nature as this universe, since in the one the tendency to order is produced, in the

other it must be unproduced. Order, therefore, was not brought forth in the world by generation or by communication of nature. But how can a higher being produce an effect quite different from itself in its essential perfections? How can a superior power, out of all the possible orders, determine matter to that order which at present exists in it? How can it so direct the material forces, so form the constitution of the organic beings, and so move the heavenly bodies, that every deviation is precluded, every confusion or collision avoided, and the course of the whole nature made constant and uniform throughout so many centuries? It is not sufficient that the entity of the effect be eminently contained in the higher perfection of the cause; no, also the very form of it must pre-exist in the cause. The cause tends by its action to the particular nature of the effect, and has for the special end of its activity the production of a certain form in the subject acted on; it must, to work order, direct the natures or forces which it shapes or modifies to certain and determinate effects; it must have present in their very peculiarity, both the deviations to be avoided, and the many systems to one of which it determines itself.[1] But as to their reality, and in their peculiarities, all these things cannot pre-exist in the cause of order, not only because this is of a higher nature, but also because the particular forms of all these effects to be obtained or prevented, and of all these orders to be realized, or not to be realized, are contrary to one another, and, hence, exclude one another from the same subject. If, however, as to their reality, their forms cannot pre-exist in the cause of order, there remains nothing else but that they are contained in it ideally; that is, that their ideas exist in the same, and direct its actions as models and rules. It is, no doubt, for this reason that we ascribe all artificial works of order to rational beings, and would, by no means, think a house, or a statue, or an engine, to have another cause than one endowed with intellect.[2]

If we now reflect on the perfection of the order we perceive in this wide universe; on its unchangeable regularity; on the simplicity of its laws; on the astonishing harmony of things, so different

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[1] S. Theol., p. I, qu. 15, art. 1.

[2] The proof for the existence of God from the order of the universe S. Thomas gives in the following terms: "Quinta via sumitur ex gubernatione rerum. Videmus enim, quod aliqua, quæ cognitione carent, scilicet corpara naturalia, operantur propter finem; quod apparet ex hoc, quod semper aut frequentius eodem modo operantur, ut consequantur id, quod est optimum. Unde patet, quod non ex casu, sed ex intentione perveniunt ad finem. Ea antem, quæ non habent cognitionem, non tendunt in finem nisi directa ab aliquo cognoscente et intelligente, sicut sagitta a sagittante. Ergo est aliquid intelligens, a quo omnes res naturales ordinantur ad finem; et hoc dicimus Deum."—S. Theol., p. I, qu. 2, art. 3.

See also, J. Kleutgen, S. J., Philosophie der Vorzeit, II Band, n. 752, 921.

in their nature; on the numberless multitude of complications that had to be avoided, of motions and combinations that had to be calculated; we cannot but highly admire the greatness of the intellect which conceived, and the power which put in reality, such a system. We cannot but call this intellect and power divine, and thus acknowledge that from the order of the universe the existence of God, as the most wise Orderer, is evidently to be inferred, and that from the greatness and the beauty of the world, the eminent perfection of the Divinity is clearly made known.

By this proof, the idea of God we have acquired by the preceding demonstrations has become much more perfect. We obtain by it some faint conception of the infinite perfection of the first, self-existent cause, of the vastness of its sovereign power, of the extension of its knowledge, and the depth of its wisdom. Thus we know that God, being the fulness of all perfection, of all truth, and all goodness, with absolute simplicity, has put order in all His works at the imitation of His own unity; and to some degree we understand how all the perfections which the finite beings receive by their changes, flow as from their ultimate and unchangeable source from Him, who, by his intellect, contemplates in His own nature the archetype of this universe, and by His will expresses it in the creation, moved by the love of His own infinite essence.

NOTE.—The reader will kindly excuse the following misprints in our first article on the "Existence of God:"

In the quotations of S. Thomas, instead of "q," read "qu," and instead of "F," read "7;" thus, for instance, instead of "S. Th., p. I, q. 85, art. 1," read "S. Th., p. I, qu. 85, art. 1," and instead of "q, F. 6, art. 1," read "qu. 76, art. 1."

Page 98, in the footnote, line 19th, for "individualiter existens," read "individualiter existentem."

Page 106, in the footnote, line 11th, for "Mgr. Huguin, before being promoted to the Episcopal See of Baguez," read "Mgr. Hugonin, before being promoted to the Episcopal See of Bayeux."

Page 110, line 27th, for "a priori," read "a posteriori."

Page 103, line 21st, a clause has been omitted; read "First we heard them say that what is contingent has being and existence, not by itself, but by God, and hence is also not intelligible but in God, since the being of an object is also its intelligibility."—J. MING, S. J.

CARLYLE'S PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF.

Reminiscences. By Thomas Carlyle. Edited by James Anthony Froude.

THOMAS CARLYLE was at once a maker and a breaker of heroes. He made them to suit himself, and after his own ideal. He broke them, also, to suit himself. He burst into the gallery of history with half the fanatic zeal of a Knox, and half the old Berserker madness. He smashed the accepted divinities that he found there with scornful shriek and Homeric laughter, and then set to work to build up a house of heroes after his own herculean fashion. His writings, when not historic, were didactic or prophetic. The world was all wrong; going head and heels to the devil in fact. His mission it was to set the world right, and show it what it should be, by his admonitions and wise counsels, illustrated by the example of the lives of his heroes, that to him were saints and demigods. It was not St. Peter or St. Paul, St. John, or any of the accepted saints of the Christian Church who were to be the guides of the people to righteousness, and a shining lamp to their feet; but St. Oliver Cromwell, St. Frederick the Great, St. Mahomet, St. John Knox, and others of that ilk.

When a man of very remarkable intellectual gifts and, in certain lines, an unsurpassed power of expression, has spent half a century, the whole of his literary life in fact, in telling the world that it was wrong and wicked, doing wrong things, living a wrong life, reverencing the wrong people, worshipping false gods, it is natural to inquire at the end: "Well, what have you taught us? Master, what do you tell us to do that we may be saved? We want to know and do the right. Only show it to us." Indeed, these questions were often enough put to Carlyle, long ago. But he somehow failed to answer them, though he never relaxed in his railing.

As a last legacy to the world he has left us his own portrait painted by his own hand; not dashed off at a sitting, but outlined and filled in through a long course of years, and as the shock of one event or another moved him to the work. The man who made so many heroes after his own heart, turned to himself and gave us, as far as could be given, the very essence of his being. He traces, with most minute and careful hand, the whole current and winding of his life,—its gradual development; the causes and events that went to make it what it was; its struggles, and fears, and hopes; its flashes of joy; its fits of overwhelming gloom; the scenes he witnessed in his journey through life; the

men and women who crossed it, for good or for evil. Such are the *Reminiscences* which form the subject of this article to the exclusion in the main of Carlyle's other works, which are known and have been judged upon long since.

What we here consider is not so much the works as the man behind the works; the being who constructed them all, and set the whole machinery in motion.

Mr. Froude's portion of the *Reminiscences* is the briefest possible. He has simply given a preface, explaining how they fell to him, and left them to tell their own full story. In this he has acted wisely. He was a close friend and, to some extent, a pupil and follower of Carlyle, to much the same extent, perhaps, as John Ruskin in his way. Froude, as is known, is a hero worshipper of the lusty flesh-and-blood school. This taste he doubtless caught from his master. The sympathetic care that Carlyle spent on rehabilitating the rather battered moral characters and natures of men like Cromwell and Frederick of Prussia, Mr. Froude devoted to Henry VIII. and Elizabeth. He has caught so much of the spirit of his master, and not a little of the master's unscrupulousness, in attacking those whom he chose to hate. To this friend and pupil, in the summer of 1871, Mr. Carlyle confided a very precious bundle of manuscripts, not all of which have, by any means, yet seen the light in these *Reminiscences*. The desire was that they should be published, or not, as Mr. Froude chose, after Carlyle's death. At the time Carlyle was daily expecting death, almost wishing, in fact, that it would come. His wife died in 1866; was brought home dead in her carriage to his door. He never wholly recovered this shock. The lady seems, by his own account and that of others, to have been in every respect an admirable wife and helpmate to him. She seems, moreover, to have been a woman of not inconsiderable culture, and of a native womanly wit and brightness, with a strong dash of Northern thrift and shrewdness. Carlyle was a poor man and his future very uncertain when he married her, in 1826. She in all their dark days (and of these they had plenty, the darkness being sometimes not a little magnified by Carlyle's native gloominess of spirit) never lost faith in her husband or in his future. Indeed, she helped very materially to buoy him up on the waves of despondency, under which he constantly threatened to sink and be submerged. The forty years of their wedded life, from 1826 to 1866, embrace the whole period of Carlyle's active literary career. All the letters that passed between Carlyle and his wife, together with many others to friends during the same period, were given to Mr. Froude, and are now in his possession. They are, necessarily, a rich literary treasure, for Carlyle was a very method-

ical man, and carefully preserved every letter, save those quite unimportant, that fell into his hand. Mr. Froude says of them: "He had preserved every letter which he had ever received of not entirely trifling import. His mother, his wife, his brother, and many of his friends had kept as carefully any letter from himself. The most remarkable of his contemporaries had been among his correspondents,—English, French, Italian, German, and American." And again: "His own letters are as full of matter as any of his published works." That is saying a great deal, and its truth remains to be seen. So far the *Reminiscences* certainly do not bear out this statement. "His friends," says Mr. Froude, "were not common men, and in writing to him they wrote their best." One may hope so and yet not hope so. The peculiar charm of letter-writing, as a rule, is not that one writes his or her "best," but his or her self, gives out, unconsciously and naturally, the heart-utterances of the man or woman writing, without a thought of printer's devil or foreign eye, beyond the correspondent. In common parlance, even literary people in their letters are supposed to drop the "shop." Fancy Plato, Thucydides, Livy, or, coming to our own age of literature, Macaulay, Newman, or even Carlyle himself, writing their "best" in friendly letters. There would have been literature, but no letters. There is one best to literature as there is another to letters, much as there is a best to oratory quite distinct from conversation; so much so, that Sidney Smith has recorded his appreciation of Macaulay's "flashes of silence." Just because Carlyle's friends were not "common men" it is to be hoped they did not write their "best" in their letters to him.

All this being said, with the sense in view in saying it, one can cordially agree with Mr. Froude beforehand, or, at least, hope that "of the many thousand letters in my possession, there is hardly one which, either on its special merits or through its connection with something which concerned him (Carlyle), does not deserve to be printed."

All, or most of these letters, are to come hereafter, under Mr. Froude's judicious editing. His purpose is to write a biography of Carlyle, using the letters, illustrated by his own personal knowledge, as the material. The *Reminiscences* that call for our attention stand quite apart from these. They are Carlyle's own, and complete in themselves. As Mr. Froude truly says of Carlyle, "The essential part of his life was in his works, which those who chose could read. The private part of it was a matter in which the world had no concern." Most true, but as Carlyle has given Mr. Froude free choice to publish to the world the private part of his life, as recorded in his own words, the world has a natural curiosity to look at this, in order to see what its hero was made of, as we

are looking now. The personal *Reminiscences* which we are examining give us this as apart from the other and more voluminous correspondence. Indeed, it is plain from many an intimation, and from Mr. Froude's own words, that the *Reminiscences* were especially prepared by Carlyle with a view to publication, though subject to Mr. Froude's decision. They are already published in swift haste, and set before the world. The world will form its own judgment of them. Of this particular portion of his trust Mr. Froude says:

"He is his own biographer, and paints his own portrait. . . . . The *Reminiscences* appeared to me to be far too valuable to be broken up and employed in any composition of my own, and I told Mr. Carlyle that I thought they ought to be printed immediately after his own death. He agreed with me that it should be so. . . . . Nothing more remains to be said about these papers save to repeat, for clearness' sake, that they are published with Mr. Carlyle's consent, but without his supervision."

The lack of personal supervision is explained by the fact that Carlyle found in his state of health at the time "that the effort would be too much for him."

The ground being thus wholly clear, we can now look at our hero and maker of heroes, as depicted with extraordinary vividness and almost wearisome minuteness in his own words. Nothing could well be fuller, more honest, or more complete. It is plain from the outset that Carlyle, in common with certain extremely sensitive, perhaps, to some extent, disappointed natures, delighted in dwelling in himself, on himself consequently, when setting down, in plain black and white, for the benefit of posterity, his own feelings and experiences.

The story of his life leaves little to be desired on the score of completeness or fulness. It is full at times even to fulsomeness. He does not spare us the minutiæ of his domestic arrangements, not to mention the pangs and twinges of his dyspepsia. Poor man! It is very dreadful to suffer so severely as he seems to have done from dyspepsia; but many a million men have suffered similarly since this world began, but have not thought it worth while to leave the record and details of the complaint as a special legacy to humanity. From dyspepsia he wanders often into the, to him and his wife, extremely interesting atmosphere of ironmongers, plumbers, carpenters, and all the necessary "lares and penates" of a modern household, with something of the same minute and earnest detail that he devotes to a description of Frederick the Great's face, or his father's cocked hat and complexion, or Oliver Cromwell's imaginary appearance and demeanor. The world will stand a certain amount of this sort of thing, in the shape of antique cocked hats, complexions, venerable pimples, and such like, but when the detail comes down to extensive variations on London

plumbers, carpenters, cooks, and the rest, much as it may regard Mr. Thomas Carlyle, his works, and the strugglings of his inner spirit, it is apt to say he might at least have spared us such frequent and copious accounts of his dyspepsia and household arrangements, which are the common complaints of half the world. At least the world does not reconcile so intense a dwelling on such matters with the making of a hero, still less with a maker of heroes and a man of rare intellect and power, who undertook to guide and reform the world by the easy process of informing it that it was composed mainly of fools. This was not an unfrequent charge of his; the inference, as long ago discerned, being that the maker of the charge cautiously refrained from including himself among the fools. It is well to be in the minority sometimes, and Carlyle was habitually in a minority. We all admire heroes, but we do not necessarily admire them peddling with upholsterers, ironmongers, real estate men, cooks, and hackmen, of which, and much more of the same sort, there is abundant writing in these *Reminiscences* of Thomas Carlyle.

It is commonly said, that early surroundings and the bringing up of a person always cling to him, for better or worse, through after life. For instance, one brought up and educated as a gentleman will, to the last, even though he become a scamp, maintain something of the bearing and habits of a gentleman. So, one brought up in a humbler sphere will be likely to preserve some air of his early surroundings, especially if they are long continued. This is not necessarily always true of men; but in the main perhaps it is. In these days called democratic, where classes mix more easily, and caste is less strictly defined than it used to be in the greater part of the world called civilized, a man naturally fitted for it, other things being equal, soon feels and finds himself, by culture, and habit, and association, standing on an easy social level with what is called the "best" in society. In other words, they are gentlemen. Nature made them so at the beginning; association and natural refinement easily did the rest. It would seem, and his own *Reminiscences* give palpable evidence of it, that Carlyle never reached this point. So he came to scorn what he calls "fine society," something in itself by no means worthy of scorn. What he snarls at as "fine society" is simply the society of ladies and gentlemen, a social caste that was since the world began, and will be till the world ends. It prevails, in a sense, among savages, as it prevails among men who call themselves civilized. But Carlyle was born in a remote Scotch village, the son of a poor village mason, five years before "the stormy dawn of the nineteenth century," as Lacordaire styled it, burst upon the world. He was at his beginning a peasant, and the son of a peasant; and peasants

in those remote days were apt to remain peasants. In his *Reminiscences* he frequently alluded, with a sort of assertive pride, to his "peasant father," while in the sketch of that father he strenuously strives to show that he was or ought to have been something very much more than a peasant; and to elucidate this dives, with all the earnestness of a New England family eager to show that it had an ancestry among the motley and by no means noble crew that founded Plymouth Rock, into shady archives as far back as the grandfather, with the result of showing that the respected grandfather was rather lower, if possible, in social status than the father. But this is only, by the way, of our own hero and maker of heroes and self-appointed teacher of a world. Though our Lord, who in this world was the son of a poor carpenter, came of the royal house of David, we do not recollect that He ever emphasized this fact. He was content, in His human nature and surroundings, to be just what He was and what He made Himself to be.

But Carlyle was not of this type of heroic mould. Born humbly, he never was and never would be humble; not in the social grade simply, which after all is a matter in the main of accident, but in spirit, where the highest in social status may become and often are the most truly humble. From the first he resented his early surroundings and the difficulties they threw in his path of progress. Resentment is one thing, the purpose of overcoming and pushing aside natural difficulties is another and much nobler thing. And here, before examining his mental and moral process, let us say that Carlyle wrote each chapter of his *Reminiscences* by way of illustrating the effect on him that some professed blow or catastrophe wrought. It is not so much the fact in itself, as the effect of it on him. In all the *Reminiscences* there are only four sketches: one devoted to "James Carlyle," his father; one to "Edward Irving," his dear friend; one to "Lord Jeffrey," the famous reviewer; and one, in many respects the sweetest, best, and worthiest of them all, to his wife, "Jane Welsh Carlyle." To these is added a short appendix, commenting in a not too flattering manner on certain public literary characters of the time. In all these it will be found that not so much the subject of the sketches as Mr. Thomas Carlyle is the prominent figure throughout. They are more or less used as foils to show off his struggles and such triumphs as he claimed.

The sketch of his father, though intended to be filial and devout, pervaded with the spirit of the "pious youth" whom he depicts in his truly beautiful biography of John Sterling, comes on one with a sense of shock. Of a loved father's death and the effect of it on a son, a man gifted with rare intelligence, deep love,

reverence, and filial devotion, who shall speak? It is a common occurrence in this world, and too many bereaved hearts can testify to its terrible, unhealable sense of loss and pain. In this sense, perhaps, it only stands a little behind the loss of a mother or a wife. How does our hero-maker and teacher regard and use it?

He cannot say too much that is good of his father, and for this all praise be to him. His father he describes as "dear and worthy;" he finished his work in this world "as became a man;" he was "to the last the pleasantest man" Carlyle "had to speak with in Scotland." Fortunately for the son, as he filially records, his father "was summoned before he had ceased to be interesting—to be lovable." This will break on the ordinary sense as at least odd, not to say harsh, in a pious and loving son writing of his father. The more so when that father is set down by the son as one to whom he owed "much more than existence." "I owe him a noble, inspiring example," he writes; and "in several respects I consider my father as one of the most interesting men I have ever known." And doubtless with reason, for, according to his son's testimony, "he was a man of perhaps the very largest natural endowment of any it has been my lot to converse with." In fact, "he was among the last of the true men which Scotland on the old system produced or can produce," and very much more of the same sort.

The reader will be already impressed with the sense of what a very remarkable being was the Ecclefechan "village mason," as Mr. Froude, with graphic brevity, describes him who had the supreme honor of being father to Thomas Carlyle. What a shock the loss of such a man must have been to a son who wrote and thought of him thus, may be judged from the fact that as soon as the news of his death is received the son rushes frantically off to pen, ink, and paper, to relieve his pent-up feelings to the extent of fifty pages of the *Reminiscences*. Some natures grief strikes dumb, and deaf, and blind to all save the presence of the dark sorrow that weighs down upon their lives, until God mercifully comes to lift it off and bid them stand up again in His hope-inspiring presence. Carlyle is troubled with no such puny grief as this. His pen skips nimbly over the fifty pages. He starts out by giving us what might be called a detailed and minute catalogue of his sensations, and actions even, on hearing the news. "The funeral is to be on Friday, the present date is Wednesday night," he writes. "I have written to my mother and to John, have walked far and much, chiefly in the Regent's Park" (not a stroke missing), "and considered about many things, if so were that I might accomplish this problem, to see clearly what my present calamity means—what I have lost, and what lesson my loss was to teach

me." "*My* calamity," that is the lesson always for Carlyle. He has written much twaddle about a certain "Everlasting Yea." His own "Everlasting Yea" is an everlasting "I."

After this begins the story, not so much of his father's life as of his own. As an instance of how very remarkable a person his father was, Carlyle, with his curious italics, states the fact, "it was he *exclusively* that determined on *educating* me." Is that so very remarkable a trait in a father, however poor? This "pleasantest man in all Scotland" we are further informed was "irascible, choleric, and we all dreaded his anger." "We had all to complain that we durst not freely love him. His heart seemed as if walled in; he had not the means to unbosom himself. My mother has owned to me that she could never understand him; that her affection and (with all their little strifes) her admiration of him was obstructed. It seemed as if an atmosphere of fear repelled us from him. To me it was especially so." Furthermore, the education of the "man of perhaps the very largest natural endowment" of any it was Carlyle's lot to have met with is admitted to have been "altogether of the worst and most limited." This does not, nor need it, prevent his son from regarding him as "*ultimus Romanarum;* perhaps among Scottish peasants what Samuel Johnson was among English authors."

Enough of Carlyle's father. His grandfather and the rest of his family may be gratefully let drop. He is quite garrulous about them, and tiresome. He suddenly breaks off his narrative to say in a note: "About this hour is the funeral. Irving enters; unsatisfactory;" and then calmly resumes. Again he breaks off to add another note: "*Friday night.* My father is now in his grave, sleeping by the side of his loved ones, his face to the East, under the hope of meeting the Lord when he shall come to judgment, when the times shall be fulfilled. Mysterious life! Yes, there is a God in man. Silence! since thou hast no voice. To imitate him I will pause here for the night. God comfort my brother. God guard them all" With which praiseworthy reflections our stricken hero goes to bed and rises next morning to resume his amusing narrative of old John Orr, the village schoolmaster, who was "religious and enthusiastic (though in practice irregular with drink)." Religion goes very well with whiskey in Scotland, nor perhaps in Scotland alone.

Annandale, where Ecclefechan, Carlyle's birthplace, was situated, was not a cheerful place for a boy. "It was not a joyful life (what life is?)," he says, "yet a safe, quiet one; above most others (or any other I have witnessed) a wholesome one. We were taciturn rather than talkative." He was parted from his father, sent to school in his tenth year, and "never habitually lived with

him afterwards." "He took me down to Annan Academy on the Whit-Sunday morning, 1806; I trotting at his side in the way alluded to in Teufelsdröckh." He tells us also how his father "called once or twice in the grand schoolroom, as he chanced to have business at Annan; once sat down by me (as the master was out), and asked me whether I was all well. *The boys did not laugh as I feared; perhaps durst not.*" In this last touch creeps out the sensitiveness of a nature not wholly free and noble. Why should he "fear" that the boys would laugh at his father? And if they did, what would be the natural thought and action of a noble-hearted sturdy lad? There are many touches of this kind, side-lights secretly illumining much of Carlyle's mode of life and speech, that show us the real man all unconscious to himself, and not nearly of so high or great a moral stature as he deemed his to be. Thackeray tells us somewhere that perhaps the person for whom he had most reverence on earth was the boy whose fag he was at school; and meeting him in after-life, he was quite astonished to find that he was only six feet high. Thackeray was exceptionally fortunate. The moral inches of most of our heroes are cut down wofully as we get nearer and nearer to them. Perhaps the worst service that a man can render himself in this world is to write his own biography. As long as he leaves other people to deal with him he is safe. If he finds enemies, as he is sure to do, he will also find defenders. But when he undertakes to do the business for himself he is pretty sure to make a sad mess of it. Self will creep out unconsciously, however heroic we may try to appear; and self is always small. So small, too, is human nature, that after worshipping at the shrine of a man for forty or fifty years, it finally goes away laughing to discover that its divinity is made of clay, and perhaps of rather common clay after all.

Carlyle's father destined him for the Church. This scheme, after a severe struggle with himself, Carlyle had the honesty to reject, for the simple reason that his religious way of thinking when he grew to man's estate he discovered to be not that of his father, nor that of Annandale. He took first to teaching for a living. Before his father's death, in 1832, Carlyle had married and gone to settle in London. After a short struggle with teaching, for which neither his temper nor his inclinations suited him, he resolved on abandoning it and venturing on the alluring but treacherous sea of literature. With that resolve, the life that most affects the world opens. He went out to it with the atmosphere of Annandale still clinging around him—an atmosphere that never left him, but chiefly helped to make the rugged, picturesque, homespun Scottish figure that he was a sort of nineteenth century John Knox, lifted from the plough to rebuke a

world that he considered given up wholly to corruption, baseness, and ease of life, yet hardly showing it how to live.

Two years after the death of his father, Carlyle's friend, Edward Irving, died. Carlyle has already written about their friendship and relations and given the record to the world, but in the autumn of 1866 he resumed the subject. Mrs. Carlyle died in the April of that year.

"Being very solitary," writes the bereaved and now old man, "and except for converse with the spirits of my vanished ones very idle in these hours and days, I have bethought me of throwing down (the more rapidly the better) something of my recollections of this to me very memorable man, in hopes they may by possibility be worth something by-and-by to some—not worth less than nothing to anybody (viz., not true and candid according to my best thoughts), if I can help it." Carlyle's active literary life was now ended, and it will be seen from the sentence here quoted that his style had by no means altered for the better since he took up the subject of his father's death. He had long since abandoned the sweet, clear, pure, and nervous English that he could so well command for the grotesque and the bizarre. It was motley, and about it hung a certain jingle of cap and bells, as though the wearer were consciously playing and grinning behind his disguise at the people who grinned at him. As usual, the recollections of "the very memorable man," Edward Irving, are chiefly recollections of the much more memorable man, Thomas Carlyle. It was natural, and indeed necessary, that it should be so, for the lives of these two men ran together at the beginning of their careers and never wholly parted save by death. For the rest, Carlyle is a much more interesting and important personage than Edward Irving. The generation of to-day has to consult biographical dictionaries in order to discover who this Irving was. They perhaps connect his name with an odd half-known religious sect called the Irvingites. They are not at all aware that Carlyle's friend was the founder of this hybrid sect, now rapidly dying out, and that in his day he was the famous young Scotch preacher who suddenly became "the rage" in London. But "rages" of this kind do not last long. Popularity turned poor Irving's head. He was going to reform the world, *via* the London duchesses, but the world proved too big for him, and his poor little farthing candle, that he mistook for the light of heaven, after a good deal of spluttering and noise and uneasy flickering, suddenly went out in very great darkness indeed and—some one else became the rage.

He was a man, however, of kindly and genial nature and of considerable oratorical power. "The force and weight of what he urged was undeniable," says Carlyle; "but there was a want of spon-

taneity and simplicity, a something of strained and aggravated, of elaborately intentional, which kept gaining on the mind. One felt the bad element to be and to have been unwholesome to the honorable soul. The doors were crowded long before opening, and you got in by ticket; but the first sublime rush of what once seemed more than popularity, and had been nothing more,—Lady Jersey sitting on the pulpit steps, Canning, Brougham, Mackintosh, etc., rushing day after day,—was now quite over, and there remained only a popularity of the people, not of the plebs at all, but never higher than of the well-dressed *populus* henceforth, which was a sad change to the sanguine man." That was the trouble. It was a fine thing for the young Scotch parson to have a crowd of duchesses to convert and a congregation of celebrities hanging on his accents. But the duchesses grew tired in time and the celebrities found other amusements, and there was nothing left but a congregation of paltry human souls.

It is not our purpose, however, to follow Irving, but Carlyle. Irving was a steadfast friend to Carlyle through all his life. He had done not a little to help his less fortunate friend at the beginning of his career. Carlyle frequently expresses his sincere friendship for Irving; but though he records them, he seems to wince rather at the services of the latter. Thirty-two years after his death, Irving's friend, now famous, old, and having one would think all that this world could well offer to make his lot in it happy, takes up his pen to write a memorial of their friendship. Poor Irving, could he read it, might well exclaim, "Save me from my friends," or, to adopt a saying of one of Carlyle's heroes and saints, "Thomas Carlyle, Thomas Carlyle, the Lord deliver me from Thomas Carlyle."

Again he goes into the family history, and we quite agree with him: "Enough now for the genealogy—superabundantly enough." Old age, fame, and success did not soften Carlyle's heart; soured it rather. When his wife was taken from him he did not care to live any longer. He loved very few persons in this world, and with even his affection for them there was a large admixture of self-love, not to say sheer selfishness. Carlyle was teaching school at Annan when he and Irving first became acquainted as men.

"One attraction—one only," he tells us, "there was in this, in my Annan business. I was supporting myself, even saving some few pounds of my poor sixty or seventy pounds annually against a rainy day, and not a burden to my ever-generous father any more. But in all other points of view I was abundantly lonesome, uncomfortable, and out of place there." While in this pleasant position and frame of mind he came across Irving, and the long years that

had passed between never effaced the traces of the first feelings with which he met his after friend.

"I had heard much of Irving all along; how distinguished in studies, how splendidly successful as teacher." Carlyle was by no means splendidly successful in this capacity. "I don't remember any malicious envy whatever towards this great Irving of the distance." Here creeps out the man. Why should he have "malicious envy" towards Irving, or envy of any kind? The man was at the time a stranger to him, and there was no possible reason for envy save the starved feeling of an essentially small nature and narrow heart that finds bitterness in the thought, "this man succeeds where I fail." In fact he did envy him and confesses it. "As to his schoolmaster success, I cared little about that, and easily flung that out when it came across me." This he evidently thinks a trait of magnanimity. "But naturally all this betrumpeting of Irving to me (in which I could sometimes trace some touch of malice to myself) had not awakened in me any love towards this victorious man." And this is our maker of heroes, who thus unconsciously testifies in a thousand similar touches to the petty jealousies and spites to which he was all his life subject. It is self from the first chapter to the last in Carlyle's life; and a particularly sour and loud-complaining self. Describing their accidental meeting at the house of a friend, he goes on in the same strain: "I was by some three or four years the youngest; and here was Trismegistus Irving, a victorious bashaw, while poor I was so much the reverse. . . . In the good Irving all this was very natural, nor was there in him, I am well sure, the slightest notion to hurt me or be tyrannous to me. Far the reverse his mood at all times toward all men." As a matter of fact they were simply speaking of Annan affairs; but the sensitive, self-conscious nature of the half-educated young man, for mere books do not constitute education, was prepared in advance to discover that everybody was looking at *him*, thinking about *him*, and looking down on him. "There was," he continues, "I conjecture, something of conscious unquestionable superiority, of careless natural *de haut en bas* which fretted on me." The truth is Irving had acquired more polish and had a gentler nature. This gave him manners which the other had not; and Carlyle was even at pains to make himself rude and offensive as he records, though he hardly seems to detect the rudeness in it. On the contrary there is a flavor of secret self-complacency in the contrast he draws between Irving and himself at this time. "No swagger in this latter (Carlyle), but a want of it, which was almost still worse. Not sanguine and diffusive he, but biliary and intense. 'Far too sarcastic for a young man,' said several in the years now coming." Young men of this uncouth brand are apt to mistake

boorishness for sarcasm and offensiveness for manly independence. A native coarseness clung to Carlyle all his life and dimmed much that was very bright and noble in the man. He writes with extreme coarseness and savage jest about women at times in these *Reminiscences*, women, too, who were by no means unfriendly to him; and the same of course is true in his remarks about men. Everybody is set up or set down in exact proportion to the ratio of reverence with which they regarded Thomas Carlyle; and even supreme reverence does not always save them from the crushing wheels of this Scotch Juggernaut.

Irving forgave the rudeness. Carlyle confesses that whatever doubts he himself may have had as to his future reception by Irving, "he quickly and forever ended them by a friendliness which in wider scenes might have been called chivalrous." Irving invited Carlyle to a charge in his prosperous school at Kirkcaldy, which was gladly accepted. It improved Carlyle's position, gave him a cheerful and sincere friend, and opportunities for reading and study which he could not possibly have had at Annan. Gibbon he devoured. "I by no means completely admired Gibbon, perhaps not more than I now do; but his winged sarcasms, so quiet and yet so conclusively transpiercing and killing dead, were often admirable (*sic*) potent, and illuminative to me;" a fellow-feeling, doubtless.

What Scottish life was in those days (1817 about), may be judged from Carlyle's recording, "At Greenock I first saw *steamers* on the water; queer little dumpy things with a red sail to each, and legible name 'Defiance,' and such like bobbing about there, and making continual passages to Glasgow as their business." Odd as that sounds to modern ears, it is odder still to find that Greenock in this respect was in advance of London. "London alone still held back for a good few years; London was notably shy of the steamship great as are its doings now in that line." An old friend of his told him that about 1793 he used to see in crossing Westminster bridge "a little model steamship paddling to and fro between him and Blackfriars bridge, with steam funnel, paddle wheels, and the other outfit, exhibiting and recommending itself to London and whatever scientific or other spirit of marine adventure London might have. London entirely dead to the phenomena, which had to duck under and dive across the Atlantic before London saw it again, when a new generation had risen."

His description of his occasional rambles with Irving at this time are very good and racy. In one place he fell across a Mr. Campbell and his two sisters, "excellent lean old ladies, with their wild Highland accent, wiredrawn but genuine good manners and good principles." He took tea with the old ladies, and they had

quite a discussion in very high Scotch doubtless. "They were to my rustic eyes of a superior, richly-furnished stratum of society; and the thought that I too might perhaps be 'one and somewhat' (*ein und etwas*) among my fellow-creatures by and by, was secretly very welcome at their hands." And here is a description of the lady who became his friend Irving's wife:

"The eldest, Miss Martin, perhaps near twenty by this time, was of bouncing, frank, gay manners and talk, studious to be amiable, but never quite satisfactory on the side of *genuineness*. Something of affected, you feared always in these fine spirits and smiling discourses, to which, however, you answered with smiles. She was very ill-looking withal; a skin always under blotches and discolorment; muddy gray eyes, which for their part never laughed with the other features; pock-marked, ill-shapen triangular kind of face, with hollow cheeks and long chin; decidedly unbeautiful as a young woman. In spite of all which (having, perhaps, the arena much to herself) she had managed to charm poor Irving for the time being, and it was understood they were engaged, which unfortunately proved to be the fact."

Even if Carlyle had positive reason to dislike the lady—he gives no reason at all—surely a man's hand, not to say a friend's, might have shrunk from drawing such a picture of a woman, especially when that woman happened to be the wife of the man for whom he expressed so much esteem and affection. But there lay the skeleton in his secret drawer, and after letting it lie near a quarter of a century he produces it as an adornment to the memorial he erects to his dead and gone friend! Surely an act worthy of a hero and maker of heroes.

One breezy bit of Scotch scenery before we abandon it and descend once for all into the realms of London fog and chronic dyspepsia that Carlyle soon came to inhabit.

"I have had days so clear as in Italy (as in this Irving case), days moist and dripping, *overhung with the infinite of silent gray*—and perhaps the latter were the preferable in certain moods. [This is one of Carlyle's occasional dashes of nature's poetry in which he is in his way unsurpassed.] You had the world and its waste imbroglios of joy and woe, of light and darkness to yourself alone. You could strip barefoot if it suited better, carry shoes and socks over your shoulder hung on your stick; clean shirt and comb were in your pocket; *omnia mea mecum porto*. You lodged with shepherds who had clean solid cottages; wholesome eggs, milk, oatmeal porridge, clean blankets to their beds, and a great deal of human sense and unadulterated natural politeness. Canny, shrewd, and witty fellows, when you set them talking; knew from their hill-tops every bit of country between Forth and Solway, and all the shepherd inhabitants within fifty miles, being a kind of confraternity of shepherds from father to son. No sort of peasant laborers I have ever come across seemed to me so happily situated, morally and physically well developed, and deserving to be happy as those shepherds of the Cheviots. *O fortunatos nimium!* But perhaps it is all altered not a little now, as sure enough am I who speak of it."

"In the space of two years," says Carlyle, "we had all got tired of schoolmastering and its mean contradictions and poor results; Irving and I quite resolute to give it up for good; the headlong

Pierce disinclined for it on the then terms longer, and in the end of 1818 we all three went away, Irving and I to Edinburgh." This was only natural; both Irving and Carlyle had the secret irresistible movement in them that stirred their souls to higher ambitions than the cramped walls of a Scotch school-room could inspire. Both were still poor enough in this world's goods, if youth, health, ability, and the resolute purpose to achieve something can be considered poverty. Irving's prospects were decidedly better than Carlyle's. "I," the latter tells us, "was beginning my four or five most miserable, dark, sick, and heavy-laden years; Irving, after some staggerings aback, his seven or eight healthiest and brightest." It is hard to find a special reason for this strong and intelligent young man's way of viewing things save in the young man's peculiar nature. Like the majority of the young men whom the world has known to have accomplished something in the face of difficulties that manhood, even without genius, overcomes or brushes aside, Carlyle was entering on his first square stand-up fight with the world. He did not wholly shrink from the encounter in which he came off a victor, but he grumbled pitifully at having been put to the pains of going through it. "I was without friends, experience, or connection in the sphere of human business, was of shy humor, proud enough and to spare, and had begun a long curriculum of dyspepsia, which has never ended since!" This is by no means an uncommon experience in the world, even to the dyspepsia. Thousands of young men are going bravely enough through it now, and making nothing of it, and why should they? As for dyspepsia, it takes a very famous man indeed, or an old woman, to trouble the world with the very frequent reference to it made by the heroic author of these cheerful *Reminiscences*. His native bitterness comes out in the intense recollection of his early struggles by the old man. "I was timorously aiming towards literature too; thought in audacious moments I might perhaps earn some trifle that way by honest labor to help my finance; but in that too I was painfully skeptical (talent and opportunity alike doubtful, alike incredible to me, poor downtrodden soul), and in fact there came little enough of produce or finance to me from that source, and for the first years absolutely none, in spite of my diligent and desperate efforts, which are sad to me to think of, even now." Does the heroic spirit breathe through these lines, or anything at all encouraging to the "pious youth" whom Carlyle professed so much to admire? Is it not rather a painful picture of Scotch thrift and moral cowardice? Every young man's talents and opportunities are alike doubtful until he has tried and proved them. But that fact does not make his soul poor and downtrodden, unless he is so. Young men who expect to conquer the world in

their "first years," or even to turn in any large amount of "produce or finance" from their labors, are either asses or full of intense self-conceit. Carlyle is perhaps the most striking instance in a man of real power and intelligence of resentment at the sensible refusal of the world to recognize him as a heaven-born genius at first sight and before he had proved himself such.

For every successful or renowned man he comes across at this time he has, even in his ripe old years and under his white hairs, nothing but a flout or a sneer. The success of others seems to have been gall and wormwood to him by the side of what he regarded as his own failure. Doubtless some nonentities were puffed up as great guns in their day, for the world is foolish as well as wise in its generation. The self-contained man of power sees these nonentities, takes their true measure, laughs a little, perhaps secretly, to himself, and passes on calmly, knowing that the gaudy bubble which for the moment attracts the attention and admiration of the childish crowd, will soon burst and dissolve into its native nothingness. But Carlyle's gorge rose even at men worthy of fame, and whose names will last as long as, perhaps longer than, his own. Some of these strove to and actually did befriend him. That in itself was a grievance to his narrow and cross-grained nature. The truth is, as intimated already, Carlyle never shook off his beginnings. He felt poverty as a stain. The man who so bitterly railed at "fine society" confesses, notwithstanding his misanthropic disposition, that even the provincial society of the Glasgow of that day, into which he was beginning to be admitted, had a new charm for him. "These reviews of Glasgow, in its streets, in its jolly Christmas dining-rooms and drawing-rooms, were cordial and instructive to me; the solid style of comfort, freedom, and plenty, was new to me in that degree. The Tontine (my first evening in Glasgow) was quite a treat to my rustic eyes; several hundreds of such fine, clean, opulent, and enviable or amiable-looking good Scotch gentlemen sauntering about in truthful gossip or solidly reading their newspapers. I remember the shining bald crowns and serene white heads of several, and the feeling *O fortunatos nimium*, which they generally gave me." *Fortunatos*, because in Carlyle's eye they were fairly well-to-do in the world. Certainly these are not great *Reminiscences*, and hardly of a great *man*, however renowned and remarkable a writer the man who fussed and fretted about such littleness may have afterwards become. In his small despair at unfortunate circumstances and the trials that cross the lives of most men, he, in one instance at least, hints at self-destruction. Of an early friend of his who ended his life in this way, he says: "Frank was dead, and gone in the Roman fashion." This is our teacher talking and writing in the calm and gathered

wisdom of his declining years, not at all in his hot youth. "What other could he do now, the silent, valiant, though vanquished man? He was hardly yet thirty-five, a man richer in gifts than nine-tenths of the vocable and notable are." Not go in what Carlyle calls the "Roman fashion" surely, but live bravely in the quiet Christian fashion, and, with his riches in gifts, strive manfully to retrieve his broken fortunes. Mr. Froude may be credited with knowing well his friend. When Carlyle, on the death of the wife who ministered to his wants, delivered his letters and papers to Froude, he did so with a distinct view to their publication. He knew that men would be eager to write his biography. He was anxious that it should be done by himself. He had in fact already written it in these *Reminiscences*. The rest was left to Froude. He first intended to read and correct his proof-sheets. But ten years before his death Froude says: "The expectation of an early end was perhaps suggested by the wish for it. He could no longer write. His hand was disabled by palsy. His temperament did not suit with dictation, and he was *impatient of an existence* which he could no longer turn to any useful purpose." Why could a man of his knowledge and experience, even though stricken by years, by common human afflictions, and the ills that come to all of us with years, not turn what was left of him in life to some useful purpose? A man can surely do some good to his fellows without always astonishing them by the discharge of a literary bomb-shell or rocket.

Irving was "called" to London, to a church in Hatton Garden. Through his kind offices Carlyle was intrusted with the tutorship of young Charles Buller, who afterwards made some mark in the British Parliament. The Bullers were a wealthy family and proved useful friends to Carlyle. They helped at least to make him known, which was just what he required. Mrs. Buller he describes in characteristic fashion as "a Calcutta fine lady and princess of the kind worshipped there, a once very beautiful, still very witty, graceful, airy, and ingeniously intelligent woman of the gossamer kind." "Friends of mine," he adds, "in a fine, frank way, beyond what I could be thought to merit, he (Charles), Arthur, and all the family continued till death parted us." This did not prevent him from venting his spleen on them here and there. For instance, when the Bullers visited Edinburgh with a view to handing over their sons to his care, Carlyle remarks of one of the family, "a third very small son, Reginald, who was a curious, gesticulating, pen-drawing, etc., little creature, *not* to be under my charge (the italics are Carlyle's), but who generally *dined* with me at the luncheon-time, and who afterwards turned out a lazy, hebetated fellow, and is now a parson of Iroston, a fat living in Suffolk." Had the "gesticula-

tion" or "pen-drawing" of the young Arthur anything to do with this bitter reminiscence, or, granting its truth and more than its truth, was it worthy of Carlyle to set it down among his recollections of a family to whom he confesses to having owed so much?

"These English or Anglo-Indian gentlefolks," he says, "were all a new species to me, sufficiently exotic in aspect." It does not seem to occur to him that on his side he may have been a "new species" to them and not at all "exotic in aspect." But it is always easier to look at others than at ourselves, and Carlyle was very prone to this human weakness. "But we recognized each others' quality more and more," says our Scotch exotic, "and did very well together. They . . . saw a great deal of company (of the ex-Indian accidental English gentleman, and a native or touring *lion* genus, for which Mrs. Buller had a lively appetite);" which is delicate, to say the least; that is, as Carlyle understands delicacy.

He goes on to give us an account of his health, dyspepsia, and the state of his feelings about this time, all of which calls for no special attention. He had already caught the literary fever, or been caught by it. Schiller's *Wilhelm Meister*, and other such early and excellent studies, were being turned out. He began to yearn for London, the heart of literary life; "with London now silently ahead, and the Bullers there, or to be there." He was in love, too, at this time, with the girl he made his wife; and between love, dyspepsia, ambition, and the doubts resulting from the combination, poor Carlyle, like most poor young men under similar trying circumstances, seems to have had a pretty hard time of it. At least so he tells us to any extent. He went to London, stayed with Irving awhile, and by way of result treats us to a quantity of gossip, some of it small scandal about the people he then met there, most of whom are not known even by name to the present generation of readers, and are likely to be even less known to the generation to come. Here is his general verdict on Londoners: "In this liberal London, pitch your sphere one step lower than yourself, and you can get what amount of flattery you will consent to. Everybody has it like paper money, for the printing, and will buy a small amount of ware with any quantity of it." Yes and no. Flatterers of course will always flatter in London as anywhere else, and it is not necessary to pitch your sphere one step lower in order to find this out. There is no flattery among competent men and women. There is honest recognition of what is of worth in one, and friendliness for its sake; nothing more. And this is one of the sweetest of human rewards.

He paid his first visit to Coleridge, the poet, at this time. Those who have read his memoir of John Sterling will know all about his visits at that shrine. Coleridge was then in his quiet and rather

shady decline. Old age and renown are surely worthy of graceful recognition. Carlyle sets the aged poet down as a "puffy, anxious, obstructed-looking, fattish old man, who hobbled about with us, talking with a kind of solemn emphasis on matters which were of no interest."

He met Charles Lamb, too, who was by all accounts one of the most genial of men, and who is at least recognized as one of the most sunny-humored and charming of essayists. But our descendant of Knox could either not understand or bear this quiet humor. "There was much talk and laud of Charles Lamb and his Pepe, etc. . . . At his own house I saw him once; once I gradually felt to have been enough for me." "There was a Mr. Fearn, 'profound in mataphysics' (dull utterly and dry)," as one may well imagine. There is a brief but graphic sketch of "a *Dr.* Sir Anthony Carlile, of name, in medicine . . . who had defined poetry to Irving once as 'the *prodooction* of a rude *aage*.'"

Nobody pleased him so much "in this miscellany" as Proctor (Barry Cornwall), the father of Adelaide Proctor, some verses at least of whose pure and tender poems are known and endeared to most hearts among readers of English, and whose gentle human inspiration and feeling had the happiness of being chastened by the Catholic faith, which she embraced:

"A decidedly rather pretty little fellow, Proctor, bodily and spiritually; manners prepossessing, slightly London-elegant, not unpleasant; clear judgment in him, though of narrow field; a sound, honorable morality, and airy, friendly ways; of slight, neat figure, vigorous for his size; fine genially rugged little face, fine head; something curiously dreamy in the eyes of him, lids drooping at the outer ends into a cordially meditative and drooping expression; would break out suddenly now and then into opera attitude and a *Là ci darem la mano* for a moment; had something of real fun, though in the London style. Me he had invited to his 'garret,' as he called it, and was always good and kind, and so continues, though I hardly see him once in a quarter of a century."

This is the most hearty tribute to any stranger he came across in all Carlyle's *Reminiscences.* Can one not trace in it faintly the charming, yet far higher, spiritual lineaments of Proctor's sweet daughter?

This visit of Carlyle's to London lasted from June, 1824, till March, 1825. His own situation he describes as very wretched. "The accursed hag, 'dyspepsia,' had got me bitted and bridled, and was ever striving to make my waking, living day a thing of ghastly nightmares." Mrs. Buller turned out to be "a changeful lady." He gave up his tutorship, but "money was no longer quite wanting," the only question was "what to do next?" He did the best possible thing,—took a holiday.

In the course of his holiday he came across "a cleverish and

completely hostile criticism of my *Wilhelm Meister*, of my *Goethe*, and self, etc., read it faithfully to the end, and have never set eye on it since."

It was a very bitter "dose" for him. He could not stand criticism.

"This man is perhaps right on some points," he tells us he thought to himself, "if so, let him be admonitory." "I did reasonably soon dismiss him to the devil, or to Jericho, as an ill-given, unserviceable kind of entity in my course through this world." This is the heroic vein again. He afterwards discovered that the "cleverish criticism" was written by De Quincey. It is needless to remark that De Quincey was never forgiven for his favor. Later on he met De Quincey, and found him to be "one of the smallest man figures I ever saw; shaped like a pair of tongs, and hardly five feet in all. When he sat you would have taken him, by candlelight, for the beautifulest little child; blue-eyed, sparkling face, had there not been a something, too, which said, '*Eccovi* —this child has been in hell.'" If so, he ought to have been a good judge of the brimstone in Carlyle's books.

He paid a flying visit, his first, to France, during this holiday, when to go to France even from England was still quite an event in one's life. The glimpse of the old Cathedral at Beauvais "went for nothing, was in fact nothing" to Carlyle. But Paris impressed him; though to his still half-rustic and wondering eyes "the curious *speckled straw hats* and physiognomies of the Faubourg St. (fashionable, I forget it at this moment), are the memorablest circumstances."

Louis XVIII. was lying in state as they passed through St. Denis. Chateaubriand's pamphlet, *Le Roi est mort; vive le Roi!* was placarded all over Paris. Carlyle made no effort to see Chateaubriand, and wisely, in all probability. He knew but little French, which would have been a fortunate circumstance had they met, for they would scarcely have agreed.

"Washington Irving was said to be, in Paris, a kind of lion at that time, whose books I somewhat esteemed." . . . . "I never saw Washington at all, but still have a mild esteem of the good man." Very conciliatory and gracious on Carlyle's part.

"Another day, nobody with me, and very few in the gallery (the Louvre) at all, there suddenly came storming past, with dishevelled hair and large besoms in their hands, which they shoved out on any bit of paper or the like, a row of wild Savoyards distractedly proclaiming 'Le Roi! le Roi!' and almost oversetting people in their fierce speed to clear the way. Le Roi, Charles Dix in person, appeared accordingly, with three or four attendants, very ugly people (especially one of them who had blear eyes and small bottle nose, never identifiable to my inquiries since). Charles himself was a swart, slightish, insipid-looking man, but with much the air of a gentleman, insipidly endeavoring to smile and be popular as he walked past; sparse

public indifferent to him and silent nearly all. I had a real sympathy with the poor gentleman, but could not bring up the least 'Vive le Roi' in the circumstances. . . . . This was all I ever saw of the legitimate Bourbon line, with which and all its tragedies I was to have more concern within the next ten years."

The night before leaving Paris he visited the Theatre Français and saw Talma play. Talma was to him "a heavy, shortish, numb-footed man, face like a warming-pan for size, and with a strange, most ponderous, yet delicate expression in the big, dull-glowing black eyes, and is incomparably the best actor I ever saw." The play was Voltaire's *Œdipus*, and Talma died within about a year after.

Returning to England, Carlyle, after a little more wandering and having now fully resolved on adopting a literary career, went back to Scotland and married Miss Jane Welsh. This was in 1826. His married life is briefly summarized by Mr. Froude:

"He lived for eighteen months at Comley Bank, on the north side of Edinburgh. He then removed to Craigenputtoch, a moorland farm in Dumfriesshire, belonging to his wife's mother, where he remained for seven years, writing *Sartor Resartus* there, and nearly all his *Miscellanies*. In 1834 he left Scotland and settled in London, 5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea, and there continued without further change till his death."

It may have been his marriage, or it may have been a combination of circumstances, but whatever the cause, Carlyle says of himself and his condition of mind in 1826:

"This year I found that I had conquered all my skepticisms, agonizing doubtings, fearful wrestlings with the foul, and vile, and soul-murdering mud-gods of my epoch; had escaped as from a worse than Tartarus with all its Phlegethons and Stygian quagmires, and was emerging free in spirit into the eternal blue of ether, where, blessed be heaven, I have for the spiritual part ever since lived, looking down upon the welterings of my poor fellow-creatures in such multitudes and millions still stuck in that fatal element, and have had no concern whatever in their Puseyisms, ritualisms, metaphysical controversies, and cobwebberies, and no feeling of my own except honest, silent pity for the serious or religious part of them, and occasional indignation for the poor world's sake, at the frivolous, secular, and impious part, with their universal suffrages, their nigger emancipations, sluggard and scoundrel protection societies, and 'unexampled prosperities' for the time being. What my pious joy and gratitude then was let the pious soul figure. In a fine and veritable sense, I, poor, obscure, without outlook, almost without worldly hope, had become independent of the world. . . . . I had, in effect, gained an immense victory, and for a number of years had, in spite of nerves and chagrins, a constant inward happiness that was quite royal and supreme, in which all temporal evil was transient and insignificant, and which essentially remains with me still, though far oftener *eclipsed* and lying deeper down than then. Once more, thank heaven for its highest gift, I then felt and still feel endlessly indebted to Goethe in the business."

Happy man! This was beyond question a divine height to attain. It is deeply to be regretted for the sake of that "poor humanity," whose sufferings Carlyle professed so copiously to lament, that he did not show them how to attain to this state of temporary beati-

tude or what led up to it in him. In what did it consist, this sublime state of being which the voluptuous author of *Faust* pointed out to him? What did he substitute for all the "isms" in which the poor, stupid world seeks refuge for its longings? Was it in Carlyleism, that mystic religion of the East, that enables a man by looking deeply into himself to see there his god? Not a word of light on the subject in all the *Reminiscences*, nor in any other writing from Carlyle's hand. As to the actual result on himself of having once for all attained "the eternal blue of ether" the reader has already seen sufficient evidence. We do not find that Carlyle ever changed in temperament, in his jealousy or contempt toward others, that his heart ever widened or softened in charity, that he became more humane or less resentful at fancied neglect, less emphatic on the subject of his dyspepsia, or less self-contradictory in his teachings thenceforward. All or any "temporal evil" was never "transient or insignificant" to him. From the crowing of a rooster, to the troubles of his household arrangements, or an uncomplimentary criticism of his writings, everything to the last had the most intense and bitter significance to Thomas Carlyle. Whatever touched him, in the remotest way even, touched him to the quick, and aroused that native bile and spleen of which he had an unusually plentiful supply. Where "the eternal blue of ether" came in on his life unless in a supreme self-complacency it is hard to see.

Indeed it was at this time and for a considerable period after that he was at work on *Sartor Resartus*, of which, and of his difficulties in finding a publisher for it, and his chagrin in consequence, the world has heard overmuch. The story is by no means a brave or inspiring one on the part of the author. It is steeped in the same characteristics that marked him in all things. He went to London with the manuscript, and found the London world very much taken up with the question of the Reform Bill. Closely allied to that bill, though he makes no mention of it here, was the question of Catholic Emancipation. These matters had no interest for Carlyle. To his mind, planted high in "the eternal blue of ether," there was only one supreme matter of interest at the time, and that was the publication of what is, after all, little more than a fantastic freak of a mind striving to work its way to the expression of something original, which should strike the reading world and announce its author as a great man and original thinker. But, in all respect for Carlyle's genius or intellectual power, or whatever name may be given to it, the judgment of the world at large and of men at least equally eminent as himself will be, that the passing of one or both of these measures was at the time, and through all time, of vastly greater moment and benefit to

humanity than the publication of *Sartor Resartus*, or, for that matter, of all his works put together. To him these questions were petty. "All men were full of the *Reform Bill;* nothing else talked of, written of, the air loaded with it alone, which occasioned great obstruction in the publishing of my *Sartor*, I was told. On that latter point, I could say much, but will forbear." And here follows a characteristic touch. "Few men ever more surprised me than did the great Albemarle Street Murray, who had published for Byron and all the other great ones for many years, and to whom Jeffrey sent me recommended. Stupider man than the great Murray, in look, in speech, in conduct, in regard to the poor 'Sartor' question, I imagined I had seldom or never seen!" The fact was, that the publication of *Sartor* was a very doubtful venture, as indeed it eventually proved. Had it been Carlyle's only work he would by no means occupy the position in literature that he holds to-day. Publishers are supposed to be practical men of business, who can gauge pretty well the tone and temper of the literary market, what is likely to rise and what to sink. But Carlyle, who in his early years grumbled not a little at the pecuniary award offered for his work, could not see that publishers possibly had an eye to pecuniary awards also. So he demanded back his "poor MS. from Murray, received it with some apologetic palaver, locked it away into fixity of silence for the present (my Murray into ditto forever)." *Sartor* afterwards appeared piecemeal in *Fraser's Magazine*, and both publishers and general readers grew tired of it long before its conclusion, a fact that Carlyle recognized.

Jeffrey, the reviewer, was very friendly to Carlyle, and needless to say, a useful friend, though Carlyle may have had characteristic misgivings on that score. He is described as

> "A delicate, attractive, dainty little figure, as he merely walked about, much more so if he were speaking; uncommonly bright black eyes, instinct with vivacity, intelligence, and kindly fire; roundish brow, delicate oval face of rapid expression, figure light, nimble, pretty though so small, perhaps hardly five feet in height. . . . his eyes looking archly, half-contemptuously out, in conformity to some conclusive little cut his tongue was giving. His voice, clear, harmonious and sonorous, had something of metallic in it, something almost plangent. . . . For the rest his laugh was small and by no means Homeric; he never laughed loud (could not do it, I should think), and, indeed, oftener sniggered slightly than laughed in any way."

The entire sketch of Lord Jeffrey is perhaps the best, as it certainly is, on the whole, the gayest in the volume. Carlyle makes him out to be a most amusing, bright, kindly, witty, and interesting character, which he doubtless was; "infinitely witty, ingenious, sharp of fence, but not in any sense deep, and used without difficulty hold my own with him." In Mr. Froude's future

biography Jeffrey is likely to play an important part; for there was much correspondence between the two at one of the most interesting periods of Carlyle's life, and the correspondence is all in Mr. Froude's possession. While Carlyle speaks contemptuously of Macaulay's "swaggering" review articles, he lays it down in his own orthodox fashion for all posterity that though

> "Jeffrey was by no means the supreme in criticism or in anything else, yet it is certain there has no critic appeared among us since who was worth naming beside him; and his influence for good and for evil in literature, on the whole, has been very great. Democracy, the gradual uprise and rule in all things of roaring, million-headed, unreflecting, darkly suffering, darkly sinning, 'Demos' come to call its old superiors to account at its maddest of tribunals; nothing in my time has so forwarded all this as Jeffrey and his once famous *Edinburgh Review*."

Into the reverent sketch of Jane Welsh Carlyle, the writer does not purpose entering beyond a few quotations still illustrative of the lady's husband and of his contemporaries. The relations of husband and wife are quite removed from discussion or inquiry in this review. They seem to have been throughout of the best. The husband frequently records with sorrow that he never realized his wife's actual worth to him, her devotion, self-sacrifice, and love for him, till she was gone. Mention of her hardly ever crosses the page without an accompanying "Ah me! ah me!" sigh of sadness that in truth becomes at last a trifle wearisome to the reader. Her life, save that she was the wife of Carlyle, is in no special degree remarkable or different from that of thousands of excellent married ladies who will never have biographies written of them; though Carlyle records that "not all the Sands and Eliots and babbling *coluc* of celebrated scribbling women that have strutted over the world in my time, could, it seems to me, if all boiled down and distilled to essence, make one such woman." With which verdict as to her worth the lady may be safely dismissed. Much that her husband writes about her is, it must be confessed, garrulous in the extreme, with the usual enormous quantity of dry genealogy in all persons connected immediately with him.

On taking up their permanent residence in London the Carlyles soon made their way into the literary and social circles of the great city. John Stuart Mill was one of their earliest visitors, "one of the most interesting, so modest, ardent, ingenuous, ingenious, and so very fond of me at that time." As time wore on Carlyle considerably altered that estimate of his friend, and not for the better. "Charles Lamb and his sister came daily once or oftener." They are graciously set down as "a very sorry pair of phenomena. Insuperable proclivity to gin in poor old Lamb," and his wit mere "diluted insanity."

"He was the leanest of mankind, tiny black breeches buttoned to the knee-cap and no further, surmounting spindle legs also in black, face and head finish, black, bony, lean, and of a Jew type rather; in the eyes a kind of smoky brightness or confused sharpness; spoke with a stutter; in walking tottered and shuffled; emblem of imbecility, bodily and spiritual (something of real insanity I have understood), and yet something too of human, ingenuous, pathetic, sportfully much enduring."

Mill was of great use to Carlyle in preparing the *French Revolution*, and Mill's part in the mysterious destruction of the first volume of that work, which Carlyle had lent him to read, is again referred to here. The Sterlings, father and son, were frequent visitors. Henry Taylor, the dramatic writer, who knew everybody worth knowing, introduced Carlyle to many interesting characters, among others to Mazzini. "Mazzini I once or twice talked with; recognizably a most valiant, faithful, considerably gifted and noble soul, but hopelessly given up to his republicanisms, his 'progress' and other Rousseau fanaticism, for which I had at no time the least credence, or any considerable respect beside my pity. We soon tired of one another."

Of money for the *French Revolution*, Carlyle first received £150 from Emerson as his share of the profits on an edition brought out in this country by the man whom some style the American Carlyle. After three years, "grateful England," as he puts it, paid him £100. He made more money at this time by his review articles than by his books. Mill started the *Westminster Review*, and Carlyle half-expected the editorship of it, which would have at least secured to him a regular income. The position was not offered him, and from that day forth Mill went rapidly down in Carlyle's opinion. "Worse I could not have succeeded than poor Mill himself did as editor (sawdust to the masthead, and a croakery of crawling things, instead of a speaking by men)."

His lectures paid him well, but it was torture to his sensitiveness to deliver them. "By this time we were getting noticed by select individuals of the aristocracy, and were what is called 'rather rising in society.'" Lady Holland he viewed with aversion as "a kind of hungry ornamented witch, looking over at me with merely carnivorous views." At the least Carlyle would scarcely have made a toothsome morsel for the famous old lady. Going among the aristocracy he says had "its bits of benefits, bits of instructions, etc., but also its temptations, intricacies, tendencies to vanity, etc."

"Certain of the aristocracy did seem to me still very noble, and with due limitation of the grossly worthless (none of whom had we to do with), I should note at present that, of all classes known to me in England, the aristocracy (with its perfection of human politeness, grace of bearing and of acting, steadfast 'honor,' light address and cheery stoicism), if you see well into it, is actually yet the best of English classes. Deep in it we never were, promenaders on the shore rather; but I have known it too, and formed deliberate judgment as above."

Craigenputtoch, where *Sartor Resartus* was written, fell to his wife in 1842. This brought them in an annual income of about £200, and relieved them from what Carlyle calls "the pinch of poverty," and his own work, though it went on improving in remuneration, did not yield, according to his estimate, more than about a similar sum annually for the previous decade; hard worker as he was. "My books," he says, and doubtless with truth, "were not, nor ever will be, 'popular,' productive of money to any but a contemptible degree." His *Cromwell*, published in 1844, was more productive in this way than any of his previous works. On the other hand his *Latter-day Pamphlets* fell very flat, and small wonder to all the world save himself. They hurt him in every sense. His return to popularity he ascribes to his *Edinburgh Address*, one of the last notable things he did. Still he admits that "on the whole, I feel often as if poor England had really done its very kindest to me, after all;" and most persons will agree that the feeling was well grounded.

He had great respect and admiration for the Duke of Wellington, whom he saw at Bath House. "Duke was then very old, and hitched languidly about, speaking only when spoken to, some 'wow-wow,' which perhaps had little meaning in it; he had on his Garter order, his gold-buckle stock, and was very clean and trim, but except making appearance in certain evening parties, half an hour in each, perhaps hardly knew what he was doing." He gives a graphic picture of Leigh Hunt and his ways, and a much more kindly and lovable one than Dickens's harsh caricature. "Dickens's essential faculty" Carlyle considered to be "that of a first-rate play-actor. Had he been born twenty or forty years sooner, we should most probably have had a second and greater Mathews, Incledon, or the like, and no writing Dickens." As for Harriet Martineau, her "fine, clear head would have made her a quite shining matron of some big female establishment, mistress of some immense dress shop, for instance (if she had a dressing faculty, which perhaps she had not); but was totally inadequate to grapple with deep, spiritual, and social questions, into which she launched at all turns, nothing doubting."

The composing of *Frederick of Prussia* was an immense and before the end sickening labor to him. His chief recreation during its composition was horseback riding; and he says "in all I rode during that book, some 30,000 miles, much of it (all the winter part of it) under cloud of night, sun just setting when I mounted." At the end he was heartily weary and sick of it. "Why do I speak of all this?" he asks. "It is κόπρος to me, insignificant as the doing of a thousand centuries ago. I did get through, thank God; let it now wander into the belly of oblivion forever." So

much for "hugging unclean creatures (Prussian blockheadism) to my bosom, trying to caress and flatter their secret out of them!"

The *Reminiscences* are drawing to a close, and doubtless the reader, as in truth the writer (if he may be allowed so far to obtrude himself) is not sorry for the fact. Mrs. Carlyle's health was failing, though her husband, sunk deep in the morass of his *Frederick*, did not notice this. The first two volumes of the work were published in 1858. Fortune for over ten years prior to that date "had been on a quite tolerable footing, and indeed evidently fast on the improving hand." As he nears the end the *Reminiscences* of his wife grow almost incoherent, sadly so, and surely with abundance of excuse. Much of the matter becomes very trivial; the man's deep sorrow and bereavement had made him a child when writing on his lost wife. All this may be tenderly passed by, even to the episode of "Catholic sick-nurses" of his wife, of which he makes such curiously mixed mention. In his woe for his wife he never, characteristically enough, loses sight or misses mention of his own personal miseries, which were petty for the most part. All are duly catalogued and with painful minuteness. "The eternal blue of ether," which he told us he had so long ago attained, whence he could calmly look down on all the trivialties and passing trials of life, seems far enough off when he can write of this time:

> "Dante's Purgatory I could now liken it to both of us, especially my loved one, both of us bent like corbels under our unbearable load as we wended on. . . . Dante's Purgatory, not his Hell, for there was a sacred blessedness in it withal; not wholly the society of devils, but among their hootings and tormentings something still pointing afar off towards heaven withal. Thank God!"

With all respect for Mr. Carlyle's feelings, expressed after the event, there was no reason at the time for this sort of desperate writing. Mrs. Carlyle was unquestionably in a dangerous state of health, but by no means a hopeless one. She could go about and ride and change her residence, as she frequently did, and she lived for about a couple of years afterwards. She took trips to the sea and trips to Scotland; but these various movements and Carlyle's attendance upon them added to his natural anxiety, seriously perplexed and worried him, seriously interfered with his labors, and for the first time perhaps opened his eyes to what he would suffer in losing his wife. As a matter of fact, her death occurred after paying a cheerful visit to some friends. Her lap dog was in danger of being run over. She stepped out of the carriage to attend to him, entered with him, and died in the carriage before reaching home. A tragical death enough, but occurring long after the date of which Carlyle writes in such impassioned strains of unnecessary and unwarranted despair. To how many an instance

of higher and deeper courage among unpretentious people can any one with half an acquaintance point within his own knowledge. Indeed Carlyle himself cannot have thought the case so desperate or have been quite so deeply plunged in hopeless misery as he would have us believe; for he mentions of their trip to Nithsdale, her telling him of the visit of a "Mr. Thomson (a Virginian who sometimes came)." He called one night and informed Mrs. Carlyle that "there is little doubt they will hang President Davis!"

Mr. Thomson, the Virginian, was a little out in his reckoning; but not so thought Carlyle. He was always over-eager to find evil where he wished to find it. "Upon which," he writes, "I almost resolved to write a pamphlet upon it, had I not been myself so ignorant about the matter, so foreign to the whole abominable fratricidal 'war' (as they called it; self-murder of a million brother Englishmen, for the sake of sheer phantasms and totally false theories upon the nigger, as I had reckoned it)." The whole tirade is eminently characteristic even to the imaginary "million brother Englishmen," and suggests its own comment. The pamphlet never appeared, fortunately for Carlyle, who was for the most part extremely unfortunate in his pamphlets. "In a day or two I found I could not enter upon that thrice abject nigger-delirium (viler to me than old witchcraft, or the ravings of John of Munster, considerably viler), and that probably I should do poor Davis nothing but harm." This general guide, philosopher, and friend of governments and humanity at large, and this arduous writer and student of history, could never see anything more in the terrible civil convulsion in this country than his "nigger" and his millions of "brother Englishmen." Had he written his pamphlet he would have done no harm to "poor Davis," but much harm probably to poor Carlyle.

"*Frederick* ended in January, 1865," he writes, "and we went to Devonshire together, still prospering, she chiefly, though she was so weak." In the November of that year Carlyle was elected to the annual Rectorship of Edinburgh University. His wife did not accompany him on his journey thither. Professor Tyndall took him in hand. Like all speaking, this address was a torture to him. It was spoken extempore, was considered a very remarkable address at the time, and made much noise. The success was a great joy to his wife and did no little to restore public interest in Carlyle. Nineteen days after it (April 26th, 1866) she died in the manner described, and after her death Carlyle did little or nothing in the way of literary work beyond his *Shooting Niagara, and After*, of very doubtful excellence, and his letters to the London *Times*, on the Franco-German war, which to say the least were ill-timed if not brutal in their tone, and by no means sound in

their ferocious partisan reasoning. The German victory was well open to defence, but not in Carlyle's manner.

To the *Reminiscences* proper is added an appendix, containing other *Reminiscences* of various literary characters, which were begun at Mentone in January, 1867. They are written with a corroding pen, with the peculiar kindness towards others that Carlyle habitually manifests, yet with unquestionable literary skill, and, save the sketch of Jeffrey, form really the most interesting portion of the work. Their tone and tendency may be judged from the opening sentence: "Many literary and one or two political and otherwise public persons, more or less superior to the common run of men, I have met with in my life, but perhaps none of them really great or worth more than a transient remembrance, loud as the talk about them once may have been; and certainly none of them, what is more to the purpose, ever vitally interesting, or consummately admirable to myself," and much more of the same sort. One naturally wonders who in the term of Carlyle's public career, as it may be called, up and subsequent to 1867, can have been "really great, or worth more than a transient remembrance" in England, unless, perchance, Carlyle himself. In this opening sentence speaks the whole man; the man who at the opening of his manhood held precisely the same feelings as regarded the then success, small and remote enough as it was, of his friend Irving.

He begins with Southey, and save for the viciousness of the spirit here indicated and which pervades the sketch, the picture is in other respects an admirable one, marvellously complete as the portraiture of a marked individuality. One can almost forgive its occasional unkindness for the sake of its unequalled skill in setting the subject before us in such vivid and real light. Nor is it by any means all unkind. Henry Taylor introduced him to Southey, and he describes the latter at their first meeting as:

> "A man towards well up in the fifties; hair gray, not yet hoary, well setting off his fine, clear, brown complexion; head and face both smallish, as indeed the figure was while seated; features finely cut; eyes, brow, mouth good in their kind, expressive all and even vehemently so, but betokening rather keenness than depth, either of intellect or character; a serious, human, honest, but sharp, almost fierce-looking, thin man, with very much of the militant in his aspect; . . . in the eyes especially was visible a mixture of sorrow and anger, or of angry contempt, as if his indignant fight with the world had not yet ended in victory, but also never should in defeat. A man you were willing to hear speak."

There is much of finer effect that might be quoted from this sketch, but there is the picture of the man whose life was not of the happiest, and whose end was so tragic. Carlyle met Wordsworth when Wordsworth on his occasional visit to London was a "lion." Carlyle never liked "lions" too near the throne. To him

Wordsworth's "divine reflections and unfathomabilities seemed stinted, scanty, palish, and uncertain." Wordsworth seems to have taken no more especial notice of Carlyle than he did of the generality of people, literary and otherwise, whom he met. Neglect of this kind always told on Carlyle, and he never fails to show it in his *Reminiscences*. He affects a contempt, but it is the contempt of a man who feels he has been slighted and somehow passed by.

He notes with genuine admiration "the excellent sagacity, distinctness, and credibility of Wordsworth's little biographic portraitures" in conversation of the noted men of the day. "Never, or never but once, had I seen a stronger intellect, a more luminous and veracious power of insight, directed upon such a survey of fellow-men and their contemporary journey through the world." Carlyle's father, he modestly tells us, was perhaps the one man superior to Wordsworth in these qualities.

The reader has now seen the most notable pictures in Carlyle's unique collection. He has also seen Carlyle's portrait of himself and can form his own opinion of the whole. The hero-maker and the hero-breaker is before him in the revealed secrets of his soul. Many of these, most of them in fact, seem to betoken a great but not an even or well-balanced intellect grafted on a rather mean and narrow nature. The noble intellect strove hard to rise to the level of greatness and truth; even did much in this way; but the native narrowness and pettiness, arising in great measure from early surroundings, whose memory and effect were never shaken off, constantly drew the high intelligence down, blurring its vision and making its way crooked and cross. So true greatness finally yielded to small self. The two can never stand together. The man who might have become a great teacher, and who assumed to be a prophet, became little more than a powerful scold. The reason for all this is plain enough. There can be no well-balanced intellect without a clear conception of and calm confidence in the truth: the truth given by the Creator, affirmed and made to live among men by his divine Son, Jesus Christ, and by him handed down forever to and through his Church as an unfailing light to the minds of all mortals. Without that there is no assured mental or moral stability in this world. The higher the intellectual gifts of a man, especially if he be not of an humble spirit, which Carlyle never was, the farther is he apt to wander away from the right path. Carlyle, after deep inner search and struggle, gave up the religion of his father, because he could not bring himself to believe in it. He never found another to satisfy the yearnings of his soul. So all became bitterness and doubt, despair almost, and he saw nothing worthy of supreme honor and standing in the world save

brute force, a doctrine that his pupil, Mr. Froude, another vagrant from the safe line of clear Christian faith, has learned from him. Hence his type of heroes: the Oliver Cromwells, Fredericks of Prussia, the chiefs of the French Revolution, and such like. He always kept the grace of faith in a supreme deity. But all the rest was vague, shadowy, uncertain, a vapory "eternal of blue ether." So his life went out without doing much good to the world. He has left behind him writings which possess little more than the glaring brightness and confused noise of "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals."

THE ASSASSINATION OF ALEXANDER II., AND ITS EFFECT UPON THE FUTURE OF RUSSIA.

IN January, 1879, we reviewed in a paper on the political and social outlook in Europe, a series of events which at that time already led to serious apprehensions for the future. And in an article on the internal condition of Russia published also in this Review, the state of society has been painted in its real colors. Nihilism had then already defined itself as the most destructive and most repulsive of the "isms" which form the bane of our days; it had then already spread terror and confusion, and called forth those terrible repressive measures which lent a new strength to any conspiracy gotten up for the purpose of putting an end to an unbearable tyranny. It will be remembered how in 1878 unsuccessful attempts at regicide made the round of Europe, as it were. Like a contagious disease spreads the seed of infection, so attacks upon crowned heads, even as failures, seemed to contain a virulent stimulus to try, at least. Now, that is to say, on the 13th of March, Nihilism succeeded in scoring a success, for as such, nay as a triumph, do the Nihilists contemplate the assassination of the late Czar. It is, therefore, much to be feared that no less a personage than the Emperor of all Russians, dead, mangled, mutilated, a true victim of revolutionary conspiracy, will serve as an incentive to perpetrate similar crimes on other bearers of royalty. If history will have to write but one epilogue on assassination during the remainder of this century, it will be due, we

take it, not so much to lack of energetic activity in the quarters where revolutionary ideas breed their miasmas, as to doubled vigilance and to great watchfulness and to utmost precaution on the part of the governments. It is, indeed, to be feared that revolution will attempt, at least, to give the dead Emperor companions in his grave. Fanaticism is now wild with a frenzy of success. The tragedy on the Catharine canal, as an event, is but the epitome of a protracted and intolerable chain of suffering, which made people wild with despair and threw them into the arms of that sinister foe of mankind, Nihilism. And it recalls the glaring defects with which Russian society has been afflicted so long, the enormous sufferings endured by over ninety millions of subjects, the deplorable condition of these millions under an absolute despotism, in fact all that drove the people to join issues with the Nihilists, not, however, in order to assassinate the Czar, but simply to seek redress of and relief from the oppressive rule of ages. And recalling all this, our perverted human nature, prone to injustice, is almost willing to pass an undeserved comment upon the sudden end of Alexander II. But with this inclination comes also back into our memory that grand dictum of antiquity, " De mortuis nil nisi bene," a touching appeal to those more tender fibres of human nature which man's fall has stunted, but which it has not been allowed to blot out of man's heart. The dictum has lost none of its beauty since the days of Christianity; if it stood before on a sublime basis, namely, the reverence for the dead, it has been put on a sacred basis since then by giving us as a higher motive for abstaining from passing severe judgments upon those that have passed away, the positive knowledge that the hour of death is also the hour in which each and every individual receives before the tribunal of divine justice the final irrevocable verdict, which holds good through the countless ages of timeless eternity.

The last years of Alexander II.'s reign have virtually been spent in an unceasing dread of foul murder; it was this dread, and alas not a vain dread, which inspired the sweeping severity resorted to as a means of procuring at least personal security. From the time of his accession to the throne at the close of the Crimean war, his reign was beset with enormous difficulties; he tried to inaugurate a new era for Russia, and though failing in much, he did accomplish much; his name will forever be connected with a most momentous period in the history of Russia and a period of hardly less importance in the history of Europe. He had to assume control of the reins of government when the state-carriage had no sound wheel. He found the chariot in a state of hopeless collapse, he endeavored to reconstruct it, he endeavored to remedy the crying injustices under which the nation groaned, and he failed

to accomplish all. Alexander II., pallid, cold, silent forever, has been buried already with imperial pomp. Assassination and obsequies have sunk into the past and belong to the department of history. Yet the silence of that dead tongue is a living eloquence, for this dead tongue uttered the words whose might freed twenty-three millions of human beings from serfdom. There is much in the reign of Alexander II. so utterly out of proportion with a measure like the emancipation of the serfs, that this great act of autocratic benevolence shines out all the brighter. In the line of Romanoffs, Alexander II., in spite of cruelty and arbitrary rule and sometimes grinding despotism, will ever rank as one of the most lenient monarchs. The last year of his reign shows forth a return of the same spirit as that which dictated the memorable ukase for the liberation of the serfs, in two acts: one is the abolition of that odious institution the Third Section, the other the abolition of the salt tax. And it appears almost certain that, had his life been spared, Russia would have been given by him a sort of constitutional government, framed for the peculiar wants of the great commonwealth, and adapted to its peculiar make-up. It seems, therefore, but just to remember only what is bright and sunny, and to sink into oblivion the dark side of a life, sad at best. Neither the good will, nor the personal kindness and benevolence and piety of the dead Emperor will be or can be forgotten by a people into the hearts of which he engraved his name when he restored twenty-three millions to the freedom of human beings. And with this tribute, which we felt it due to pay to one whose life and whose deeds are widely misunderstood, we will drop the veil over the past and turn our looks forward toward the ever-mysterious "what is to be."

Another czar sits on the throne; another czar found the imperial purple waiting for strong shoulders, not because nature's course had created a vacancy, but because once more violent death has been the fate of the last incumbent. What fate is awaiting him? What fate is awaiting the ninety millions under him? Does his crowned head appear to the Nihilists as another legitimate object of vengeance foul? Will his firm grip turn the reign of terror of the last decade into one of much-needed peace, internal as well as external? These and kindred questions solicit now the attention of the world, and offer so many grave problems for solution. A forestalling of Russia's future with any absolute certainty is, of course, out of the question. But it seems that acquaintance with the elements which will of necessity play a part in the formation of it, and determine in a measure its character, will help at least to the framing of an approximate estimate. And foremost in this respect appears that ghastly monster "Nihilism."

Nihilism, we hold, is an enemy of society which severity will fail to crush out, which leniency will fail to appease. It is widespread and counts fanatical adherents in every class of society; it has only a programme of destruction. Neither extent nor scope justify the supposition that it will one day disappear like an ephemeral plant. As a system, it is explained by its best-informed advocates as war upon society, war upon family, war upon marriage, war upon morality, war upon reverence of authority, war upon belief in God, nay, war even upon life itself; it is therefore the madness of political despair, and like madness an affliction the cure of which will require time and forbearance, a correct diagnosis, a careful watching of every symptom, and a removal of the causes from which it sprung. It is the wildfire of the spirit of revolution, which has intoxicated men, so that they no more act like rational beings, but like brutes devoid of the power of reason. It holds out no scheme of reconstruction; it presents us with no Utopian plan of what is to follow the deluge of murder and wholesale extermination at which it aims; it does not suggest what is to take the place of the old *regime* or who is to reorganize society anew; it proclaims death and destruction of all that is, and desires to eliminate authority of any shape, manner, or form.

The credo of Nihilism may be gathered from the following extracts from Bakounin's writings:

"The beginning of all those lies which have ground down this poor world in slavery is God. Tear out of your hearts the belief in the existence of God, for as long as an atom of that silly superstition remains in your minds you will never know what freedom is. When you have gotten rid of this belief in this priest-begotten God, and when, moreover, you are convinced that your existence and that of the surrounding world is due to the conglomeration of atoms in accordance with the laws of gravity and attraction, then and only then will you have accomplished the first step towards liberty; and you will find less difficulty in ridding your minds of that second lie which tyranny has invented. The first lie is God, the second lie is right. Might invented the fiction of right in order to insure and strengthen her reign. Might makes and unmakes laws. Once penetrated with a clear conviction of your own might you will be able to destroy this mere notion of right. And when you have freed your minds from the fear of a God, and that childish respect for the fiction of right, then all the remaining chains which bind you and which are called science, civilization, property, marriage, morality, and justice will snap asunder like threads. Let your own happiness be your only law. But in order to get this law recognized and to bring about the proper relations between the majority and minority of mankind, you must destroy everything which exists in the shape of state or social organization. Our first work must be destruction and annihilation of everything as it now exists. You must accustom yourselves to destroy everything, the good with the bad, for if an atom of this old world remains, the new will never be created."

It is evident, therefore, that Nihilism holds virtue and vice to be conventional terms which represent no reality. It considers that liberty consists in contempt of law, order, and decorum, whereas liberty means freedom with limitations. Absolute liberty is not

only an absurdity, but the attempt to create it is a crime against the universe. Liberty implies restriction, as it also implies responsibility. It is not a matter of choice whether or not a man will be a member of human society. He becomes it as soon as he begins to live, and individual rights and social duties are correlative terms. When born he receives the benefits society bestows upon him in the care of the mother, in the obedience due to the parent, in the advantages coming to him from the organized state of society. In return for and in recognition of these, man becomes a debtor and has to assume the discharge of social duties. The cry of all "isms" against the restriction of government is hence the cry of the insane, of the lawless, of the assassin. Government is a necessity which springs from our social wants. Were there no limitation to liberty, no restraint of freedom, neither happiness nor society could exist; without restriction, liberty ceases to be liberty and becomes an unknown and impossible quantity. Yet these tenets of Nihilism have obtained, and they result from the fatal replacement of divine omnipotence by human omnipotence in the person of the Czar. For two long centuries the error enforced upon a conglomeration of semi-barbarous nationalities has worked its way slowly along, and now in Nihilism the last consequences have been reached. Peter the Great made practically God and Czar of one mould; he related the one to the other so closely and played with such overpowering success the part of earthly omnipotence that the Czar, head of the church, acquired, so to speak, the prestige of Deity. The masses were crude material, gifted by nature with pious leanings and credulity; the Czar spoke, and they believed. But Providence spoke likewise. However lenient its interference with the affairs of races for a long time may be, a moment arrives when time through history makes overtures, and not one ruler only, but a line of rulers were permitted to play as czars and czarinas with earthly omnipotence, of whom it must be said that their actions and their lives were well calculated to rescue truth and shake the terrible superstition into which the nation had been sunk. Again the more civilization advanced in Russia the more absurd and impossible became this belief into a close relationship between God and Czar. The evidences before the people in the way of tyranny of the worst type, licentiousness verging into depravity, crushing despotism coupled to free indulgence of every low brutal craving, these evidences generated a just contempt for omnipotence of every description. It shook the structure to the base which Peter the Great had artificially erected, and in falling, it buried beneath its ruins that other omnipotence which nothing can or will destroy. It was needful to part with a fatal hallucination and to free the captive mind from a gross superstition. But

the association having been what it was, the collapse of the greatness of the one brought in its train the presumptive collapse of the other, of that majesty whose non-existence has never yet been avowed without frightful consequences to the bold propagators of this egregious falsehood. Yet, once more, it is our opinion that with the belief in the Czar, the belief in God likewise passed away. Disbelief in the former opened the door for disbelief in the latter. Therefore the road to attack Nihilism in its very foundations is not to be sought in external reforms of society as such, but in the internal reconstruction of the members of that vast Russian society. And just as impossible and as undesirable as it is to restore the lost faith in the Czar—for this would plunge Russia only into the woes of a new birth—just as possible and certain is it that faith in God can be restored; for it needs only reawakening, it is a something that does not die within the human breast. What is needed therefore is the building up of man as man by true faith; religion, not as a mockery of half-inebriated village popes, but as a central force towards which the human heart naturally gravitates; religion, as a tower of strength which no storm can shake, as a palladium which protects and shields and wards off, and which at the same time enlightens and actuates and vivifies; religion, in short, which is capable of working out a radical change within, of starting the soul's life and of maturing its growth; that and that alone will successfully combat Nihilism, not in its serried ranks, but by sapping away its strength and cutting a clearing through the steep and dark proclivity of total negation. This wondrous efficacy is not the prerogative of the Russian church, where a servile priesthood combined with the civil power to do all toward discrediting any and all belief. It belongs but to one church, and that *one* even is disbelieved in by outsiders nearly all the world over.

Any effects which a vengeance swift and cruel may produce, can bear only the character of transient intimidation. Terrorism has never been able to destroy parties whose birthright cannot be questioned, however much their deformity is to be deplored. A deformed child or a child without sound mental faculties is not necessarily an illegitimate child. And so it is with Nihilism. Its existence as far as it betokens a remonstrance against wrongs freely inflicted, is very easily understood and in some respects justified; its form will forever be unacceptable to calm reason. Even if the new Emperor created a new third section, more powerful than the one which raised a storm of pronounced hatred in all subjects while it lasted, if he improved it in organization and material, and equipped it with all that genius can devise for its efficacy, it would fail to break the backbone of Nihilism. It would still more embitter the dissatisfied elements, knit the conspirators

closer together, and break out after a period of repression with all the greater violence.

On the other hand it is very doubtful whether reforms which would satisfy the nobility and reconcile the goodwill of the peasantry, reforms of a liberal character, which would pacify the disturbed pulse of the country—it is doubtful, we think, whether they would bring the Nihilists to their senses. For why should they be able to appease a hunger which is declared insatiable? We cannot bring ourselves to believe that the poison of Nihilistic doctrines would stop circulating because the autocratic power has changed hands, or because of some modifications in an absolute government. The czardom still exists, it rests only on younger shoulders, more determined and not less able than those of the unhappy predecessor. Alexander II. has been murdered, not because of his individuality but because in him authority was vested, and that selfsame authority recurs in Alexander III. Why then should he be less obnoxious in the eyes of those who aim at abolishing any authority whatsoever? Liberal measures will, no doubt, gain large sympathies for him even in the ranks of Nihilists, but they will hardly induce the miscreant leaders of revolution to adopt a more human programme. It was, perhaps, a reflection of this kind which prompted the new Emperor to make all his subjects take an oath of allegiance not only to him but the present czarewitch, Nicolas Alexandrovitch, likewise. At any rate, so far as the term of existence of Nihilism is concerned, it seems safe to predict that it will not disappear until Catholicity will perform its peaceful mission unhampered throughout the realm, and restore gradually the lost mental and religious bearings in the individual. Judging the Pope's letter on the subject, it is not improbable that the relations between St. Petersburg and Rome will assume a more satisfactory character than it has been the fortune of the Holy See to bring about heretofore. The problem of Nihilism presents thus under no aspect a very hopeful, though not entirely hopeless outlook.

Much more cheerful pospects present themselves in other directions. While it is true that the government machine is not only corrupt in organization, but also organized in corruption, it is a field on which vast improvements can be and probably will be made. An abundant crop of high-towering weeds needs plucking out; better seed must be sown and a fresh crop of honest and efficient officials be raised. Nor is there any limit as regards the extent to which beneficial innovations are possible and necessary. No branch of the Russian bureaucracy is sound; all is rotten to the core. Hence the undertaking is one of tremendous proportions; it has in fact baffled more than one honest attempt at reconstruction

in the past. It requires not merely great ability, but above all an inflexible determination of purpose; a dogged following up of reform into the minutest channels. To this enormous and difficult task Alexander III. brings, it seems to us, the requisite qualifications. He is credited with firmness verging on stubbornness; his ability is unquestioned; he possesses, moreover, from the high civil positions held as a member of the highest council of the realm, familiarity with the most imperative needs; it is not unknown to him what evils cry most sorely for redress, hence it is fair to presume he will begin in the right direction. The expectation seems fully justified that reform will be not merely begun with a will, but what is more important, be also carried out with a will. We may therefore hope for an alleviation of the great sufferings of society in Russia, and consequently prognosticate an era of progress, not fictitious but real. Besides, the domain of ethics will not remain in the background. The domestic qualities and high-toned morality of the present Czar form a pleasing contrast to the private lives of most of his predecessors. A considerable change in the ideas of the court on the subject of morals will take place. The nobility will be compelled to observe with greater strictness the social injunctions from which many considered themselves exempt. And though it may at first be not more than a sheer outward compliance with a code of real morality, it will save the people to witness as a whole spectacles which by their grossness and their frequency undermined the fundamental notions of propriety. The enforced conforming with moral restrictions will gradually become a habit, and as such, gain a foothold and propagate itself. In no country does the individuality of the ruler, his character, his moral and religious tenets exercise greater influence than in Russia; for Russia is not only the most absolute, but likewise the most populous of all modern civilized countries. A Czar never can be a nullity; he must *par force* become a great figure in the history of his times, and play a prominent part either for good or for ill. The present incumbent must look beyond the conspiracies and assassinations of the moment, in order to launch his realm upon a career of real progress. The despotic form of civilization which prevailed for generations has made it a country only held by the sword. Russia contains many of the highest elements of national strength and greatness, and yet it is still but a vast barbaric commonwealth, without liberty of thought, without true development, without real advancement. The broad measure of beneficent reforms will, so it seems, be given at last to the people. It is highly improbable that the external policy will in any way change the friendly relations of the empire with the other powers. The Czar is fully aware that peace is indispensably requisite for the re-

organization of Russia in her internal relations. The abolishment of Siberia as a place of lifelong imprisonment for political purposes is said to be contemplated, and also a representative form of government. The people in Russia are entirely unfit for a republican form of government, or for a constitutional monarchy, with the same amount of liberty which most of the European states enjoy. Nor will the colossal empire be ripe for the next half century, at least, for either. A parliament would not signify what these assemblies mean in England, or in the Continental states of Middle Europe. But it would be the basis for a more healthy and more natural growth, and establish more direct communications between crown and nation. The reign of Alexander III., though he was called to the throne of a sudden by a ghastly and most deplorable tragedy, promises therefore well for the future, and inspires confidence and hopes rather than distrust.

If we look, however, in a larger sense upon the sad event which called forth the preceding remarks upon Russia; if we look at it as the outcome of the present social condition of Europe; if we recall the exceptional state of affairs in Germany, owing to the agitations of socialists; if we consider how France as well as England are engaged in coping with radicalism in various shapes, and how evidences of a diseased state of society are not wanting in Spain and Italy and Austria; if we remember that but a few years ago revolutionary movements, like a wave, shook, in form of riots, even the peace of this country; if we take all this in and cast a glance then upon the dead form of Alexander II., carried bleeding and mutilated into the palace of his ancestors, the assassinated Emperor then appears to us as a warning flambeau. He seems to cry out on behalf of his nation, on behalf of history: "Redde mihi legiones meas;" that is to say, "Restore faith to the world," and he seems to be a memento of what "Vae victis" implies for those who close their ears to the cry for faith. The decrees of Providence are issued with inexorable certitude. Before the crisis overtakes the human race, fair warning is given. Things will culminate ere long. Our age will be plunged into an abyss which one must needs shrink even to contemplate, or else it must freely and fully return under the tutelage of Him who gave Himself to the world, in order to rescue and save and protect, but, also, in order to possess the world.

CANTERBURY.

"AND who may he be?" asked a Greek archimandrite of the late very distinguished Mr. William Palmer, when that clergyman named the Archbishop of Canterbury. The question was pardonable if disrespectful. Canterbury is a cathedral town of Kent; and its Archbishop, if Primate of all England, was not much known forty years ago in the East. The present Archbishop is an exceedingly amiable gentleman, and is much esteemed for his personal virtues; but to say that he is Primate in any sense which is more real than that of an ornamental figure-head would be to prefer idle compliment before truth. He is Primate of the respectabilities of Protestantism. He is Primate of that embracing institution which excludes but little from its embrace besides "Popery." To quote the words of his Grace, which he uttered last September in the course of a long charge to his clergy: "The Roman Catholic Church, indeed, separates itself from us by so sharp a line of arrogant exclusiveness, built on a superstructure of false doctrine, that our hopes of influencing it must be very slight without some fundamental change in its whole system." His Grace said this immediately after avowing that the Swedish Lutherans, Moravians, Old Catholics, with the Syrian, Armenian, and Nestorian sects, and also the German, French, and Swiss Protestants, all gravitated instinctively towards Canterbury; thus leaving out in the cold but one only communion, the holy Catholic Church. No doubt this was a true statement of the position. All schismatics and sectarians, save only what are called Dissenters, interchange polite greetings with "Canterbury." Forty years ago, when Mr. William Palmer, to whom we have referred, was bent on a kindly mission to the East—hoping to connect the Church of England, in some way, with what was then called "the holy Eastern Church"—the Eastern bishops and priests knew but little of Canterbury, save as suggestive of some curious northern sect. Whether Canterbury was in Scotland or in Wales was not a question which afforded them interest. Possibly it might be some synonym of Anglicanism. And Anglicanism was in those days only known to the Easterns as an Episcopalian form of rank Protestantism. But in these days it is permissible that an Archbishop of Canterbury should lay claim to a higher appreciation. We can readily believe that, in the language of his Grace, "the Churches of the East implore our aid." The Church of England is known to be very rich, and the Eastern sects are known to be very poor; so that it is but natural that amenities should take an interested form, and that sympathies should be primarily material. More-

over, the Czar's Christians are just now so overridden, so broken up by jealousies and rivalries, that they may reasonably turn for succor to that opulent National Church, whose wedded bishops live luxuriously in ancient palaces. Canterbury has therefore become an Eastern fashion. No longer disdaining the hospitalities of Lambeth Palace, the Eastern clergy are disposed to be friendly; and waiving the old prejudice against Anglican Orders, "implore Canterbury's aid"—that is, money.

Imagining that Christian unity consists chiefly in amiability *plus* a tranquil indifference to Christian dogma, the Archbishop of Canterbury has caressed the sweet delusion that Protestantism is growing more and more united. How completely such an apprehension is at variance with Catholic principles, and how utterly it is ridiculed by men of thought, there need be no pains taken to show. The *Times* newspaper, which may be assumed to be Anglican, in the sense of patting comfortableness on the back, is obliged to laugh at the absurdity of calling Protestants united because they care little about dogma. "Unity to be real," says the great organ of the irresolute, "must have some purpose. Where the purpose is wanting, or so far as it is wanting, the union is so far a name, and nothing more, that it is scarcely worth contending for." And then the writer adds that "the clergy of the National Church may possibly have every virtue under heaven, save one"—which is the prime requisite of Church unity—"submission to Episcopal authority." If this test of clerical submission be applied to all the sects, or to all "the Churches" which have "implored the aid of Canterbury," we see at once that not a single clergyman of any communion would think of obeying Dr. Tait. *Ergo*, there is no Protestant unity. Every one can see this save his Grace of Canterbury. He alone seems to be deluded by amiability. Made archbishop by the last Premier, Lord Beaconsfield, his Grace would seem to imagine that an archiepiscopal dinner-party, at which courtly toasts are given and received, is the ideal of ecclesiastical unity. Such an entertainment was given at Lambeth Palace during what was called the Pan-Anglican Synod. Because the host blandly smiled, and the guests drank his wine, the mental and moral unities were thought complete. The next morning there would be a discussion upon doctrines, and the private "views" of the different bishops would be in conflict. The harmonies would be subjected to a slight shock. There would be a reaction in the direction of individualism. But his Grace would only remember that "the hundred Fathers of the Church who gathered under his roof at Lambeth Palace" were charmingly polite at the dinner-table, and chatted heresy, as they sipped wine, with equanimity. He would shut his eyes and shut his ears to

the utter hollowness of the whole proceedings, and believe only in the graciousness of hospitalities. It is certain that not a single guest would *obey* the mitred host, nor bow to his private opinions on any doctrine. The Churches of the East care as much for Dr. Tait as they care for M. Renan or M. Loyson. The Syrian, the Armenian, and the Nestorian sects value his judgments as they do those of Queen Victoria. They fully appreciate the whole philosophy of the "Establishment." Just as they know the meaning of Czarodoxy, its whole story and pretext and policy, so do they know the meaning of Elizabethanism, or, which is the same thing, Dr. Taitism. They have also possibly heard—at least such of their bishops as have been in England—of that versatile dignitary, the Dean of Westminster; and we fancy that, with every appreciation of Anglican "aid," they do not care much about Westminster "views." Let us glance, for a single moment, at this last Westminster phenomenon, so as to judge of its effect upon Eastern minds.

The Dean of Westminster has recently offered to throw open the Abbey Church to the preachers of Nonconformist English sects; and he has proposed, in perfect gravity, to found a new National Church, of which the symbol, or creed, shall be "no doctrines." Now the Eastern Bishops would not be parties to such a development. Nor, indeed, would the Archbishop of Canterbury. It is due to his Grace to say that he differs from Dean Stanley, in his private apprehension of Catholic unity. The Archbishop is in favor of allowing all doctrines—the more the better in the cause of holy freedom—but he would recommend a lofty indifference to the value of most doctrines, or rather he would deny that they have value. The Dean of Westminster goes further, and seems to disapprove of any doctrines, as positively fatal to the external unity of a National Church. The unity of the Archbishop is the unity of indifference; that of the Dean of Westminster, of negation. Yet, perhaps the Dean is the more reverential of the two. To say that there are doctrines, but that they do not matter, is more unprincipled—well, let us say, more inconsistent—than to deny, point blank, that there are doctrines. Still, the spectacle of two such combatants is somewhat puzzling. The Archbishop of *any* doctrines, and the Dean of *no* doctrines, may be allowed to fight it out to their satisfaction; but to the outside looker-on there is the suggestion of this question: "What is the use of either Dean or Archbishop?" If the sole mission of Anglican dignitaries is to teach indifference to doctrines, or to inculcate scholarly faithlessness and skepticism, why should there be deans and archbishops to do, for enormous salaries, what any well-educated layman can do as well? The unity of unbelief can be attained by the spread of

newspapers, of magazines, and of the Bradlaugh type of senators. Why have cathedrals, and parish churches, and some thirty thousand clergymen to effect the exact opposite of Christian teaching? Perhaps the answer is that even skepticism needs decorum. The institution of unbelief is at least imposing. "Established" improprieties become proprieties. A man in lawn sleeves bidding his hearers "not to care," makes carelessness at least gentlemanly and respectable. It creates a certain seemliness of disorder. And this is that Catholicity which the Primate of all England assures us is the beautiful boon of modern Protestantism. It is the special glory of the See of Canterbury to preside over it. We are hastening onward to that happy period when the test of the true Christian will be that he sums up all faith in polite carelessness. Not to believe, not to obey, not even to search, are the characteristics of that developed English Protestantism, which is declared to have fellowship with all the heresies of the earth, and therefore to enjoy Catholic unity.

"Nothing in our time tends to make the Archbishop of Canterbury a national pope," said the *Daily Telegraph*, in commenting on the Primate's charge. But if he has constituted himself a sort of Pan-Anglican Pope, *minus* the power or the will to teach anybody, we do not see why his pontificate should not be judged by that sort of criticism which we apply to all magnificent pretension. And since he takes upon himself to dethrone the Vicar of God, as a mere pretender to a position which is "Canterbury's," we may take leave to reply with such perfectly plain speaking as all overt acts of usurpation may justify. And, first, we should like to know by what precedent in English history, and especially in the history of the See of Canterbury, it can be shown that an Archbishop of Canterbury is the superior of the Bishop of Rome. If it can be proved that, in any primitive controversy, or in any controversy down to the middle of the sixteenth century, any Archbishop of Canterbury resisted "Rome," or claimed even to exist apart from it, we will give up the argument, and take our Pan-Anglican pontiff for all that he desires to be considered. But if, on the contrary, we find throughout history—the history of the archiepiscopal See of Canterbury—that its Archbishops have in every case obeyed "Rome," have never dreamed of questioning its supreme authority, but have rendered to it the most worshipful loyalty, then we shall have to protest that the nineteenth century Pan-Anglicanism is as pure an invention as the locomotive or the telegraph.

That the See of Canterbury was purely Roman for a thousand years—from the time of Augustine to that of Warham—it would be as easy to show as that William the Conqueror came to Sussex and fought successfully at the battle of Hastings. That the Apostle

of England referred every question to St. Gregory, just as he had received all authority from him, can be proved by the numerous questions and replies which are given in the printed works of St. Gregory: *e. g., Epist.* 64, c. 3, p. 1183. That every subsequent Archbishop "held all Roman doctrine" taught primarily by the authority of the Holy See, it would be also just as easy to show as that Dr. Tait was made Archbishop by Lord Beaconsfield. It is by collateral, as well as by "Canterbury" history, that we can work out such facts to demonstration. When Suarez told the Protestant King James that "there was no other than the Roman faith known in England from the time of its first apostles till 1534," he said what no Protestant historian has ever ventured for one moment to dispute. There are fantastic theories about pre-Augustine Christianity, but there are none about post-Augustine Catholicity. As to what *may* have been believed during the Catacomb period, or even to the fifth or sixth century, High Church Anglicans have indulged in speculation; but as to what *was* believed from St. Augustine to Warham, there has been no grave or even plausible disputation. It suffices to say that for at least a thousand years, England, Ireland, and Scotland were "Roman Catholic." And if, during the earlier period—when, as Cardinal Newman has said, the Church was rather struggling for existence, than engaged in enforcing a perfect polity—there was just the difference between martyrdom and "development" which there is between a catacomb and a cathedral, common sense should suffice to dissipate such cavillings as can be drawn from the argument of "reserve." We do not, indeed, allow that there is the smallest fragment of testimony for quasi-Protestant Christianity in the first centuries; but what we are now discussing is the Christianity of Canterbury from the time of St. Augustine to the Reformation. And it is on this point that we challenge every Protestant. The links of the demonstration are sufficient. Just as Warham, the last Archbishop of Canterbury, said: "I will do nothing without the consent of the Holy See," so St. Augustine not only wrote, but always acted, as the son and the subject of the Pope. "What should be my relations with Gaul and Britain?" inquired St. Augustine of St. Gregory. And he received for answer: "We have given you no authority over the Bishops of Gaul, because from ancient times the Bishops of Arles have received the pallium from our predecessors, but we commit all the Bishops of Britain to your charge, that the ignorant may be instructed, the weak confirmed by exhortation, the perverse converted by authority." And St. Augustine also begged of St. Gregory to send him relics, to be used in the consecration of altars; which was at once an affirmation of three doctrines: the union of Canterbury with the Holy See, the sacrifice

of the Christian altar, and the veneration and invocation of Saints. As the Venerable Bede relates: Pope Gregory, in replying to St. Augustine, wrote: "Mos autem sedis apostolicæ est ordinatis episcopis præcepta tradere." And it must be mentioned—since much controversy has been occasioned by certain rivalries between England and Wales—that nothing which is handed down gives excuse for the speculation that any divergence in regard to *doctrine* ever existed. It was in the same year in which Pope Gregory wrote the above that the Abbot of Bangor could write to the Archbishop of Canterbury: "Be it known and without doubt unto you that we are all and every one of us obedient and subject to the Church of God and to the Pope of Rome." Though Catholic Welshmen were long isolated from Catholic Englishmen—through certain natural or social or political causes—there was no question about their mutual submission to the supreme and divine authority of the Holy See. And so again in regard to the Church in Ireland. In 592 St. Gregory wrote to the Bishops of Ireland that their safety must consist in their obedience "ad matrem, quæ vos generavit, ecclesiam." (The Irish have seldom needed such a monition.) No matter what the natural jealousies might be, in regard to England and Ireland and Wales, the same loyalty to the Holy See was manifested by all countries—by St. Augustine, St. Patrick, St. David. It was perfectly natural, in primitive times, that the separation between different countries should cause some temporary and superficial isolation; but we never find that between England, Ireland, and Wales there was any controversy as to allegiance to the Holy See. Be it remembered that the Archbishops of Canterbury were further removed, in the year, say, 600, from the chief towns of Ireland and Wales than they are to-day from St. Petersburg or New York. Immense distances would create misunderstandings. But whatever the separation, in point of distance or of tradition, the clergy and the laity obeyed the Pope. This is the staple point of the whole controversy. When all bishops and priests were united to the Holy See, not only by their appointment but by their belief, any doctrinal divergence—as to a point once decided—would be, "in the nature of things," quite impossible.

It was in the year 679 that Pope St. Agatho wrote to the British bishops that in all times and places "the Apostolic authority" alone could mitigate disputes; "unde ex auctoritate beati Petri apostolorum principis definimus atque statuimus," etc. The same Pope commanded that St. Wilfrid should be restored to his See; and the restoration was made "jussu Papæ." So, too, he commanded Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury, and all his successors, not to interfere with the monastery of Glastonbury; and King Ethelred's decree in regard to its lands was signed by both Theo-

dore and St. Wilfrid; with the affirmation that any one who should disobey would subject himself to the censure of the Pope. Dr. Tait, the present Archbishop of Canterbury, would probably designate such acts as "arrogant" and "exclusive" on the one hand, and servile or narrow-minded on the other. Yet it is certain that both Theodore and St. Wilfrid, could they have pictured the impossible anomaly of a Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, would have imagined that the world's end must have come, since divine empire had been turned upside down. Let it be mentioned that in 712—more than seven centuries before the Protestant apostasy—Birthwald, Archbishop of Canterbury, holding the second place to the Legate of the Holy See, decided, in regard to a question of vast importance, "res defertur ad Pontificem Romanum." The language which would be now authorized by Dr. Tait would be "res defertur ad magnum concilium Reginæ." But the believers in a Primitive Protestantism wish to picture a Primitive Anglicanism; and some Anglicans will have it that, so far back as the sixth century, there was incipient British rebellion against Rome. To such an assertion the readiest evidence which is at hand is that of the records of the British Councils. In the "Concilia Magnæ Britanniæ" of Wilkins, we have the proofs that in *all* the sacred synods of the early Church of England and Ireland, which were presided over by such acknowledged saints of God as an Augustine, a Patrick, a Paulinus, a Cuthbert, a Wilfrid, an Anselm, every doctrine now called Roman was affirmed, and every doctrine now called Anglican was not known. In 456—which is, perhaps, as "early" as we can reasonably hope to discover the historic traces of our primitive Christianity—it was decreed by a Council which was presided over by St. Patrick, that every cleric who was not tonsured "more Romano" should be suspended. "Ex pede Herculem." It may seem a small matter to decree a Roman style of tonsure; but the decree proves the recognition of Roman precedents. In 592, as we have quoted, came St. Gregory's letter to the bishops of Ireland; in 601 St. Gregory's letter to St. Augustine; in 679 Pope St. Agatho's letter to the British bishops; in 680 the same Pope's letter to Archbishop Theodore. And so on, with but brief intermission, the constant mandates of the Holy See to the British bishops, and the constant confessions of those bishops of their supreme allegiance, form the staple of the recorded "imperium" of the early Church. It was in 730 that Pope Gregory II., when confirming the privileges of the See of Canterbury, wrote thus to all the bishops in England: "Vos itaque fratres hæc apostolicæ auctoritatis mandata cum alacritate et subjectionis reverentia audite et suscipite;" adding: "Sciat se contra, ipsum mundi Salvatorem, et beati Petri auctoritatem, niti, et ideo nisi resipuerit,

æternæ damnationis sententiam incurrere." And in 745, the great St. Boniface—whose testimony is like whole volumes of historic import—wrote thus to the Archbishop of Canterbury: "We wish to preserve to the last hour of life our subjection to the Roman Church, we desire to submit to blessed Peter and his vicar, and to adhere canonically to all the precepts of St. Peter, that we may be counted among the sheep intrusted to him. . . . This is the duty of all bishops." Dr. Tait does not agree with such an estimate, though the then Archbishop of Canterbury did. But on what (historical) ground does he claim to differ? If it is certain that all the bishops of England, from the time of St. Augustine to the Reformation, held the doctrine of the Roman obedience to be "de fide," and if it is certain that they only believed it to be so because they knew it to be apostolic, and therefore "primitive," how can it have become possible that a doctrine should be false *now* which was true until the English Church was perfected? The theory of Dr. Tait is that the early Church was pure; that out of that purity grew the most hideous apostasy; that out of that most hideous apostasy grew the pure (Henry the Eighth's) reformation; that out of that reformation grew ten thousand battling sects, varying from Quakerism to Ritualism; that the sole resource now for still further reformation is an appeal to a semi-Christian House of Parliament; and that the sole hope of ever getting back to primitive truth is to sink the Church of England in the sea.

It would be true to say of every Archbishop of Canterbury, who filled the See during the space of a thousand years, that he could no more believe in a Church without the Pope than he could believe in Christianity without Christ. Probably Dr. Tait is of the same opinion, only he does not believe in a Church at all; he believes in political sectarianism. If he believed in a Church, he would address Pope Leo XIII. as Robert Winchelsea addressed Pope Boniface: "To the most holy Father in Christ, Boniface, by Divine Providence supreme pontiff of the Holy Roman and of the Universal Church, your devoted son, Robert, the humble minister of the Church of Canterbury, kissing your blessed feet, and with all possible eagerness to obey the papal commands and precepts." If he believed in a Church, he would require of the English bishops that they should address him with such a confession of faith as was made by the English bishops at the Council of Cloveshoe (A.D. 800): "Be it known to you (that is, to the Archbishop of Canterbury) that the faith which we profess is the same as was taught by the holy and apostolic See when Gregory the Great sent missionaries to our fathers." He would say with the Archbishop, and the suffragans of Canterbury (A.D. 1302), "The statutes promulgated by the authority of the apostolic dignity will be kept inviolate by all wor-

shippers of Christ." He would accept from Pope Leo XIII. the power which Pope Clement V. gave to Walter Raynold, of Canterbury, to "absolve persons canonically excommunicated." He would ask of Queen Victoria that she would do, in his case, what Edward III. did for Simon of Canterbury, and also for John Stratford—his successor—ask the Pope for the confirmation of his election. He would declare, with William Courtney, of Canterbury (A.D. 1383), "the glad submission of his See to the apostolic mandates." He would condemn all heretics, as Thomas Arundel of Canterbury, with his suffragans, condemned the heresies of Wycliff, according to his direction by the Apostolic Letters. He would, with Henry Chichele, of Canterbury, describe the Roman Church, in his pastoral letters, as "Mother and Mistress of all the Faithful of Christ." In the same language as was used by all the glorious archbishops, including such giants of wisdom and sanctity as St. Anselm, St. Edmund, St. Thomas, he would seek first to honor the Vicar of God, from whom all honor, all jurisdiction are derived.

It has been observed that to establish any sort of connection between the modern and the original Church of England would be a piece of engineering at the very least quite as difficult as to construct a bridge from Lambeth Palace to the moon. Nor is the connection more impossible in regard to the doctrine of the Pope's supremacy than in regard to almost every Catholic doctrine. If we take St. Anselm as a typical English archbishop—on account of both his sanctity and his wisdom—we do not find that between him and Dr. Tait there exists the smallest tangible plea for communion. Leave out the belief in the historical fact of the Redemption, and there does not seem to be one pile left to support the "bridge." "Nothing shall induce me," said the fearless Archbishop, when contending against his savage, though lawful Sovereign, "to deny obedience to my lord the Pope." "I maintain my fidelity and subjection to the blessed Peter, the Prince of the Apostles." "I will do all I can for peace and concord, preserving always due reverence and obedience to my lord Urban, who presides in the Apostolic See—and this is the usage of an Archbishop of Canterbury." It most certainly is not the "usage" of the present Archbishop; but no more is it his usage to believe in any Catholic doctrine in which St. Anselm most firmly believed. Just as St. Anselm begged the Pope to "govern the Church of the English according to the wisdom and authority of your apostolate;" affirming constantly that "the Church has been committed to the government of the Supreme Pontiff. . . . He who takes anything from the Roman Church commits sacrilege against all churches;" so did he affirm, in regard to every Catholic doctrine, the same belief

which is held to-day by Cardinal Manning. For example: "Nothing is equal to Mary; nothing, save God only, is greater than Mary. The Mother of God is our Mother." To St. Peter he would pray: "Faithful pastor of the sheep of God, Prince of the Apostles, Prince of the great Princes, who bindest and loosest what thou wilt . . . look upon the flock committed to thee." So again, in regard to Masses for the dead, he would pray for the souls of the faithful departed, that it (the Mass) "may be to them salvation, health, joy, and refreshment." Nor was his estimate of the marriage of English clergymen at all the same as Dr. Tait's estimate. In 1102, at a Council held in York, he decreed, in perfect harmony with the other bishops, that "no archdeacon, priest, or deacon should take a wife, or retain her if he had one." And, once more, in regard to relics, he received a present from the Bishop of Paris of a relic, which he publicly accepted; just as St. Augustine had received from Pope Gregory the relics which were destined for an English altar.

To construct a bridge, therefore, between Lord Beaconsfield's archbishop and a true Catholic, and therefore true English archbishop, would baffle the inventive powers of a theological Rennie, or the speculative audacity of a Trevethick. Things which are equal to the same thing may quite possibly be equal to one another; but people who are the exact opposites of one another can with difficulty be described as "equally Catholics." Yet such is the day-dreaming of our modern "Anglo-Catholics," that they imagine that they are "in communion with the Holy Catholic Church," because they hold the contraries of her teaching. It is needless to speak here of the new sect of the Ritualists—who would about as soon think of obeying the Archbishop of Canterbury, or of submitting their consciences to his guidance, as of seeking their jurisdiction from a Lord Mayor—since Dr. Tait, like his Protestant predecessors, has no more in common with the new Ritualists than he has with the Quakers or the Plymouth Brethren. He has no objection to be Archbishop of Heresy; but from violently earnest Anglicans on the one hand, or from too advanced freethinkers on the other, his position obliges him to hold aloof. He holds equally aloof from the theology and from the discipline of all primitive or mediæval archbishops. Between a St. Anselm, a St. Thomas, a St. Edmund, and a Dr. Parker, a Dr. Barlow, a Dr. Tait, there is about as much in common as between a Catholic Cathedral and a roadside Ebenezer or Mount Zion. The same degree of comparison, unhappily, holds good in regard to the state's relations to the Church. A King Offa, a King Alcuin, a "King Confessor," and an Elizabeth, a William the Third, a George the Fourth, might be all Christians on the same principle that the wind is the same wind whether it blow from the southwest or northeast. When Alcuin

reminded Athelard, Archbishop of Canterbury, that one of his predecessors had been "apostolica auctoritate castigatus," he only urged him to steadfast allegiance to the Holy See; but if Queen Victoria were to allude to such a subject, it would be to felicitate the hyper-Protestant Dr. Tait. Athelard could write to the Supreme Pontiff: "With the unanimous consent of our sacred Synod . . . I have enjoined that all the directions of the Catholic See be observed;" Dr. Tait would paternally warn Leo XIII. to abandon his "superstructure of false doctrine." Pope Celestine III. could receive from the Archbishop of Canterbury, and also from his suffragan bishops the assurance of their "debitam subjectionem;" and Hubert of Canterbury, sitting in the Council of York, could tell the Pontiff that "in all things the authority and dignity of the most holy Roman Church was being kept inviolate;" but Dr. Tait would tell such Englishmen that their religion was a mistake; that they should have appealed to the Lord Penzance of their day; that they should have bowed to the Privy Council or to the Court of Arches; or that, in the absence of such institutions, they should have asked the House of Commons—or the "michel synoth," or "wittena gemote," or whatever the national council might be called—for a vote on the subject of Divine dogma, and for an act on the subject of "independence." Between the past and the present a "bridge," which could connect the two, would have to span the "great gulf" named in the parable.

But, between the archbishops and bishops of the Reformation, with all the prelates who followed in their footsteps, and the present occupiers of sees which do not belong to them, there is a most painful affinity and sympathy. The matrimonial Dr. Parker, who "kept his cradles going;" the lively-penned Sandys, who called the Pope "that triple-crowned beast;" the dogmatic Dr. Pilkington—"successor" of St. Cuthbert!—who called Pope Gregory VII. a "hell-brand," because he insisted on the celibacy of the English clergy; Archbishop Laud, the state chaplain of James I., who said meekly on his trial: "There is nothing against me till it is proved (which yet is not done) that I have positively denied the Pope to be Antichrist;" or Bull, or Andrewes, or Thorndike—probably well-meaning men—who said that the Mass and the invocation of saints could not be clearly distinguished from idolatry; that the Vicar of Christ was an impostor; and that it might be doubted whether the newly-born Protestants ought to communicate with the faithful English Catholics: all such prelates had undoubtedly much in common with the majority of the modern Anglican prelates; though between them and a Lanfranc, a Hubert, or a Stephen Langton, it would be simply impossible to "construct a bridge." Yet why insist on what everybody knows, and on what the Ritualists so profoundly deplore? All England is aware that

the "Fathers of the Reformation"—their own Fathers, self-begotten, self-commissioned—repudiated with the most passionate abhorrence any sonship from the pre-Reformation Church; branding with such epithets as "idolatry, sacrilege, witchcraft, blasphemy, mystery of iniquity," every specifically Catholic dogma or tradition, and every specifically Catholic practice or ceremonial. And all England is aware that, for their faithfulness to "pure Popery," More and Fisher, Campion, Talbot, and Sherwood, with many hundreds of priestly and lay confessors, were dragged to the scaffold and were murdered. All England is aware that the present Archbishop of Canterbury is the true descendant—not of the Catholic martyrs and confessors, but—of their apostate impugners and destroyers. All England is aware that just as St. Edward the Confessor sent his "due subjection and obedience to Pope Nicholas, the exalted Father of the Universal Church;" or just as King Canute, the Dane, said, "All the Archbishops of Canterbury go to Rome pro pallio secundum morem;" so Dr. Tait is the representative of the exact contraries, in all things, of what the pre-Reformation kings and bishops typified; and that he is either their, or his own, deep incriminator. And though it is sought, in direst despair, to prove *some* Catholic spirit in a few of the nominal successors of the Canterbury saints, the attempt only results in proving the exact contrary, as every critical student has understood. No Protestant archbishop has ever been a Catholic in any sense save that of his Christian baptism; while even the best of the Anglican prelates, and the most advanced of the Anglican writers—the Hookers, the Jewels, the Taylors, the Kebles—have all shown the cloven foot directly they have made mention of their first Christian duty—obedience. To what Church, then, to what communion does Dr. Tait now belong; with what kind of Catholicity can he clothe himself? The early Church would not have had him—Canute, the Dane, would have mocked him—the canonized and the uncanonized archbishops—of Canterbury or of any other British See—would have looked on him as a schismatic and a heretic; the Catholic martyrs of the Reformation, whom *his* heresies disembowelled, would have prayed for him, but would not have communicated with him; there was no communion in any country in the world which, previously to the Reformation, would not have shunned him; and now the only sect in his National Church which even pretends to believe in Church authority—the little moribund sect of the Ritualists—mocks his authority with even more bitter disdain than it shows towards the purely civil law courts. "Canterbury" is therefore his own Church. Even the *Times* newspaper, with the best intentions in the world, cannot extend to him the patronage of obedience. The rest of the Anglican bishops say,—"Amiable Canterbury!" The clergy of his own diocese take his

Charges into little bits, and try to put them together so as to mean something. "Is it not possible," they ask, "to find some doctrine, some intimation of where authority might possibly be, some suspicion of the existence of a See of Canterbury, as distinct from a Beaconsfield bit of patronage?" Hopeless inquiry! Lawn sleeves, Lambeth Palace, fifteen thousand a year, are the politico-social dogmata of the Queen's state chaplain. "O quod ludibrium de ecclesia facis!" But the "ecclesia" is only Queen Elizabeth's institution—her instrument for veiling her illegitimacy.

THE SCHOLARS AND THE BIBLE.

The Holy Bible, According to the Authorized Version. With notes, explanatory and practical, taken principally from the most eminent writers of the United Church of England and Ireland. . . . Prepared and arranged by Rev. George D'Oyly, B.D., and Rev. Richard Mant, D.D., Domestic Chaplains to the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury. First American edition, with notes, etc., by John Henry Hobart, D.D., Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of New York. New York: T. & J. Swords, 1818.

Scribner's Illustrated Monthly Magazine.

The Bible Society and the New Revision. New York and London, January, 1881.

THE position of the Anglican Church is very peculiar. It convokes its most accomplished scholars to revise and perfect the vulgar edition of the Scriptures, practically sanctioned by three centuries of general use, and yet as the prominent speaker at the recent Episcopal Convention in New York declared: "The Episcopal Church never really *authorized* any version of the Scriptures, and in his opinion never would do so."* True, "King James's Bible" had been in everybody's mouth as the standard English Protestant version, yet the English Church had been careful not to formally guarantee its authenticity or its integrity. She knows that this would be to upset one of the radical theoretical principles of Protestantism, which makes the Bible self-accrediting, or at least its integrity a matter whereon the individual must judge for himself. It would never do either for a Church which has disclaimed inerrancy to teach in a matter of such deli-

* Catholic World, December, 1880.

cacy and importance. Dogmatic teaching without the consciousness and confidence of infallibility is too absurd not to be seen of shrewd Englishmen. On the other hand, of course, it seems inconsistent to set up for the guardian and guide of a large branch of Christendom, to claim to be a real department of Christ's Church, feeding his lambs with doctrine and sacrament, while confessing inability to testify even to the deposit of the written Word. Of the two inconsistencies they have chosen the latter. Verily the old mariner was not far *at sea* when, some one accusing the Pope of entering into political complications, he exclaimed: "Give me the Episcopal Church, which never interferes either with a man's religion or his politics!" Moreover, as I must remark, there is a wide difference between theory and practice in this connection. Although Protestantism holds the Scriptures to be their own witness, yet in reality Protestants receive them because the body of Christians have always held them to be God's word, so that it is on Church authority they act. It is easy to recognize divine wisdom in the sacred pages when you are told by your elders that it is there, but were it not for their testimony, handed down from the beginning, the Koran or the sacred books of India might occupy an equally prominent place in our literature with those which bear Solomon's name.

It may be objected that the Episcopal Church need not interfere in the matter, since the whole body of Christians accept the Bible. But each family in this great body (so to speak of them and it) has its own opinion as to what constitutes the Bible, and the Anglicans feel that they have no right to guarantee as the Bible what may be but a part of it. They know that more than half the Christians of the world reject their King James's version as a mutilated work, to say nothing of its fidelity as a translation, and they dare not assert against such a weight of authority that it is entire. If the Church does not assure us on the subject, we have nothing but criticism, and this is totally at fault as regards the authenticity of what are claimed to be sacred records, their genuinity and integrity. The greatest authorities are on different sides as to what works go to make up the Bible, and unless we give up the task as impossible, and admit that the Scriptures in their entirety have become a matter of mere surmise, we must fall back on the authority of the one Church that claims to teach us infallibly. This as regards the original texts and the question of their having been received by the Church as inspired; as to translations, it requires her divinely aided testimony to assure us that the new form really contains the same spirit which she recognized in the original; otherwise we might have a certain reliance on the work of the scholar, but we could never rest our supernatural faith on his

assertion,—all this for reasons that will be apparent from a glance at the difficulties of biblical criticism.

In the first place, we cannot compare our copy of the Scriptures with the autographs, that is, the original manuscripts of the sacred books. These have disappeared ages ago. A report, indeed, went around the newspapers lately that the London Bible Society had heard of a recently found autograph of one of St. Peter's epistles, and had sent to purchase it. Some years ago, too, a very old MS., dating perhaps from the fourth century, was discovered in a Greek monastery. If this be as ancient as Tischendorf thinks, it still lacks three hundred years of bringing us to the period of the New Testament writers. An obscure tradition tells that the autographs of Moses perished with the Temple at the time of the Babylonian captivity, and that Esdras dictated them anew under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, or, more probably, compiled and authorized a complete and perfect copy from the various ones then in the hands of different possessors. The book of Deuteronomy existed in the reign of Josias, seven centuries before Christ (IV. Kings, 22). The MSS. of the later books lapsed out of existence at remote but unknown periods. Of the New Testament, the autograph copy of St. Matthew was still extant in Origen's time and St. Jerome's, but corrupted by quasi-heretics called Judaizers. Peter of Alexandria says the autograph of St. John's gospel was still at Ephesus in the fourth century.

Let it be supposed that we discover the original documents, could we read them? A little consideration may show. *First*, as regards the Hebrew. The sacred books are not only the oldest specimens of Hebrew literature, but the only ones of that period; hence we can derive no aid from contemporaneous writers in our attempt at translation or paraphrase. Then the ancient Hebrew letters were very rude, and, like the hieroglyphics of the Egyptians, bore some likeness to the objects they originally represented; as א *aleph*, an ox, ש *shin*, a tooth, etc. Esdras is believed to have replaced the cruder characters by the neater ones of the Chaldeans, of which these just referred to are specimens, after the captivity. There was no space between sentences, nor even between words. There were no vowels, so that the writing carried no sound with it, and was read by tradition only.* Some half a dozen letters resembled, and still resemble, each other so much that it was very easy to take one for another, thus changing the meaning. The great Oxonian Kennicott says the Jews dropped some of their many aspirates after the invention of vowels or vocal-points in the

* Hence דבר D B R could be read as by St. Jerome DABBER, *speak*, by some DABAR, *speech*, by others DEBER, *death* or *pestilence*.

fifth century after Christ, and replaced those by these. Josephus, Philo, Eusebius, and St. Jerome say that the verse in the Psalms and in Job is most perfect in metre and in rhyme. The distinguished scholars Calmet and Fleury could not see this, so difficult is it to read the Hebrew, the sound and prosody of which was perhaps better preserved in the time of those former authorities. However, Lowth, an English critic, proves that the Psalms are in beautiful measure. There was no punctuation in the ancient MSS. The text was divided into chapters and equal subdivisions of chapters only in 1430 after Christ, when Rabbi Nathan did this, following the plan of Cardinal Hugo in his Latin Bible. Hugo used letters to divide up the chapters, a trace of which manner is still preserved in the Roman Breviary, until finally Vatable, a Frenchman and Hebraist, introduced verses such as we now have them. The language of the Rabbins, sometimes called Hebrew, is entirely different from the ancient, being a barbarous Chaldaic, and in the six Targums or paraphrases of the sacred text, made in the first centuries of Christianity, this is mixed with Persian, Arabic, Greek, and Latin words. The Jewish academy at Tiberias in the fifth century A.C. invented vowel-points to represent the sound of words, and counted every word and letter in the Bible to preserve it, but thereafter learning languished amongst that persecuted race till the eleventh century. The first Hebrew dictionary was compiled in Arabic characters about the year 1030 by Rabbi Juda, and a grammar by Rabbi Jona. Rabbi Kinchi, in the twelfth century, and the authors of the Talmud show at large that the Rabbins learned the meaning of many words from the Arabic and other tongues by precarious and uncertain rules. John Forrets, a German Protestant, says that these Jewish-Hebrew books and commentaries have obscured and falsified the meaning of the text, rather than elucidated it. The oldest Hebrew MSS. of the Bible known are not over seven or eight centuries old. Rabbi Hillel's at Hamburg is 600 years. At Bologna there is a copy, bought of a Jew by the Dominicans in 1308, and said then to be old. The Vatican Hebrew text comes from about the tenth century. The chief printed editions are Kennicott's of England and De Rossi's of Italy, based on Soncini's of Italy, the latter done in 1488. All the MSS. and printed editions differ in some details from each other. The difficulty of reading the Hebrew then, considered in itself, is apparent. If we had not Greek, Latin, and other versions wherewith to compare it, it would perhaps be simply impossible. It is verified almost entirely by collating it with these.

Turning to the Greek text we find that all the sacred books of the New Testament were originally written in this idiom, unless it be claimed that St. Matthew's Gospel and the Epistle to the He-

brews were in the Syro-Chaldaic, the vulgar Hebrew of our Lord's time, the interpretation of which involves many of the difficulties inherent to the ancient tongue. In reading the Greek and the Latin, into which the text very soon passed, as these languages have not yet completely died, and are preserved to us in the excellent profane works of their respective nations, the obstacles to understanding the meaning are more within the power of criticism. Nevertheless it is well known that various and contradictory senses are applied by different grammarians to passages and words in the writings of most of the poets. The fact that new translations are constantly forthcoming of Homer, Virgil, and the rest, each claiming that fidelity which it denies to the others, is proof of this. Moreover, many terms in the sacred books are used to express ideas and dogmas which it is vain to compare with their counterparts in profane literature, and the meaning of which depends on the truth which the teaching Church divinely aided recognizes in them. For example: *Logos* in St. John's Gospel, *æternum*, *baptisma*, *liturgia*, *presbyter*, *episcopus*, etc. Criticism is infinitely discordant in determining the meaning of such terms, as well as in defining what is literal narrative, what is mere parable and poetic hyperbole. Let it be granted, however, for the sake of argument, that the Greek and Latin may be literally translated by competent linguists, and that a generally accurate version, reliable even independently of the Church's confirmation, may be obtained. The great and insuperable difficulty remains, when we come to decide, what is the genuine reading of the original in any particular place, what verses are genuine and what interpolated, what books and parts of books constitute the Bible? Here is where criticism fails and the infallible authority of the Church is clearly required. "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" Now the most learned men of the Christian era are entirely at variance on all the three questions set forth, as well as on a vast number of others. We, speaking from a critical standpoint and abstracting from the authority of the Church, depend on them for our knowledge. Therefore it is impossible for us to know the truth, as a whole, about the sacred Scriptures, without the teaching of the Church, their infallible accreditor.

Let us examine. As regards the Hebrew text of the protocanonical books, we verify this by comparing it, as to the Pentateuch, with the Samaritan version, which these heretics took with them at the time of their secession. Their MSS. are in the rude, old-fashioned hieroglyphics. It varies somewhat from the Hebrew, and has even changed a little since St. Jerome's day, as we know from his commentary on Genesis v. 25. Remarkably it substitutes Mount Garitzim for Hebal, evidently to give countenance

to the Samaritan heresy. Regarding the integrity of the original Hebrew, critics differ. What we have said of the peculiarities of the MSS. shows how easy it was for various opinions to arise as to the proper reading. It is quite possible, too, that some verses have dropped out of the text through oversight on the part of copyists, confused by repetition of similar expressions, etc., as the initiated can well admit. Thus the verse Exodus ii. 23 is not in the Hebrew now, though it is in St. Jerome's translation; neither is it in Cardinal Hugo's Concordance, because his Latin was doubtless from some other Hebrew Codex than the one St. Jerome used, and that of Jerome has not come down to our time. So of other verses. Psalm 95, verse 10: "The Lord hath reigned by the wood or tree;" the words "by the wood" are wanting in the Hebrew, as St. Justin complains in the second century.* So in Daniel ix. 26: "His people who will deny him shall be no more." This is not in the Hebrew, though St. Jerome says the Jews of his day recognized this text and translated it, "his kingdom which he intended to redeem shall be no more." Nevertheless St. Augustine proves, against the assertion of many apparently supported by facts, that the Jews did not intentionally mutilate the Hebrew, and that its defects are the result of inevitable mistakes and slips of penmen. Besides, the fact that the Vulgate contains here and there a verse not found in the Hebrew does not show this to be defective, for such verses might have been inserted by rash copyists, as often happened, a glossa or comment might have slipped from the margin into the text, etc., and the Decree of Trent, to which we shall refer, does not cover each verse, at least one not of importance in faith or morals. Comparing the Hebrew with the Greek, Syriac, Onkelos's Chaldee, the Vulgate, etc., it is found substantially entire and correct. The Vulgate has "embrace discipline" (Psalm ii.), so has the Greek; but the Hebrew has "kiss the Son" instead, if we know how to translate it. Where the Latin Vulgate has "foderunt manus meas," the Hebrew has "quasi leo manus meæ," כַּארִי being substituted perhaps for כָּרוּ (Psalm xxi. 17). On the other hand, where the Latin reads "vidimus eum quasi percussum a Deo," the Hebrew has "percussum Deum," or may be so rendered (Isaiah liii. 4). In his commentary on the second chapter of St. Matthew, St. Jerome cites the expression there contained, "out of Egypt have I called my Son," as proof of the integrity of the Hebrew text in his day, for this phrase is said by the evangelist to be found in a prophet, and is indeed to be read in Osea xi. 1, in the Hebrew, though it is not found in the Alexandrine version.

* The words "by the tree" are also wanting in the Vulgate and the Septuagint as it now exists, but we know that many of the fathers read them, and they are also in the old Roman and Gothic psalteries.

To pass, however, from the Hebrew to the Greek, we find that the principal version of the Old Testament into this tongue, used in the beginning of Christianity, was that of the seventy-two men who went down to Ptolemy in Egypt, about the year 285 B.C., and translated the protocanonical books, or at least the Pentateuch. St. Augustine says that this translation was received with almost as much reverence as if it were even inspired, and he himself defends it when it differs from the Hebrew as setting forth the mystic though yet true meaning, instead of the literal. It was considered exact by Philo the Jew, but it does not now exist. It was commented upon and the comments became confounded with the text; then corrections from other translators began, as when Origen corrected it by Theodotion's version; then these in turn were amended, until the whole was thrown into confusion and none could tell the original from the accruing. Origen, indeed, in order to explain certain discrepancies, says that the Hebrew had been altered. Aquila or Onkelos, an excommunicated Christian, rendered the Hebrew into Greek in 129 A.C.; Theodotion, an apostate, in 175; Symmachus, a Samaritan turned Jew, in 200. These all gave a color of opposition to the Church to their translations. Symmachus, for example, puts νεανις, a *girl*, for παρθενος, a *virgin*, in Isaiah vii. 14. On account of the obscurity and error which crept into the Septuagint from the labors of these men, the wonderful Origen compiled his Hexapla or sixfold polyglot version, but St. Jerome says (in a letter to St. Augustine) only to make confusion worse confounded: "*confudit magis.*" St. Lucian, to bring a remedy, corrected the current Greek in 300, as also did Hesychius and Pamphilus the martyr, and different churches used all these translations. As a sample of different readings in the accepted modern editions of the Greek and those of the Latin Vulgate we quote that of I Corinthians xv. 51. Here our Latin version has "we shall all indeed rise again, but we shall not all be changed;" while the Greek reads: "we shall not all sleep, but we all shall be changed." Hence the opinion of some very grave fathers that certain of us shall not see bodily death if we survive until the last day. The received Arabic and Syriac versions agree with the Greek, the Ethiopic with our Latin. We have the text cited in various places of the fathers thus: "we shall all indeed sleep, but shall not all be changed." St. Jerome seems to have read it in each of these several ways, and now inclines to one opinion, now to another. It is impossible now to decide which reading is correct. Yet the text is so closely allied to dogma, that either we must say so much of the Scriptures is lost, or that the teaching authority has the power to recognize and guarantee the true reading.

The Vatican Greek MSS. was published with such amendments

as he thought proper by Cardinal Carafa in 1587 at the command of Sixtus V. It comes down from about 390 A.C. The Alexandrian Greek in the British Museum is thought to come from the year 396 or 496. It was published by Grabe, who corrected his proofs as seemed fit to himself. This Codex comes nearest to Origen's Greek in the Hexapla, is sometimes agreeing with Theodotion and Symmachus, and seems in the main to be the version of Hesychius. Both these famous MSS. are written in an endless series of capital letters an inch in height, without division of words or punctuation. Small letters, hence called italics, came into use in Italy only about the year 900.

The Vulgate is the chief Latin translation of the Scriptures, and, while accredited by the Church as sacred and canonical, is also defective in accidentals, like the original texts as we now possess them. Hence it was ordered by the Council of Trent to be corrected, and this was done, improved upon and done again. Yet many faults remain. Of the numberless Latin versions that called the *Old Italian* was chiefly in vogue before the Vulgate or *Common* one, but passed out of use, or else became embodied in the latter. Bianchini of Rome in 1748 published MSS. of its four gospels, which he discovered in various places. The Roman Missal contains some verses from it or some other more ancient translation than the Vulgate, and it may yet be entirely restored. Some contend that it is identical with what we call the Vulgate. Several translators worked at this, chiefly St. Jerome in the fifth century. Its psalms are not his work, as we know by comparing them with a translation known to be his. When this "greatest doctor" corrected the old version of the New Testament by the Greek, he found the Latin so defective that he wrote to Pope Damasus: "I have left many things untouched, lest my correction should be deemed excessive." Bellarmine thinks that Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, and Macchabees are not by St. Jerome. All the rest of the Old Testament is admitted to be his out of the Hebrew, with which the Vulgate agrees where the Septuagint differs. Nevertheless the Vulgate contains not a few expressions out of the Septuagint which are not found in the Hebrew, generally in I Kings and Proverbs. Besides, various editions of the Vulgate have different readings. Hence the Council of Trent ordered an edition as perfect as possible. Sixtus V. published one in 1591, but Clement VIII. purged it of at least two thousand faults one year later. These corrections do not concern anything substantial as regards faith or morals. Lucas of Bruges maintained that there were still four thousand misreadings. Isidorus Clarius said eight thousand. Bellarmine, one of the editors, wrote to the former: "We have for many reasons passed over much that seemed to need correction." The preface

of the Clementine edition says the same thing. Doubtless infinite labor was necessary, and each theologian having as good ground as the others for his opinion, agreement was morally impossible. Luther himself was so bothered by the variety of translations that he wrote in his book against Zuinglius: "If the world stands too long, it will be necessary, in order to preserve the unity of the faith, to recur to the decrees of the Councils, on account of the great diversity of translations and interpretations." The Vulgate is praised by Grotius, Rauch, Walton, the famous editor of the Polyglott Bible, and other outsiders.

We have brought forward these details in order to give an idea of the hopelessness of reaching certainty in regard to particular words in the Scripture. But if mere words here and there are of minor importance, phrases and verses cannot be said to be so, although theologians differ as to whether the Decree of Trent (session iv.), commanding us to accept the sacred books "with all their parts," covers each particular verse. There are verses in the Vulgate which are not in the Hebrew nor the Greek, and the Church does not place the Vulgate before these. To give an example or two in this regard, St. Thomas Aquinas rejects the verse, "And there are three which give testimony on earth," 1 John v. 8, as spurious. So, Matthew xxvii. 9, "which was said by Jeremiah the prophet, 'and they took the thirty pieces of silver:'" this is in Zachariah and not in Jeremiah. Of course it is probably a slip of the copyist's pen. But the famous verses of St. John, "There are three who give testimony in heaven," etc., are lacking in the most ancient Greek MSS., for instance, the Vatican and Alexandrine. St. Jerome says of the twelve last verses of St. Mark: "This is found in few manuscripts; nearly all the Greek ones want it." And so on. If we come now to parts of books and entire books, the difficulty increases. Maldonatus the Jesuit says of the history of the woman taken in adultery: "I have consulted many codices of the Greeks and only one contained it." Beza, on the contrary, "saw seventeen ancient codices, only one of which lacked it." St. Jerome tells us that the Greeks omitted reading it, lest it might tempt women to sin, and so it ceased to be inserted in the MSS. He says that some omitted the bloody sweat of our Lord, lest it might weaken faith in his divinity. The Armenians indeed rejected it as an interpolation for this cause. The Marcionites received St. Luke's Gospel, but not the first two chapters. The Ebionites rejected the first two of St. Matthew. Elias Dupin, a French theologian, wished to throw out the last six chapters of Esther, moved by the results of criticism, but the Archbishop of Paris obliged him to submit to the Council of Trent, as covering these in its expression regarding parts of books. These are only ex-

amples of the difficulty of assuring ourselves that certain parts of books are Scripture. But the main obstacle concerns the books themselves, of which many are rejected by some, nearly all by others. The Samaritans receive only the Pentateuch, which probably comprised the entire Canon at the time of their apostasy. The Jews reject all that part of the Bible which follows Malachi, besides parts of Daniel and Esther, all Wisdom, Tobias, Judith, and Ecclesiasticus. The Protestants are almost a unit with the Jews in this, and there is no doubt that they have a perfect right to their opinion, if the Church is not to decide. Hear St. Jerome for one as an authority, than whom no man of his day was more learned in these things. In his preface to the books of Solomon, he says: "As the Church reads Tobias, Judith, and the Macchabees, but receives them not as canonical Scriptures, so these two books (Ecclesiasticus and Wisdom) she reads for the edification of the people, not for strengthening her dogmas." Origen in the third century doubted the Epistle to the Hebrews, that of James and Jude and the second of Peter, yet was disposed to canonize the books known as Hermas or Pastor and Barnabas. Eusebius, the historian, in the fourth calls the Epistles of James, Jude, the second and third of John, the second of Peter, the Apocalypse, the Acts of Paul, Hermas, the Revelation of Peter, the Epistle of Barnabas, the doctrines of the Apostles and the Gospel of the Hebrews, all together "controverted or spurious." The Council of Laodicea in the year 360 does not mention the Apocalypse. Luther took it on himself to reject the Epistle to the Hebrews and the Apocalypse as apocryphal. We read in the received books the names of many others which no longer exist, as the Book of Nathan the Seer, St. Paul's letter to the Laodiceans, etc. Besides there were many gospels going around, of which thirty-five still remain, and these were believed by many to be Holy Scripture. The modern German critics of the Hegelian and Tubingen school have decided that nearly the whole New Testament is spurious, whilst others among those redoubtable scholars of Fatherland admit its substantial authenticity, but insist that it is very much interpolated and corrupt. Modern criticism reckons no less than eighty thousand variations in the existing MSS., of which about fourteen hundred have been collated. Some think the codices of the East more reliable, others prefer those of the West. The Protestants in 1672 tried to form a combination with the Greek Church, but the patriarch Dositheus condemned them and their errors in a council held at Jerusalem, and in his answer recites the names of all the sacred books on the Canon of Trent.* Nevertheless we repeat that the greatest names

* "All these we hold to be canonical and acknowledge as sacred Scripture, for this has been handed down by ancient custom or rather by the universal Church."

of learning are on different and various sides of this controversy, as we have briefly shown. To speak of the Old Testament only, St. Augustine, against the opinion of some it is true, insists strongly that the Jews would not and could not corrupt their text. It was to them the most sacred thing in the world. They would not dare reject a sacred book. Yet while they reverence them as the work of holy men, they do not receive the deuterocanonical books as divinely inspired. Now how is a critic to convince himself that these are Sacred Scripture? He receives the protocanonical ones because he knows that, as St. Paul says, "the promises of God were given in charge to them," and that "they are the servants who carry the torch and books of the heir (the Church)," to use Augustine's simile; internal evidence will not assure him, as there is none whatever in Paralipomenon (Chronicles) which they receive, and a great deal in those of Solomon which they reject, and such a criterion would make many other works seem divine. There is nothing left but to admit that the Church succeeds the synagogue, and has the same or even a higher right to recognize and guarantee sacred writings. If the task were left to criticism the entire Bible would long since have been criticised out of all shape and form, would remain but a tangled mass of undigested vagueness.

What then are we to think of the Vulgate edition of the Sacred Scriptures? In the first place we are bound to believe that the books contained in it, and as in it contained, are sacred and canonical, and that it is indeed the Holy Scriptures; then, among Latin translations, it is declared authentic, that is, it is a substantially faithful version from the Hebrew and Greek; whence it follows that it being declared to be Holy Writ, the Hebrew and Greek are also such. Vega and Salmeron, theologians of Trent, Cardinal Bellarmine, one of the correctors of the Vulgate, and the ablest Catholic doctors so understand the decree of the Council in its fourth session. Vega says: "Its being declared authentic implies that it is not marred by any error whence pernicious doctrine in faith or morals may receive countenance." Salmeron tells us that "nothing was said of the Hebrew or Greek Scriptures; we can still use them as the real text of the sacred writings." There are those who hold that the books as contained in the Vulgate, being alone declared sacred and canonical, and the Church not having stamped the Hebrew or Greek with like sanction (although it seems to us that the authority conceded to a faithful authentic translation belongs much more to the original), therefore our Latin edition is the only one guaranteed genuine; but the fact that a Latin version is approved does not imply that the originals or other versions are underrated; they simply remain where they were, and in fact, with

the knowledge of Rome, the United Greeks, Armenians, etc., still use their own versions as being also genuine Scripture, and the Church may, when occasion offers, solemnly approve them, as the Holy See has confirmed the indorsement given by the Second Council of Baltimore (§ 16) to the Douay version for English-speaking Catholics. Speaking of translations, some one calls Luther's "rather a re-writing than a mere translation of the Bible; a transfusion of the original spirit into a new language, rather than a mere version of the letter." Every translation is indeed such a transfusion or re-writing more or less, and necessarily, for no language exactly resembles any other. There is great danger of changing the sense and losing the spirit of the original, and of the result those only can judge who are perfectly acquainted with both tongues. For them for whom a translation is necessary, divine infallible authority is necessary, that they may be assured of possessing the word of God and not that of man in the new work. Hence the Church forbids the issuing of such translations without her recognition and approbation. (Council of Trent, Session IV.)

We cannot insist too strongly upon the necessity of invoking the authority of the Church in all matters concerning the Bible. Inspiration is a fact that cannot be demonstrated, but must be testified unto by a divinely aided witness. If every book that contained truth and beauty were to be considered, from internal evidence, as inspired, many works of pure mathematics, poetry, and morals might claim the prerogative. Truth and beauty are God's. But no one pretends such a thing. Even though a prophet or the synagogue have testified to the inspiration of a particular book, for not all a prophet's writings are necessarily of this character, we still require a witness to rescue us from the doubt thrown on the identity of that book by lapse of time and by criticism. It is the need of such a witness in the person of the Church that we are concerned with in this paper, and not properly with inspiration. Before Christ the synagogue recognized the Scriptures as divine, received them from their writers, and publicly sanctioned them. This was done gradually according as the books were written. Even of the protocanonical books, Nehemias and Malachy were thus placed on the list after Esdras's death. They are received then not on the authority of that prophet, but of the Church. If the synagogue continued to flourish, doubtless it would in like manner have recognized Wisdom, Macchabees, and the rest. But it takes time for the Church to act and to finally define her belief. It takes time and great labor to verify the truth, and circumstances of various nature combine to delay a verdict. The invasion and conquest of the nation, the intrusion of usurpers into the Cathedra of Aaron, the failure at last of the high priesthood, all these go to

show why the Jews did not exercise the highest judicial authority competent to them. It is for the same reason that the Greeks do not hold an Œcumenical Council, because they are conscious of the absence of the head of the Church, and why the Episcopalians look forward to the day when all the branches shall be united even under the presidency of the bishop of Rome, before the Church can in their opinion safely and confidently teach. The Immaculate Conception was attacked and defended within the pale of faith for over a thousand years, the Infallibility of the Pope for several centuries. These dogmas were always believed by many in the Church, but yet remained *apocryphal*, that is hidden, and became articles of faith when they were placed on the list in the creed. So with the sacred books. In fact, if they had never been questioned we might still be without a formally proclaimed canon or list of them, for the Church does not define the truth until it is impugned.

Returning to what we were saying of Bible texts, it will doubtless be objected that those numerous verbal inaccuracies do not affect substantial integrity. If this is asserted of texts approved by the Church, we grant it. How do we assure ourselves of it critically? By comparing the versions used by the principal Apostolic churches with each other we find no discrepancy such as to overthrow a dogma of Christianity, at least inasmuch as sustained by Scripture, though if certain books are rejected the biblical authority for particular truths collapses, as is the case with the Epistle of St. James for extreme unction. We say the Apostolic churches, because when there is question of the Reformers' editions we are by no means prepared to admit essential accuracy. Words are the elements of sentences, that is of complete sentences. Now there being a difference in the words, variety in sentences or propositions follows, and indeed all biblical scholars know that of the Old Testament, translations in many places are so various as scarcely, if at all, to resemble each other. Take the verse in the 109th Psalm, which in the Vulgate reads: *Tecum principium in die virtutis tuæ, in splendoribus sanctorum; ex utero ante luciferum genui te.* In the Douay version you have: *With thee is the principal city in the day of thy strength, in the brightness of the saints, from the womb before the day star I begot thee.* In the *authorized* version named at the head of this article it runs thus: *Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power, in the beauties of holiness from the womb of the morning: thou hast the dew of thy youth.* While in the Book of Common Prayer this is the version: *In the day of thy power shall the people offer thee free-will offerings with an holy worship: the dew of thy birth is of the womb of the morning.* This as a single instance. You say the verse is not important

nor substantial. But without the authority of the Church and her living infallible teaching, how do you know whether it be substantial or not? The Quaker considers the verses commanding baptism of water to be non-substantial; the Unitarian those in which the Trinity is expressed; "the spelling, the paragraphing, the punctuation, the italicizing are all of immeasurable importance. . . . . Doctrine resides sometimes in punctuation," says the January *Scribner*. Now none of these things are fixed in the Bible. Hence the translator must often take his choice of several possible meanings, read according to his preconceived notions, or else must consult the analogy of faith in the tradition of the living Church. According to Dr. Philip Schaff, quoted in the same magazine, there are twenty-four thousand discrepancies in the five principal editions of King James's Bible. This in one English version only, not older than the year 1609. Even though it be said that these regard merely accidentals, have we not great reason to fear that substantials have not escaped? The obelisk is entire although bearing the scars and stains of several thousand winters, but a man with twenty-four thousand shot-holes (let them be ever so small) in his body, or a book with as many acknowledged or probable errors, requires outside and unimpeachable testimony to convince us that he or it is withal substantially sound. Thus we heard a skeptic argue and we did not wonder. If the Bible remain indeed its own essential self, how can it be unless that the Church has carefully watched the translators and then corrected their grammar by her oral and written tradition? I believe indeed in the integrity of the Hebrew, abstracting from the authority of the Church, because with St. Augustine I am convinced that the Jews could not and would not lessen it, but I cannot accept a translation of it as God's word unless the living witness, divinely aided, reassures me. I dare not trust those doctors who admit so many "discrepancies," albeit they say in accidentals. So also I cannot rest my faith on the Greek as self-approving. Its fates have been so changeable that I have every reason to believe it does not exist in its original form. It may have been that St. Augustine himself was led by such considerations when he declared: "I would not believe in the Gospels unless compelled by the authority of the Catholic Church." (Contra epistolam Fundamenti.)

Thus far we have assumed that the erring children of the Church act up to the logical consequence of their so-called principles; their practice, however, will not be found in accord with these. In spite of their protests they receive the Bible, such as they have it, from the Church and by her authority, and those of them who remain attached to any particular communion interpret it likewise

according to the teaching handed down in that body. The magazine once before quoted speaks thus of the forthcoming Anglo-American edition of King James's Bible: "Curiosity is quite lost in the deeper feeling of hope that at last our feet may tread upon surer ground in the investigation of truth. . . . . We must run the risk of being pronounced unnecessarily finical when we assert that nothing short of positive accuracy will content us in an issue of the Scriptures." It is to be feared that such contentment will never be reached. Already it is said that the Baptists refuse to accept any translation of βαπτιζω except "immerse." And why should they yield? Have they not as learned grammarians as the others? Or do these later scholars place themselves above the illustrious critics without number that have translated the sacred books in the past? "The chief anxiety," continues the before-cited monthly, "in connection with any kind of unauthorized issuing of a volume like the Word of God is found in the exposure to mistake and the liability to positive perversion." Experience indeed gives good warrant for such a fear. So the writer rejoices in the prospect of this new work, which he calls the event of this century, although to all Christendom outside of the English-speaking races it will be quite a small and indifferent event. The result of these labors will be but to add the opinion of another group of scholars, even these not agreed in all important points, to the numerous individuals and families of critics that have discussed the matter before. There may be a slight gain towards critical certainty, but we think we have shown that security from this source is quite hopeless, the more especially as we can perceive that all the while that magazine writers are appealing to the learning of those men and the authority of the Protestant churches which they seem to represent, each individual reserves to himself apparently to say whether "positive accuracy," with which alone he will be satisfied, has been reached or not. And we will not be surprised at all if the malcontents set about an entirely new and fresh version to supplant the work under way. There is inconsistency in the Reformers' system. While they accept authority they protest against it, and they set it up but to cast it down; and probably one of the issues of this present burst of critical zeal will be the rejection of some of the books they now accept rather than a continuance of that approach to the Catholic canon which they have been making since the days of Luther and his contemporary reformers. Truth, however, is mighty, and always working even while its enemies are unconscious of its influence. The Old Testament they profess to receive as the Jews do, because our Lord and His Apostles did not give a list much less an edition of its volumes, nor even quote from every one of them, but referred their hearers

to the existing ecclesiastical authorities, and mentioned the books as then received under the name of "Moses and the prophets." At the present day, Protestants in general, take the New Testament as the Council of Trent recites it, despite the differences of critics and of particular churches in ancient times. If they consider the Church a proper and divine witness in selecting our present canon out of the multitude of such writings, they should not be surprised at her taking up the books which the Synagogue reverenced but failed to canonize until her dispossession came to pass, as they would doubtless accept her decree if made before that climax in her career. Surely they are not waiting for the Synagogue yet to speak! All her authority has passed into the Church, and it is no more foreign to the Church's power to confirm the Macchabean books than to accredit the Epistle to the Hebrews. The truth for which we are contending compels even those who profess independence of her authority to write in Catholic strain, and we find Bishop Tomline thus quoted in Johnson's *History of English Translations of the Bible*, in praise of King James's version: "Happy has our English nation been, since God has given us learned translators to express in our mother-tongue the heavenly mysteries of His Holy Word, delivered to His Church in the Hebrew and Greek languages, who, although they may have been deceived and mistaken, as men, in some matters of no importance to salvation, yet have faithfully delivered the whole substance of the heavenly doctrine contained in the Holy Scriptures, without any heretical translations or wilful corruptions." Here he ratifies the work of forty-seven of England's ablest scholars, takes it for granted that the Scriptures are the property of the Church, her passport given her by God, and acquits the translators of heresy and error. On whose authority? Certainly not on his poor own. Then he judges the authenticity and entirety of the Sacred Books, and the absence of heresy and corruption in that translation, by the authority of the Church which accepted, ratified, and, in a modified sense, authorized it. Though mistaken in the identity of the competent witness and also in the fact of his sect's possessing the whole Bible, he nevertheless agrees with us in admitting the true Catholic principle.

THE SITUATION IN IRELAND—WHAT DOES ENGLAND MEAN?

FOR the past three months the British Parliament has been worrying at the Irish question. At the end of three months the combined wisdom and justice of the British Parliament has succeeded in passing a Coercion Bill, and lodging some twenty or thirty persons in Kilmainham jail.

This must be very encouraging to the Irish people who took Mr. Gladstone at his word and expected the remedial legislation from that Liberal statesman which he promised them. One of his colleagues, Mr. Chamberlain, informed the world not long since that the government went into office pledged to the eyes to do justice to the Irish people. The justice so far has taken the form of coercion, and the remedial legislation is still far off.

The meaning of the Coercion Bill which has been passed is, in effect, almost an absolute suspension of the liberties of the Irish people. The Lord Lieutenant has simply, on his own responsibility, to "proclaim" a district, any or all districts he pleases, and at the word the personal liberty of all persons in that district is at the disposal of any magistrate or policeman. They may be taken from their homes and lodged in jail on the mere strength of being "suspected" persons. Such is the salve for Irish wounds thus far applied by the Liberal government that went into office pledged to the eyes to do its best to heal those wounds. And still the Irish people are not happy, any more than the Russian people were happy when Russian districts were proclaimed and placed under martial law.

Here steps in the moralist to tell us: "Well, the Irish people have themselves to thank for coercion. Mr. Parnell and the Land League, and the 'obstructionists,' have done the work. Mr. Gladstone was willing, more willing than any English statesman before him, to do justice to Ireland. His Cabinet went with him, but the Land Leaguers with their agitation rendered peaceful living in Ireland impossible; and the obstructionists in Parliament made the progress of legislation impossible. The first duty of a government is to see that the law is maintained. The Liberal government did its duty magnificently. It coerced the liberty of action and of speech of the people in Ireland, and gagged the mouths of their representatives in the British House of Commons."

There is the whole argument in defence of the action of the British government. It is a very pretty one. Everything being thus satisfactorily arranged and the ground made clear, the government can now proceed to business if it chooses.

Precisely, if it chooses. It may not choose; and in the meanwhile, where stands Ireland? It seems to us that the state of Ireland is the chief question in this matter; the condition of the Irish people rather than the bickerings and mouthings on all sides in the British Parliament. Amid the din of the doctors the cries of the patient are drowned. While the legislative doctors are fighting over their nostrums and drugs, purgative and otherwise, for the cure of Ireland, she is dying. Mr. Parnell's, Mr. Dillon's, Mr. Gladstone's, Mr. Bright's, Lord Beaconsfield's, or any other man's utterances are of comparative insignificance by the side of the "much-suffering" people of Ireland, as the Marquis of Salisbury, with the most meagre truth, described them recently. The much-suffering people are granted coercion. They ask for bread; they are given the triangle and the lash, and still they are not happy!

In the "words, words, words" of Parliamentary strife and platform declamation, several very important facts are lost sight of. To begin with, the form of agitation now in vogue in Ireland—the Land League. That is a perfectly legal organization, proceeding by methods strictly within the law to effect a reform in the Irish land laws as they at present exist. This will sound startling to some persons who are very much shocked at "Boycotting" and other "outrages." But these good people have already forgotten that a number of the Land Leaguers were put on trial before a jury of respectable Dublin citizens, men of place and property, who have the preservation of the law and of public peace as much at heart as Mr. Gladstone or Queen Victoria. Against the "traversers," as they were called, was arrayed the best legal talent that the Crown could muster, even at the cost of unfairness to the accused. The trial was very long and minute in its exhaustive search for evidence. Yet the accused could not be convicted of any offence against the law, and were acquitted in open court.

So much for the strictly legal aspect of the case. But a still more important fact is lost sight of. It is forgotten that the Irish people are after all agitating only for what Mr. Gladstone distinctly promised them, and what last year he actually, so far as he went, did give, and the House of Commons by a large majority agreed to give them. To be sure, Mr. Gladstone's measure was by no means all that was required, but it was another step in the right direction, initiated by him in his Land Act of 1870. The Compensation for Disturbance (Ireland) Bill, introduced by Mr. Gladstone last year, and passed by the House of Commons, was an extension, a development of the principles of the Land Act of 1870, on the side of the Irish tenants. It was found that the provisions of that act did not protect the tenants from the arbitrary power of the landlord.

In other words, notwithstanding that the Land Act of 1870 was devised to protect the tenant from the arbitrary power of the landlord over himself and his property, it, to a very great degree, left him still at the landlord's mercy. Then came the terrible year of famine, 1879. At the best, the Irish tenant can do little more with all his labor and striving than "raise the rent." And the landlord, speaking of the Irish landlord as a class and an institution, stands always ready to raise the rent over the tenant's head. But with 1878–1879 came a stoppage of all sources of supply save such as came from the charity of the world. We are not told that the Irish landlord as a class or an institution abated his rent one jot during or since that period. He held over and bided his time. With the good harvests of 1880 and the influx of charity came money again and a ghastly show of "good times." In came the landlord to eat up whatever means the tenant had contrived to scrape together, and leave him a beggar as before. If the tenant did not pay he could quit or be evicted, and the landlord seized upon his substance by way of compensation for what, according to the letter of the law, the tenant owed him.

It was to prevent the too frequent recurrence of this pleasant practice and injustice sanctioned by law; it was to prevent the labor of a man's life or years going for nothing into the landlord's pocket at a moment's notice, that Mr. Gladstone introduced his Compensation for Disturbance Bill. The House of Commons saw the wisdom and necessity of the measure. The House of Lords professed to see neither and refused to pass it.

The House of Lords is the heart of the great land-holding interest in Great Britain and Ireland. It professed to see in this measure revolution, and perhaps it was right. Revolution is not a word to be frightened at. It is a thing often much needed in human affairs. When absolutely needed it will come. If public feeling is forced and pressed down too much and too long, it may find expression, explosion, and disaster; and that is the ordinary significance attached to the word revolution. But if allowed to work its way out by natural development, it becomes a new strength and force to society instead of a destroying agent.

Well, the House of Lords threw out this partial remedial measure of Mr. Gladstone, which the Irish people patiently and hopefully awaited. Those of the lords who opposed the measure, or some of them at least, professed to do so, not in a sense of injustice to the Irish people, but because the measure in their opinion would effect no good. Mr. Gladstone had already warned the House of Commons that unless they passed the bill he would not answer for the temper of the Irish people or the condition of the country; that, in fact, they would soon be likely to find themselves face to face

with something very much resembling an armed revolution. The warning was honest and earnest, but it had no effect on the lords. They threw the bill out contemptuously. The Irish landlords felt that they had the lords fast in their interest, and began evicting briskly. Parliament was prorogued; Mr. Gladstone fell seriously ill and was unfit for business. So the patient, deserted even by his physician, was left a prey to the old disease.

That was the condition of Ireland at the prorogation of Parliament last year. The people had been patient and expectant. They found their hopes laughed at. They had to wait on Providence, on the reopening of Parliament next year, and on the possible recovery of Mr. Gladstone, for the small measure of relief that the chosen representatives of the people of Great Britain and Ireland had already voted they should have at once, but which the hereditary legislators voted they should never have. What were they to do? They did what men should do. As the lesser portion of the legislature refused to grant them the help the greater had granted, they proceeded to help themselves, to use all the machinery of the law to bring about an improvement in what the action of the British Premier and British House of Commons acknowledged to be their intolerable condition of life.

So the Land League came into being, and the cry, "pay no rents that are unjust, but stick to the land, to your farms and holdings," began to be raised. It was the cry of no one man, but of a "much-suffering" people. It was the last issue of a question concerning the existence of the largest portion of the Irish people. The issue was forced on them by the action of the House of Lords and the exactions of the Irish landlords. The lords refused compensation for disturbance, and as a natural consequence they got disturbance without compensation. Mr. Gladstone's warning proved to be right. The Irish people soon showed itself to be in a desperate mood.

And here let it be said that the claim of the Land League leaders, that their leadership and direction of the agitation into a peaceful channel was the means of preventing bloodshed and armed strife, seems from all the signs and tokens to be in every way well grounded. Over and over again have they prevented rash strife with the police and the military. They have prevented the agitation from burrowing under ground and undermining society. Everything has been done and carried on in the light of day, in the presence of the police and the press. Catholic and Protestant clergymen have in turn and in common presided or assisted at the Land League meetings in significant numbers. There is not a trace of conspiracy or of underhand dealings in the entire

proceedings of the Land League agitation from the first moment of its formation to the present.

Instead of foolishly endeavoring to quell such a movement the English government should thank it for its services. The temper of the times is a quick and hasty one. Does any government in Europe in these days feel itself wholly secure? Does Russia, does Germany, does Austria, Italy, France? Does England itself, with its own land and labor problems to be solved, its territorial wars forever on hand, its Bradlaughs and Labouchères openly advocating the abolishment of the House of Lords; and a by no means insignificant republican element in the heart of its own parliament? A crisis has been reached in the Irish land question. It was brought on immediately by the English government, though it has been long approaching. As already stated the temper of the Irish people became desperate in the face of hopeless redress of known grievances. Mr. Gladstone himself announced the fact beforehand. That fact fully in view, of a desperate people righteously exasperated by suffering, acknowledged wrong, and deceived hopes of relief, let us look honestly at a very important feature of the case.

In bringing in his Coercion Bill Mr. Forster, his colleagues in the government agreeing with him, acknowledged that he brought it in with the greatest reluctance. That is, it went against his nature to deprive the Irish people of their natural rights and liberties, as the Coercion Bill does deprive them. He justified so harsh a measure on the sole ground that the recognized law had failed to hold its own in Ireland. The power of the Crown had been superseded by the power of the Land League. The Land League ruled over the masses of the people where the Crown failed to rule.

That is a notable confession on the part of an English statesman, the Chief Secretary for Irish affairs. It in fact brings us back to the old days when in Ireland, outside the English pale, the Irish people were ruled by their own laws and chieftains. Mr. Forster does not stay to inquire who is at fault, the Crown or the people. He simply says that in such a conflict of authority the power of the Crown must be upheld at all hazards: even by the drafting of an army of thirty thousand men into the country, by an increase of the army of police, and by taking away the civil liberties of the people. That is the meaning of coercion and of the means adopted for enforcing it.

But what we would call attention to is the fact, stated by Mr. Forster, that the actual ruling power in the land had passed into the hands of the leaders of the Land League. Nothing is being defended here now. We are simply regarding facts and their actual possible consequences. Mr. Forster spoke truly. The Land League in Ireland had caught the allegiance of the masses of the

Irish people. They obeyed the behests of its leaders to the letter. What the League leaders told the people to do, that they did. When they told them to ostracize a landlord, the people obeyed. That is what is meant by "Boycotting." When they told them not to pay certain rents that they considered extortionate and impossible to be paid under existing circumstances, the people obeyed. When they told them to avoid all conflict with the police and military, the people obeyed, though in many cases they were only too ready to enter on such conflict. In fact, the Land League ruled.

Mr. Forster pointed to the result of this rule in the "outrages" that had been committed since the League was set in motion and became an engine of authority. At the same time the government allowed the League to have its way through all the fall of last year and right up to the opening of Parliament in January of the present year. It never interfered with the workings of the League. The government's reticence, at least during so long a period, and when constant demands for action were made on it by the English press, was so far a tacit acknowledgment that the League was working within the law. If silence gives consent, never was consent more fully given than by the British government through a period extending over many months to the workings of the Land League in Ireland. Long inaction on the part of a government must in such a case be regarded as encouragement, or at least recognition that those engaged in the agitation are not stepping beyond the bounds of law. And the trial of the traversers showed effectively that the government was right in this reserve. The Leaguers kept within the law.

After so long a period of inaction it was certainly startling to find the Chief Secretary for Ireland come into the House of Commons one day with a bill intended to put a stop to the very agitation that the government had so far recognized. It was the more startling from the fact that the speech from the throne, at the opening of Parliament, did in so many words promise to grant to the Irish people just what the agitation had all this time been striving to attain. The speech from the throne promised in effect remedial legislation in the land laws. It went beyond this. It promised local self-government in the Irish counties, and such an adjustment of the whole system of Irish legislation as should give to the Irish people an honest interest in and hold upon their own land. This was, in scope, a wise and patriotic measure, and was, in words at least, the words of the head of the English state, a virtual concession in advance of the chief Irish demands. The Crown said, in fact, to the Irish people: "You are right. We have been wrong. We will right the wrong. What you ask is just and reasonable, and shall be granted."

After this steps in Mr. Forster, one of the chief members of the government,—who went into office pledged to the eyes to do justice to the Irish people,—with his Coercion Bill, to punish the people for asking, in the manner that the government had quietly allowed them to ask during the half-year preceding, just those things which the Crown promised to concede! It is a pleasing picture, and one peculiarly characteristic of English statesmanship. Over this statesmanlike measure rose the memorable parliamentary battle that the world has witnessed with sad yet half-amused wonder. Mr. Parnell, the parliamentary chief of the Land League, gathered his little band of thirty members or so about him, and with adroit persistency and courageous ingenuity and calm resolve, did obstruct the entire business of the Parliament of Great Britain rather than consent to allow the liberties of his people to be thus signed away by act of Parliament. Honor to him and to his brave little band! will be the sentiment of all men who feel what liberty is and know its cost and priceless worth. The Coercion Bill was equivalent to putting the Irish people in jail. The men who fought such a measure, inch by inch, in the face of overwhelming odds and the tumultuous clamor of the English nation, not all of it happily, deserve well, not only of their own country, but of manhood wherever manhood exists.

They actually beat the government and the Conservative opposition allied against them. To silence them it was found necessary to frame new and dangerous parliamentary rules, which the Conservative opposition already regret and are prepared to reject. The new rules are in effect a quashing of free debate. To silence the Irish "obstructionists" it was necessary to frame a measure to gag parliamentary minorities; and by this means Mr. Forster, after three months' labor, succeeded in passing his Coercion Bill.

And now to return to the reason he gave for having it passed: that the Land League had superseded the law in Ireland. He got his agents to draw up a list of "outrages" traceable to the Land League. He made a merciful provision that the Irish constabulary should load their guns with buckshot instead of bullets when firing on "the mob." Let us not be mistaken here. No man is more worthy of respect than Mr. Forster, save in his Irish statesmanship. He is a most intelligent, fair-minded, humane, and tender-hearted gentleman, a Quaker in religion, and a truly liberal man in politics. No man probably wishes to do better to Ireland than he, but he has gone astray and lost his head, and every new step he takes only sinks him deeper in his own Irish bog. The buckshot is an instance of his mistaken good-feeling. Any one knows that a charge of buckshot into a crowd would be much more dangerous and destructive than the apparently more deadly discharge

of bullets. In his despair he had his list of "outrages" prepared. A formidable list it looked when first brought into the House of Commons, but on examination the outrages dwindled down most remarkably in numbers and in character. Mr. Forster himself had to acknowledge that very many of them were not traceable to the Land League, that the majority of them were trivial offences,—writing threatening letters and such like,—and that in many instances the same offence was reported in four or five different ways, thus making in the report four or five different "outrages."

Some of the outrages were serious offences against law and order. There can be no question as to that. Some murders of landlords or land agents have been committed, about half a dozen in all, within a year in Ireland, and other murders attempted. Crimes of this kind are of course deplorable in every sense, and no defence is attempted to be set up for them here. One remark may be made, however. So far as the taking of life by violence goes, we in this country who are so shocked at reading of the shooting of an Irish landlord or agent, once in six months say, very placidly take our regulation morning murders with our coffee. Often half a dozen at a time are reported in the daily newspapers, and it takes a very extraordinary murder, indeed, to call for more than a passing comment from us. This by way of comparison; not at all is it to be understood as defence or excuse.

Still, not one of these murders was traceable to the Land League. One and all were openly disavowed and condemned by the Land League. All crimes of violence have been from first to last denounced by the League as an organized body, and not in words only, but in act and fact. The loud words of individual members of the League here and there have so far broken no bones. But now comes the most important point of all which it is right for men to look at.

The Irish people, with their disappointed hopes and accumulating hardships, were in a desperate mood. As Mr. Forster said, the recognized law in Ireland yielded to the power of the Land League. This League within an incredibly short time had at its beck, at its word of command, large masses of infuriated people goaded to desperation, with hunger or starvation on one side and a prison on the other. Thousands on thousands of men, with wives, children, helpless fathers and mothers depending on them for support, and seeing the means of support snatched from their hands by laws that the very lawgivers themselves acknowledged to be unjust; this maddened army was in the hands and ready to obey the word of their leaders. Suppose those leaders, imitating the leaders of revolt in Italy, for instance, the Mazzinis, the Garibaldis, and others, whom English statesmen and Englishmen and English-

women received with popular ovations and huzzas; whom English royalty itself received with scrupulous honor; suppose the Irish leaders had imitated those other leaders of revolt whom all England accepted as heroes, and urged the men at their command to deeds of violence, what then? If this method of dealing with tyranny and oppression is good in Italy, why not in Ireland? There is certainly equal provocation in Ireland. There will not be wanting apologists, not so much of the act as of the inevitableness of it, in the English press for the assassination of the Czar Alexander II. Tyranny begets violence; that is English logic when dealing with other powers than England. Multitudes of Irish tenants are in quite as bad a way to-day as were ever the Russian serfs. Suppose they took a hint from the times and the methods that Englishmen approve elsewhere, and actually did begin to blow up, burn and destroy, would such action be unexampled in human history?

And what kept them from doing this? What saving power restrained these thousands of desperate men? First of all, their religion, which English power and English statesmen for centuries down to fifty years ago did all they could to tear out of their hearts. Secondly, the ministers of that religion, who for centuries were the objects of persecution to the English government, and to this day are the objects of suspicion, insult, and ridicule to the English people and press. Thirdly, their present political leaders, notably Mr. Parnell and his band.

This article is not intended as a defence of Mr. Parnell, if Mr. Parnell needs defence. Mr. Parnell is a young man who has raised himself to a position of vast responsibility. Young men in such positions of trust, where the responsibility is the guiding of an exasperated people through a crisis of great danger, unless they be very extraordinarily gifted by nature or grace, are more likely than not to make disastrous mistakes. So far Mr. Parnell has kept a restraining hand on the angry multitudes who follow his lead and look to him for the word of command. The English government by its action and the taunts and jeers of men like Sir William Harcourt, who imagine themselves statesmen because they can frame an epigram, seem resolved on driving this young leader the wrong way, even into the conspiracy from which he has thus far held himself and his followers free. Nine months of waiting and three months of parliamentary wrangling have given Ireland a Coercion Bill instead of even the faintest show of the reforms promised first by the British Premier, and promised still more fully and distinctly in the speech from the throne last January. These are dangerous days to tarry too long with promised reforms, still more dangerous to reform honest people by way of the lash, as

though they were criminals. Since the Coercion Bill has passed the attitude of the Irish people is remarkable. They are quiet, but not calm; sullen, but not cowed or subdued. There is an angry discontent under it all that is extremely dangerous, and which invites those spirits of social disorder that are more active and numerous in our own days than they ever before were in this world. This is the work, not of the Land League, but of British statesmanship, of the buckshot and coercive policy, of the military force and the armed police; of terrorism and sustained wrong instead of justice and right. The Irish people have thus far kept themselves within bounds. They will not keep so forever. Where the ordinary methods of redress fail, extraordinary methods are resorted to, as the world knows; and even Irishmen are liable to follow desperate examples when pushed beyond all human endurance. There is still some hope of a return to peace and goodwill if Mr. Gladstone introduces at once his long-promised new Land Bill, and frames it in a just and generous spirit. Had he only begun with this, instead of yielding to the senseless clamor in favor of coercion, the Irish people would be already pacified, and the threatening aspect of the present situation of the country would have been wholly avoided. Irishmen may be excused for thinking themselves quite as worthy of consideration as the African Boers. They want to live freely and at peace in their own land. As matters stand they cannot live at all.

NOTE.—Since the above article was printed the announcement comes that Mr. Gladstone has at last (April 7th) introduced his too-long-promised Land Bill. A summary of its contents is sent by cable, and judging by that summary it is difficult to see, at the moment at least, what prevented Mr. Gladstone introducing the Land Bill simultaneously with the Coercion Bill. Such an action on his part would have put an end to the Land League agitation, or at least taken its bitterness out of it. As it is, the Irish members have already expressed their approval of the spirit of Mr. Gladstone's speech, and of the leading features of the bill. Already, also, the Duke of Argyle has shown his bitter opposition to it by leaving the Cabinet. This action of his, and the opposition of other members of the Cabinet, may explain, to some extent, Mr. Gladstone's delay in bringing in his bill. The Premier confesses that the chief reason for his bringing in the bill is because the Irish land laws contain peculiar provisions which prevent the prosperity of the Irish tenant. That statement in itself tells the whole story, and justifies any legal agitation against such laws. This will be sufficient for the common-sense of all men, save men of the temper and personal interests of the Duke of Argyle. Laws that prevent the prosperity of a people ought to be abolished, and it is the duty of statesmen to wipe out such laws. It is rather a late discovery for an English statesman to make with regard to Ireland. Much grave trouble would have been avoided had the discovery been made earlier, and the remedy applied. Even now it is uncertain, notwithstanding the willingness of the Irish members to co-operate with the government, whether the bill will pass. If it does not pass, if it is thrown out by the House of Lords as the other remedial measure was thrown out last year, one shudders to contemplate the result.

MADAME SWETCHINE.

"WORDS, idle words!" cries the poet; and yet, what more powerful instruments for weal or woe, for good or evil, do we possess than these same words at which he thus rudely scoffs? Comparing their respective power as wielded by the speaker and the writer, the advantages would seem at first sight to be considerably on the side of the latter, for the words of the writer endure in tangible form, whereas those of the speaker, let their eloquence be as the kindling flame, are like the sighing of the wind, which, when it has delivered its message, dies away into the land of silence. But the land of silence is also the land of souls, where the voices of the unseen make themselves audible, and words translate themselves into actions. It is a great mystery, and one but inadequately considered, this vocation of the tongue; and when the day comes for revealing to the world the hidden forces that have influenced its destinies, it may be that we shall be surprised to learn how much more, comparatively speaking, has been accomplished for mankind by the words that have left no written record, than by those which have lived on in the pomp of printed books.

This vocation of speaking in the silence has fallen more especially to the share of woman, whose ministry, omnipresent and omnipotent, should be, as Frederick Ozanam says, "like that of the angels, always felt, but seldom seen." It was thus that she exercised it when the Church was young and woman kept faithful watch over her cradle, when saints and martyrs were tended by devout widows and virgins, and those elect ladies whom the apostles delighted to honor. Later, we see the same influence working prodigies on the throne and in the cloister, foundling schools and hospitals, and monasteries, those grand medieval institutions which have come down to us as the most precious inheritance of the Church, and our own consolation and trial in evil days.

In the eighteenth century we see woman standing up against the tide of infidelity, clinging to the faith as to a treasure rescued from the wreck, and holding it in safe-keeping until the storm was laid. And in this nineteenth century of ours, with its unquiet skepticism and passionate doubts and yearnings, she is still at her post, still "teaching men by blessing them."

Amongst the women of these later times who have accomplished this mission in the silence of home-life, Sophie Saymonoff, better known to the world as Madame Swetchine, holds a place entirely her own, exceptional and uncontested. Born at the close of 1782, she was, as it were, the outcome of two epochs, as she was destined

to be the representative of two nationalities. Catharine II. was reigning in Russia, and under her vigorous sway the torpid empire of the Czars seemed on the eve of awaking from the sleep of barbarism to pursue those peaceful conquests which it had begun under Peter the Great. France was already heaving with the throes of that revolution of which Europe still feels the shock, and whose progress Russia was watching with an interest only the more intense because it was checked in its utterance by those deep-laid fibres of inherited fear which made sympathy with the wrongs of nations high treason for a loyal Muscovite. Potunkin was at the height of his power, but Catharine was calling round her the most cultivated and trustworthy men of the empire to aid her in forming the genesis of a new era, and amongst these her choice fell upon M. Saymonoff, a quiet scholarly man, who lived amongst his books at Moscow. He was named to the perilous and honorable post of private secretary to the Empress, and removed at once to St. Petersburg, where he took up his abode in the Palace of the Hermitage with his two little daughters. Sophie, the eldest, the heroine of our sketch, was seven years old at the time. She was a child of such keen sensibility and precocious intelligence that, although carefully sequestered from the brilliant life into the midst of which she was transplanted, the sudden change from calm old Moscow to the exciting atmosphere of a palace, must have had its influence in developing and coloring her mind. The strength of her character even at this early age is revealed to us by two traits mentioned by her biographer, M. de Falloux. When about eight years old she was seized with a great longing to possess a watch, a very ambitious desire for a child in those days, and her father promised that on her eighth birthday she should have one. The days were counted with feverish impatience, and when at last the great day came Sophie's delight in her gift was rapturous; but suddenly the thought occurred to her, that it would be a fine thing to give it up. She went straight to her father and said: "I have been thinking that there is something even better than having a watch, it is to make the sacrifice of it;" and she put the longed-for gift into M. Saymonoff's hand. He looked at her for a moment, then, without saying a word, locked up the watch in his desk, and Sophie went back to her dolls.

Her father, who was an amateur of bronzes, statues, etc., had a collection of mummies in a cabinet near his library. Sophie was in mortal fear of these mummies, and used to run past the door without daring to look in at them. She became suddenly ashamed of her weakness, and determined to conquer it; so one day she walked straight up to one of the dreaded creatures, seized it in her arms, and hugged it with such violence that she and the mummy

fell to the ground. The noise brought her father into the cabinet, where he found the child half fainting from terror and exhaustion. But she had conquered her fears, and never again had the slightest return of them.

Events, meantime, had progressed rapidly in France; the breath of the revolution, which was blowing from the central furnace to surrounding nations, had travelled to Russia, and penetrated even the sacred precincts of the palace, where the sympathy of courtiers was no longer paralyzed by dread of the sovereign's frown. It had become the fashion, in fact, to applaud the triumph of those grand principles in whose name the long-suffering nation had risen against the ancient *régime;* and now the rights of man were discussed freely at the Hermitage, where it was *lieu porté* to weep over the wrongs of an oppressed people in presence of the fiercest autocrat of the world. This indirect education produced its effect on little Sophie's mind, and her father was startled on coming home one day to find the schoolroom ablaze with wax lights, the illumination having been extemporized by his daughter in honor of the taking of the Bastile and the release of the French captives.

At the age of fourteen Sophie was fluent in Russian, English, French, German, and Italian; she was fairly advanced in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and had acquired a rare proficiency in music and painting; the only item omitted in the list of her accomplishments was religion. The idea of a higher life had as yet found no place in her education; her only notion of God and her relative duties as a creature being gathered from the pageants and empty forms of the Greek ceremonial.

She was sixteen when Catharine II. died, struck down in the midst of those schemes of pleasure and ambition which she pursued with the same restless ardor to the last. Paul I. succeeded to the throne, and Sophie Saymonoff was named maid of honor to the Empress Maria. No greater contrast could have been found to the violent and imperious Catharine than this gentle young princess, who reigned over all hearts by her loveliness and sweetness, subduing even the brutal temper of her husband, whose rage fell in her presence when the stoutest of his bayards fled or trembled. The young wife's angelic patience and abnegation amidst the trials which this half-mad egotist inflicted upon her was Sophie Saymonoff's first lesson in the school of suffering, and her first initiation into the secret of the vanity of that figure which the world calls happiness.

Her own path stretched out before her, flowery and smooth. Nature had dowered her with every womanly gift but the sovereign gift of beauty. She was not merely plain; she was ugly. The charm

of her mind and the winning grace of her manner made you forget this, however, and she fascinated all who came in contact with her. Noble, and wealthy, and youthful suitors competed for her hand, but her father's choice fell upon General Swetchine. He was forty-two years of age when Sophie, at seventeen, became his wife. One trait will suffice to give the measure of the man to whom her destiny was intrusted.

When an officer of the Emperor's Guard, General Swetchine was charged with the execution of a cruel and iniquitous sentence. Paul I., in one of those fits of passion which, while they lasted, resembled a diabolical possession, condemned a colonel of his guard to the knout. When General Swetchine arrived at the Place d'Armes the condemned man stood bound, and naked to the waist, awaiting his presence to give the word of command. The young officer went up to him, and handing him back his sword, of which he had been ignominiously stripped, "The Emperor restores this to you," he said, "and sends you his pardon; but you must leave St. Petersburg within an hour." He then walked back to the Emperor: "Sire," he said, "I bring you my head. I have disobeyed your orders; Colonel —— is free. I have given him back life and liberty. Strike me in his place." Paul seized him by the arm with both hands, but after a moment of fierce struggle, his better nature conquered. "You have done well," he cried, "but see that this does not get wind in St. Petersburg."

General Swetchine was not only brave and noble, as this incident proves; he was distinguished and courteous, a man of cultivated taste, and capable of appreciating the gifted young wife who was committed to his care. M. Saymonoff died soon after the marriage, and this grief, the first that Sophie had yet known, was the door through which God entered into her life, although He was not yet to take entire possession of it.

She now took a leading position at the Russian court, which for a moment claimed to be the most brilliant in Europe. Many members of the old *noblesse*, driven out of France by the revolution, had sought shelter in Russia, where they met with cordial hospitality. The most exclusive houses opened their doors to them and the *habitués* of Versailles found themselves nowhere more at home than in Madame Swetchine's *salon*. This period of calm social enjoyment was, however, abruptly brought to an end. The violence and cruelty of Paul roused a spirit of hatred in the minds of his courtiers, which culminated at last in a plot to murder him. The secret was communicated by the chief conspirator to General Swetchine, who answered the confidence in a manner worthy of him. The next day he was named senator, and the day after that deposed and dismissed the court in disgrace. Very

shortly after this Paul disappeared mysteriously, and Alexander replaced him on the throne. His advent brought the rights of man again into fashion; a new era set in, and with it arose a healthy current that blew through the stagnant air of Muscovy, threatening for a moment the old, corrupt system with death, suppressing great armaments, inaugurating a right of commerce, and opening the hitherto closed doors of office and honors to industry and talent. General Swetchine was not, however, recalled to any position in the palace, and his wife's only link with the court now was her affection for the Ex-Empress Marie, who sought Madame Swetchine's co-operation in carrying out her numerous acts of benevolence.

Reading had always been Sophie's great delight, and now, at the age of nineteen, she found herself at leisure to devote a great portion of her time to it. The nomenclature of the books she read during this second year of her marriage alone includes a long list of Greek and Latin classics, as well as all the good English, French, and German authors of the eighteenth century. And we must remember, that with her reading meant study; every book left her hands carefully annotated, and whole volumes of closely written extracts and commentaries showed how conscientiously she had appropriated the contents. This steady intellectual culture was preparing the soil for that spiritual seed of which, so far, the soul of the young student had been entirely bereft. The sower who was to scatter the seed was now close at hand.

God sends certain souls into this world with such strong traits of family likeness, that when they meet they at once recognize one another as kindred. Madame Swetchine met one of these kindred souls in the Comte de Maistre, Ambassador to St. Petersburg from the King of Sardinia. M. de Maistre was a man of genius, an accomplished diplomatist, but above all a Christian of the antique Roman type. Madame Swetchine's imagination was attracted at once by the degree and power of his mind, while her soul was unconsciously drawn into sympathy with the religion which his austere and noble life faithfully embodied. It seems strange, indeed, that, young as she was, she should so long have withstood the influence of this master mind, and remained satisfied with the phantom of religion that she constructed for herself. Her first active step in the direction of truth was the changing her actual benevolence into reverent and practical love of the poor; her next, a drawing closer to God by prayer. Her mind was, however, as yet too firmly locked by prejudice for her to dream of breaking loose from the bonds of schism.

As time went on, each day accumulating the interests of her life, full of varied and noble pursuits, but also infringed upon by

social claims that she gladly would have set aside, it became more and more difficult for Madame Swetchine to pursue her philosophical studies as closely and fully as she desired, so she induced General Swetchine to hire a country-place, called the Campagne Bariatinsky, where she proposed spending a year in complete solitude. There was a well-stocked library in the castle, and it was partly the plan of her campaign to digest the whole of this library before she returned to St. Petersburg. She confided her programme to M. de Maistre, who disapproved of it, and told her so.

"You will never arrive by the road you have chosen, madame," he wrote, in answer to her letter, July 31st, 1815. "You will kill yourself with fatigue; you will groan without unction; you will become a prey to I know not what arid vehemence, which will eat into the fibres of your heart without ridding you either of your conscience or your pride. You are reading Fleury now, a man condemned by the Sovereign Pontiff, to know what you ought to think of the Sovereign Pontiff, my good Madame; but when you have done with Fleury, I advise you to read Maretelli, who has refuted him; you can then read Felronius against the Holy See; and then, as an impartial judge, who hears both sides of the case, read the anti-Felronius, Abbé Zacharia; these are only eight octavo volumes, a mere trifle. After that, Madame, you will study Greek, so as to know precisely the meaning of that famous *Hegemonia* which St. Irene attributes to the Church of Rome in the third century, so that you may understand whether the word means *supremacy* or *principality*, *authority* or *jurisdiction* of the Church of Rome. Cardinal Orsini having undertaken to refute Fleury, found so many errors in him that he decided that a good ecclesiastical history would be the best refutation of a bad one, and therefore he set to work to write it. He died at the twenty-first volume in quarto, which does not finish the sixth century. Believe me, Madame, read these twenty-one volumes, or else you will never have your mind at rest," etc.

This letter, written in a spirit of ironical defiance, was interpreted by Madame Swetchine in literal earnest, and she at once set herself to following out the plan of study to which M. de Maistre here dares her. The dark winter days and long winter nights found her at work on Fleury's twenty-four volumes to begin with, and 450 pages of closely written notes testify to the conscientiousness with which she performed her task, the others following in due course. At the end of six months the triumph of faith was so far secured that a breach was made in the wall of unbelief; the divinity of our Lord became a self-evident truth to Madame Swetchine, and she began to practice the Greek religion with great fervor. This dawn of faith could not, however, satisfy her soul, now drawn by irre-

sistible yearnings to the full light of eternal truth. She gave herself up for hours each day to prayer and meditation, thus preparing herself for the grace that was at hand. We are left in ignorance of the precise moment and form in which it came to her. Her extreme dislike to speak of herself, or to reveal the secrets of her spiritual life, deterred her, no doubt, from keeping any notes of the travail of her mind at this time, and the only mention made of it is a few lines in volume 10 of her annotations of books made at the Campagne Bariatinsky:

"August 31st, 1815. Blessed day! when the mists of my mind were somewhat dispelled by the *fiat lux* which a heavenly voice sounded in the depths of my conscience. The unclouded light has not yet penetrated fully into the darkness, but the beam that heralds it shows me at least the road that I am to follow. My God! Thou dost grant me as many graces as I have opposed obstacles to them in my soul. My God, may Thy will be done! Inspire me, it is Thy truth that I am seeking, that I seem to have found, that I adore. Rather than go astray, let me die! This in the name of Thy Son Jesus Christ, that I implore this grace; it is through His Cross and Death that I hope to obtain it. Tuesday, a quarter to twelve."

The only allusion as to how the battle went after this is a note scribbled in pencil on a stray bit of paper, not even inserted in a journal:

"My last Greek communion in the chapel of St. Petersburg, June 29th, 1815, was made with the sole intention of obtaining the solution of those doubts that remained to me. God, in His goodness, did not fail in the choice of the means, and on the 27th October of the same year I made my abjuration."

Her conversion was kept a secret for some time, out of consideration for General Swetchine. The convert made her first confession in her own drawing-room, with wide-open doors, and in terror every moment of being detected. This mystery, so repugnant for every reason to Madame Swetchine, might have been indefinitely prolonged had not an act of crying injustice on the part of the Emperor suddenly impelled her to sacrifice all considerations of prudence to an impulse of generosity. The Jesuits, driven out of France in the eighteenth century, had been received in Russia almost triumphantly by Catharine II., who placed them at the head of several colleges; Paul continued the same favor towards them; Alexander II. had opened to their zeal the heroic mission of Siberia, and sought the counsel of some of the most distinguished members of the society, when suddenly his weak and troubled soul, buffeted about between the morbid mysticism of Madame de Krüdener and the sterile doctrine of Greek orthodoxy,

took fright at the growing influence of the order, and he issued a decree, banishing every Jesuit at once from St. Petersburg and Moscow, and after a short delay from the empire altogether. M. de Maistre gave an eloquent voice to the indignation which this arbitrary measure awoke in all generous hearts, and his protest so far prevailed, that a sum of money and a set of furs were sent from the imperial treasury to every Jesuit before he started on the long winter's journey.

The publication of this ukase was the signal for Madame Swetchine to proclaim herself a Catholic. She drove at once to the convent where Father Rosaven lived, and placed herself at the disposal of the community in every way that her help could avail. The news of her conversion made a great sensation in St. Petersburg, but, to the surprise of all, especially of the culprit herself, the Emperor, who had hitherto treated her only with the regard which she received from every member of the imperial family, now drew her into a cordial intimacy, which finally ripened into friendship. But this friendship, which the Czar felt proud to proclaim on every occasion, awoke bitter jealousy amongst those who would gladly have won the same perilous prerogative. The most malignant hatred did not dare utter a word against Madame Swetchine herself; the enemy, therefore, attacked her husband. The conspirators, whose overtures he had scornfully rejected, had not forgotten the affront, and were merely biding their time for revenge. It had come now. An old grievance, some misdemeanor committed by a subaltern of the general's under his former administration, was rooted up and malignantly distorted. He at first treated the calumny with silent contempt, but finding that it was gaining credence he announced his intention of leaving St. Petersburg. This was what his enemies wanted. The Emperor seemed pained and annoyed, but with characteristic weakness he let things go their way, and took a tearful leave of Madame Swetchine

Although General Swetchine did not at once settle down definitely in France, his rupture with his own country as a home may be said to date from this departure, and we may now, passing over fluctuating events, follow Madame Swetchine into that adopted country where she was to find a wider field of influence than had been open to her amidst the splendors of the Russian capital and its narrowing palace walls.

Many old friends were waiting for her in Paris, inquirers who remembered her hospitality in St. Petersburg and were glad to see her amongst them. The *salon* of the Duchess de Duras was one of the first that drew her within its circle, and a pretty anecdote is told of her meeting there with Madame de Staël. They dined together, but Madame Swetchine, with her usual timidity, had not

dared during dinner to address the illustrious Frenchwoman, who, misunderstanding this reserve, went up to her when they had withdrawn to the *salon* and said: "I have been told, Madame, that you wished to make my acquaintance; is this true?" "Assuredly, Madame," replied Madame Swetchine, "but it is always for the king to speak first."

General Swetchine hired a house in the Rue St. Dominique, looking south over a wide stretch of gardens, that gave an air of country quiet to one of the most fashionable quarters of the city. In this charming home was formed, out of the rich and heterogeneous elements of Madame Swetchine's social life, that *salon* which was to exercise such a far-reaching influence on the society of her time. A *salon* is a curious institution, a combination of divers ingredients, some opposite, even antagonistic, but held together by a sympathetic attraction which can be neither defined nor analyzed; it is, indeed, a growth rather than an institution, for it cannot be founded like a school or a party, but comes gradually into life, obeying spontaneously some law like that which compels the rays to converge to their focus, the weight to gravitate to its centre. One woman will create a *salon* where another, apparently better fitted to succeed, will fail, the secret of success and failure equally baffling explanation. In the case of Madame Swetchine, no one who had the *entrée* of her charmed circle had far to look for the cause of its powerful attraction. Her own individuality drew to her all that was worth attracting. Her mind united the vigorous grasp and power of concentration of a man with the delicate grace and subtle *esprit* of a woman. Her gift of sympathy must be called supernatural. It knew no limitations. Nothing was too high or too low, too remote or too small for it to embrace. The learned and the simple, the spiritual-minded and the worldly, all came to her, certain of meeting with the same prompt and full response. Whatever might be the voice that spoke, whether it was the whispered confession of a guilty conscience, the complaint of a broken heart, or the jubilant song of happiness, it found in Madame Swetchine a listener whose ear was open to the many-toned music of humanity. Her *salon* never assumed the character of a literary, or political, or even, in the technical sense, a religious centre; it was a centre where minds and hearts and souls met and expanded, as in a genial clime.

"An hour's conversation with you illuminates my heart," wrote Père Lacordaire to Madame Swetchine in her old age. It is not to be wondered at if many minds of his stamp were conscious of the same illuminating charm, and we see, in effect, the most distinguished men of every European capital counting it a favor to be admitted to her intimacy. But much as she delighted in this

intellectual intercourse, her preference for it never interfered with the humbler claims of those who came to receive and had nothing to give in return. "The smaller you were the more she made of you, and yet there was never the least tinge of patronage in her manner," says one who had experienced her kindness. "I have been shown into her *salon* when there was a ring of celebrities about her, and before I had time to recover from my shyness I found Madame de Montalembert, or Donoso Cortez, or some other distinguished personage, drawing me quite naturally into the conversation." The charm of her own conversation lay chiefly in its entire simplicity. She was naturally very timid, and when she began to speak there was a certain hesitation in her manner, but it wore off as she grew animated. It was often remarked by those who knew Madame Swetchine best that she never volunteered a direct advice. Her reserve was the result of a theory of hers that God only owes us the grace of inspiration when we are appealed to for an answer. Even when thus appealed to, she was slow to reply, owing to her genuine mistrust of her own judgment, but when she spoke the trumpet gave forth no uncertain sound. There was an irresistible sway of authority in her words, and those who sought her counsel in critical and important concerns were unanimous in bearing witness to her lucid wisdom and shrewd commonsense. Nor is this surprising. It is not men of business, properly so called, who are always the safest guides in the intricate affairs of life; their gaze is fixed on too narrow a horizon; it is most frequently those who are withdrawn from temporal things, but whose eyes are illumined by the contemplation of eternal truths, who are best fitted to discern and to direct others in the things of this world. Humility could not blind Madame Swetchine to the fact that she possessed in no ordinary degree that *intellecto, d'amore* which gives its possessor such a power over the minds of others; she acknowledged it and held it reverently as a talent of which she would have to render account. Her words penetrated and controlled even rebellious hearts with a force that was indescribable. One of her own sex, who had a long experience of their potency, said to the present writer: "The most infatuated lover did not long to be alone with his beloved more than I did for a *tête-à-tête* with Madame Swetchine. I used to feel a thrill of joy when I arrived and found her by herself, and felt I had a quarter of an hour to be alone with her." Apart from the grace and strength of her mind, the charm which she exercised arose in a great measure from her capacity for concentrating her interest in whatever claimed it at the moment. She gave herself up to you with a quiet energy of sympathy which excluded every other preoccupation for the time being, and gave you a sense of rest in her companionship which is

incompatible with a listener whose attention is divided. But this *intellecto d'amore* is a treasure which they who hold must ransom at a price. Madame Swetchine's door was besieged from morning till night by persons of all classes and ages, coming for that cup of living water which is as the elixir of life to human souls. Her own life was devoured, and to a certain extent sacrificed, to these ever-increasing demands, which she answered unflinchingly to the last, as we shall see.

As a very young woman she began to suffer in health, but for the last fifty years of her life these sufferings amounted to a slow martyrdom. She was afflicted with disease of the liver, disease of the heart with a tendency to dropsy, and she was subject to violent neuralgia, which exhausted what little strength her other ailments left her. Yet, amidst these accumulated infirmities she preserved unruffled her sweetness and serenity, and a charm of gayety that made her presence fatal to *ennui.* She would receive visitors and give them her whole attention while undergoing agonies of pain which they never even suspected, nor did any one, even her servants, detect at such times the least sign of irritability or impatience on her countenance. The testimony of Cloppet, her faithful butler, who was thirty years in her service, speaks with a *naïve* eloquence that carries conviction with it.

"The more I think of it, Monsieur," he writes to M. de Falloux, "the more convinced I am that his dear lady shortened her days in her desire to render services to every class of society, and in making herself the slave of all. Here is a proof of it. In the morning, after Mass, when I was serving her breakfast she would say to me, 'I am very busy, I have a great deal of writing to do, and many things behindhand; I forbid the door to everybody, without exception. I beg of you *let no one in.*' Then, on rising from the table she would say to me, with a smile, 'You know, Cloppet, if there were anybody who positively wanted to see me, especially any poor person who comes from a distance and could not conveniently come again, you will let them in.' A moment after she would turn back from the drawing-room to say, 'I forgot that Madame So-and-so asked to see me alone.' By and by, one or two letters would come begging for a rendezvous to see her alone; then it would be some one just arrived from the country, or passing through, who begged to be let in for one minute, which lasted till the next came. Then, at three o'clock, her door was open to anybody, and the crowd came and stayed till seven. I have many a time seen her go to table worn out with the fatigues of the day, and people were flocking to the house again before the *soirée* began. Often she would come away from the table without having finished her dinner. This went on from six o'clock in the morning

till one, and sometimes two o'clock, after midnight, and yet she lived amidst friends who loved and cherished her; but they did not see that they were wearing her out, especially during the last five or six years. Ah! Monsieur, everybody was so happy to see and to hear her, for I don't fear to be gainsaid when I declare that she had a most charming conversation. She had a talent of speaking to every class in their own language. She knew so well how to comfort the poor in their wretchedness and the rich in their domestic griefs, to cheer up the poor afflicted folk, to encourage mothers of families who came for advice about their children. I used to see those who came to her for consolation going away with a cheerful countenance."

Cloppet said the simple truth when he declared that his mistress made herself the slave of all. The forbearance which she displayed to those who intruded so remorselessly on her time, was even exercised with the same imperturbable gentleness towards a class of offenders who generally receive small pity, the bores. "How often," exclaims M. de Falloux, "we have seen some scientific don come in and take possession of her *soirée*, and devote it to airing his own theories. Sometimes, just when the conversation had become interesting and she had warmed it with delight, the door would open to admit some *blasé* lounger, or some humble acquaintance, a stranger to society and topics of general interest; but never did these bores, these tyrants, or inopportune intruders provoke the slightest sign of annoyance from the hostess. The humble guest was never sacrificed to the proud one, the bore to the entertaining person, the poor to the rich."

Antagonistic elements came together sometimes in this sympathetic circle, and afforded play to Madame Swetchine's kindly and spiritual tact. M. X. and M. Z., for instance, were on a permanent war footing. If M. X. arrived first, he took possession of the hearth-rug and held forth on some knotty point concerning Oriental languages; but the moment M. Z. appeared on the threshold, he collapsed, and, skulking round by the armchairs, made for the door. Madame Swetchine would follow him with a kindly glance, and sometimes pluck up courage to pick a fight with the conqueror.

The *soirées* of the Rue St. Dominique, generally devoted to earnest conversation on all subjects of interest, were often enlivened by the apparition of some young *élégante* on her way to a ball, and then it was charming to see the grace and condescension with which the venerable lady in her attire of Quaker-like simplicity would turn to admire the fashionable *toilette* of her young visitor; she whose subtle and vigorous mind loved, according to her own expression, "to plunge into metaphysics as into a bath," would

proceed with the utmost gravity to examine the details of a costume when her criticism was invited.

Her natural sagacity, combined with her extraordinary power of sympathy, enabled her to read souls and characters with a *coup d'œil* that sometimes looked like clairvoyance. Persons who came intending to give her their confidence were startled to find her in full possession of it; an opinion, a passing exclamation, sometimes a look, had sufficed to betray their secret before they were aware of it.

But Madame Swetchine's sympathy and service were not limited to those of her own class; her devotion to the poor was to me full as perfect, tender, and generous. When she came to reside in Paris, the Abbé Desjardins, her confessor, put her at once in communication with the most interesting *Œuvres* in the capital, and she became his most valuable helpmate in his labors of charity. Her morning began at daybreak, and before eight o'clock she had made her round of visits to the poor, toiling up the steep stairs to their garrets, in spite of her painful infirmities, that she might have the pleasure of offering her gifts in person and those words of love and encouragement that were more helpful to many than gold and silver. And she would take as much pains to give them pleasure as to relieve their necessities, employing all her ingenuity in finding out what they would best like for their *fête* day; for an old soldier she would procure a picture of some battle in which he had fought; for a sailor it would be a sea-fight; to the sick she would carry pots of flowers, and arrange them carefully in the best place, as if it were for some dear friend. But the poor were her dear friends, and this was the secret of her influence with them. She looked upon them as her benefactors, and when she received any special grace or blessing, her gratitude took the form of some act of kindness towards them. On being relieved from grievous anxiety about her sister, the Princess Gargarin, she sent off Cloppet to ask the Sisters of Charity for another poor person to look after, and when he returned with the gift of a paralytic old woman, Madame Swetchine exclaimed in delight: "Now, Cloppet, we will call this one '*Ma Sœur!*'" And the paralytic never went by any other name in the household. A poor couple who were adopted as a thank-offering for the peace after the Crimean War were christened "*La Paix.*" The refuge for the deaf and dumb claimed perhaps the first place amongst the many charitable institutions that shared Madame Swetchine's helpful interest. She took into her house a beautiful deaf and dumb girl called Parisse, who, for a time, by her violent temper and waywardness, severely exercised her benefactor's patience; but Madame Swetchine by dint of sweetness and wisdom triumphed at last over the untamed nature, and

Parisse became devoted to her with a faithfulness of affection that Madame Swetchine repaid with gratitude as characteristic as it was touching. She took her "*chère muette*" with her in her visits of charity, and used to speak of the comfort it was to have the support of her strong young arm without being obliged to talk.

Her annual visit to Vichy, which for years had become a necessity, was always the occasion of some new charitable interest. One day she saw a little boy begging on the roadside; he was lame, paralyzed in one arm, epileptic, and in his whole appearance repulsive to the last degree. Madame Swetchine took pity on the poor outcast, conveyed him herself to the hospital, where she undertook to pay a pension for him. Gilbert became passionately attached to her. Every year he stood waiting on the platform to welcome her with the wild demonstrative joy of a dumb animal. When she was leaving he would watch the train out of sight, and then stand for hours looking up at the windows of her house with streaming eyes. In the midst of her immense correspondence with the leading minds of the day she made time to write to the poor simpleton, giving him rules of conduct, lecturing, and encouraging him. He made great progress under her fostering care and the kindness of the sisters; but their efforts could not triumph over disease, and after many years of a life of great suffering, poor Gilbert died, followed even beyond death by the tender compassion of her whom he called his angel benefactress. She had made provision for him in her will, in the event of his outliving her, and now rendered him the last service in her power as the following letter tells us. This to the Superioress of the Sisters of Charity at Vichy:

"My dear, kind Sister: I cannot tell you what a grief this is to me. I really loved that poor child, whose heart, in its simplicity, must have been so agreeable to our Lord. I am consoled by the reflection that he is now set free from suffering, and by the thought of his increased fervor, which struck me, this seemed, my dear sister, your indulgence, your compassion, and that of your sisters, above all, your example, were the means granted by the divine mercy to secure his salvation. I thank you all once again for your goodness to this poor, dear boy, in whose intercession I place great confidence. We have reversed our relations; a few days ago I was a support to him; now he is one to me."

We have glanced at the twofold character displayed in Madame Swetchine's life, that of the accomplished woman of the world and brilliant centre of society, and the devout Christian lady. Her relations with many distinguished men have also been hinted at, but her friendship with Père Lacordaire forms in itself so remarkable an episode, that we cannot, even in this cursory sketch, dismiss it with a passing mention.

Those were troubled times on which the Russian convert had

fallen in France. The revolution, after having broken off violently from the Church, had thrown a bridge across the gulf, and was showing a disposition to treat on favorable terms with the enemy. But the time had come for the Church to assert herself, and secure a footing of independence upon some more solid foundation than the favor of a government whose very existence was imperilled by the vice of its origin. The Catholic party rallied itself for a vigorous effort, M. de Montalembert and the Abbé Lacordaire unfurling the flags as standard-bearers. At the most perilous hour of the crisis Lacordaire and Madame Swetchine met, and his sense of the importance of that meeting he thus expresses to her: "You appeared to me between those two dissimilar periods of my life as the Angel of the Lord appears to a soul hovering between life and death, between heaven and earth."

The character of her relations with the illustrious Dominican form an incident unique in the history of the Church. If the friendships of St. Jerome and St. Paula, and many other parallels, suggest themselves to us, we are reminded at once that in the present instance the relations were reversed, the Christian woman of the world being the counsellor, and the religious the one counselled. Madame Swetchine was fifty, the Abbé Lacordaire thirty, when their acquaintance began. She assumed towards him at once the position of a mother, and the tender wisdom with which she watched over and guided him through a long course of years and most critical circumstances forms as beautiful an example of woman's highest mission on earth, as history has furnished to the world. When the young priest, loyal but overbold in his Utopian dreams, went to plead his cause before the Holy See, Madame Swetchine followed him with bated breath, and pleaded with him against dreaded possibilities as if her life had hung upon the issue. As we see her wrestling with God for this child of her adoption, we are reminded of the mother of St. Athanasius crying out with that impetuosity of faith which tolerates no denial: "I have but one son, and with God's help I will have that only son a true son of the Church!"

We know how Lacordaire rewarded this maternal anxiety for his highest good. "You were given to me," he wrote, "at the most trying moment of my career, and thanks to you I got through a pass by which I shall never return. What I had missed up to that time was not so much friendship as counsel. For ten years I had been directing my life by myself."

When the combined efforts of jealousy, timidity, and ignorance succeeded in interrupting the conferences of Notre Dame, and the Abbé Lacordaire withdrew to Rome, there in peace and solitude to strengthen himself for future combats, he kept Madame Swet-

chine informed of his life in detail. She urged him to devote as much time as possible to study, so as to sink deep the foundations of the great work, as yet unrevealed, which, from the first, she felt convinced he was to accomplish.

"Profit well by this precious solitude," she wrote to him; "your studies appear to me excellent. Are there no books that would help you? Tell me what you want or wish for, without considering whether you will wish for it to-morrow. I am glad to be your 'man of business;' every office is included in real friendship; it is multiplicity in unity, as our Germans say."

The publication of M. de Lamennais's *Affaires de Rome* was a call to the Abbé Lacordaire to emerge from this studious solitude and break the silence to which he had condemned himself. M. de Lamennais's book was not merely an insult to the Church, it was a violent appeal to the popular passions of the day. "I would rather be in chains than do what he has done!" cried Lacordaire in holy anger; and his loyal heart gave utterance a few days later to that magnificent defence of the Holy See, entitled *Lettre sur le Saint Liège*. He forwarded it direct to Madame Swetchine, who, as soon as she had read it, took it to the Archbishop of Paris. Here an unexpected obstacle occurred. Monseigneur du Guélon considered the tone of the defence too uncompromising, and shrank from allowing it to be published. Madame Swetchine wrote at once to soothe the ardent spirit of the writer, and prepare him for the disappointment. "I read your MS. with delight," she says; "I found it full of passages of incomparable beauty, and of a charm all your own. Your standpoint is mine. My entire separation from the world, with which I am profoundly disheartened, leaves me accessible really to no interests except those of the Church in which I have taken refuge. . . . Her policy, as developed by you, appears to me to be that of the common Father of the faithful, and in substance my adhesion to it is as complete as my admiration for the greater portion of it. But this tribute, sincere and just, does not prevent me, dear friend, from seeing that certain parts here and there would have required closer finish. . . . Some of the ideas also strike me as equivocal, wanting in that rigorous precision, that absolute rectitude, which we exact from the priesthood, slight blemishes, which it only needs your presence to correct." . . . . This criticism, and the prohibition of the archbishop, were accepted in that spirit of magnanimous humility which lent so pure a lustre to the genius of the future son of St. Dominick.

The Abbé Lacordaire held on his divinely illuminated way, greater in obedience than in his grand intellectual gifts, and remained perfectly silent until the voice of authority called him back to France and bade him reascend the pulpit of Notre Dame. But

his mission as an orator alone did not satisfy Madame Swetchine. "You must have a definite position; you must not remain alone," was the ever-recurring burden of her song. And when the conferences were over and the preacher sent back to Rome, she still argued against this persistent seclusion. "Yes, solitude, but not isolation. Solitude, with its calm and freedom and full possession of self; but isolation would rob you of many subjects, and above all of the contact with men which is so valuable to those who are to live with them and for them. In every condition and place those divine words find their application, 'it is not good for man to be alone.' By and by, when irrevocably you will have become a master in your turn, when age and experience shall have ripened your rare talents, even then, my friend, it will still not be good for you to be alone. Do what you will you must have disciples who will acknowledge your immediate influence, who will be confided to you by the supreme authority, or else a family of brethren with a common father over them. I have an ardent desire for your perfection, but I am bent on no fixed form regarding it. 'Serve God and do as you like.' The world, solitude, preaching, writing, dignities in the Church, entire renunciation—all seem to me equally good and full of blessed opportunities—all except isolation, when, separated from everybody, you will run the greatest danger of all in the impossibility of separating from yourself. My dear friend, do you forgive me? Truly, my friendship must be utterly incorruptible to withstand the seduction of your will." "Love me always, and don't weary of the storms of my soul," entreated Lacordaire of this incorruptible friend, and the answer came in a feebler assurance of tenderness: "I cannot doubt but that your soul, so mysterious, so pure, so simple, is a special object of divine predilection. My joy would have been to praise you always, but my affection has no need of this; it may be even that these violent shocks to which you expose it now and then renew the first adoption with fresh strength. Like Rachel, I might call you the child of my sufferings, and you know that suffering does not dishearten us poor mothers."

Madame Swetchine never shrank from the responsibility of her influence over the Abbé Lacordaire's mind, but when with child-like *abandon* he urges her to exercise it freely, assuring her that no one has a like power to guide and enlighten him, she answers deprecatingly: "If at times I have accepted this power that you attribute to me, it was without confidence in myself, and simply that another might not seize it. I made myself your ballast, and I held you by the tail of your coat so as to slacken your pace when it wanted to become too rapid, or too brusque."

The young priest's strong predilection for the isolated life he

was leading in Rome was unexpectedly favored by an invitation from the authorities there to preach the Lent in the Church of St Louis, a circumstance which, giving the sanction of obedience to personal inclination, justified in Madame Swetchine's eyes, a choice of which she had hitherto disapproved. "I have never been possessed by any *idée fixe* as to where your perfection lay," she wrote to him, "so that this indefinite separation, which may be eternal, though it grieves my heart does not disturb my mind. So long as you are given up wholly to God and to his Church, the 'do as you will' escapes from my heart with an impetuosity that guarantees its sincerity." Though no earthly consideration could induce Madame Swetchine to refrain from speaking out the truth to her friend, this frankness cost her a great deal; she even sometimes feared her uncompromising opposition might prove too great a strain for his impetuous nature, and she pleads with him for forgiveness. "It is truth, my child, which has saved our friendships. . . . We have said to one another everything that could be said. It may be that we have not always understood each other; but faith can scatter the clouds and sees clearly through all obscurities. . . . My child, my friend, let us respect this link and never break it. When we are young we do not realize the havoc and the grief of a broken friendship. Even when it has not been altogether our fault, it is a painful weight, and conscience lies so near our heart that whatever affects the one must trouble the other."

Nothing ever came to trouble this friendship, which had its root in God and in the union of whatever things are pure and lovely and of good report. The very differences of opinion which divided them were but an additional element of interest between them. Though Madame Swetchine never mixed herself in politics, she had, as may be supposed, very well-defined political principles, but, so finely balanced was her judgment, that Père Lacordaire declares he knew her long and intimately before he discovered on which side her personal sympathies lay. How little her legitimist views were tainted in his opinion by "that deplorable idolatry which has lost the house of Bourbon," is evident from such remarks as the following, numbers of which occur in his letters to her: "I am going to pray for you before the relics of the three kings—(at Cologne)—you would rather they were three shepherds, but that I cannot help."

The quiet tenor of Madame Swetchine's life, full of intellectual interest and the charm of innumerable friendships, was unexpectedly interrupted by a most painful incident. The malignant jealousy which had worked against General Swetchine under the Emperor Alexander, had found freer play in his absence under Nicholas. An old grievance of some thirty years' date was again raked up,

the mind of the Czar was poisoned against him, and one winter's day the post brought him an imperial order to leave Paris forthwith, and take up his abode in some obscure town of the Russian Empire at a considerable distance from St. Petersburg and Moscow. The general was too stunned at first to face the calamity, but his wife rose up bravely to meet it. The command of the despot was received with the dutiful alacrity she might have shown towards a parent whose love and wisdom were beyond doubt, even when they took the form of unexplained severity. No doubt this blind unquestioning obedience was in a great measure the result of early training and that inherited vassalage from which neither faith, nor experience, nor her clearsighted perception of the evils of despotism had emancipated Madame Swetchine's soul, and which proved, too plainly, how groundless were the fears of Nicholas that "in becoming a Catholic a Russian ceased to be a loyal subject." In this crisis, however, there were other sources from which she drew her unfaltering courage, as we see from the following note found in her journal:

"That terrible day, whilst waiting for the arrival of my visitors, I withdrew to my little chapel, and began to recite the office of the Crucifix. I prayed with the most extraordinary fervor, so much so, that when I was at the door, I turned back, and looking toward the tabernacle, I said, 'My God, I have never before prayed to you like this!' An hour later, I was plunged in an abyss of anguish, and through the confusion and chaos of my misery my thoughts flew back suddenly to the prayer which had so transported me, and I said to myself, *it was the viaticum of sorrow!*"

The following letter, written to an intimate friend at the time, shows us the spirit in which Madame Swetchine accepted the sorrow for which she was thus fortified:

. . . . "I can never be unhappy, dearest friend, in the sense which the world gives to that word. . . . . If I could but say the same of my husband, I should be even tranquil and consoled; but his concentrated grief is more than I can bear. The first day he was absent from our home I was seized with terrors such as the greatest tortures can give no idea of. . . . . He tried at first to put me off going with him, but he yielded to my inexorable determination to accompany him everywhere and always. . . . . I have no doubt or anxiety as to the means wherewith Providence will supply for all that is taken from us. We are in all places under that All-seeing Eye; there is no exile for those who trust God and love Him. So far, nothing has got wind here, I am glad to say. I will never suffer compassion for us to take the form of amazement and indirect blame at such seeming severity. In my misfortune I will never forget that I am a Russian amidst French. God knows that a murmur, a complaint, so much as a word of criticism against my sovereign, has never escaped me. I can hold up my head and say this from the bottom of my heart; I will never let my speech give the lie to the innermost feelings of my soul. I find in the spirit of my religion a twofold reason for obeying. . . . . I mean to neglect no means of obtaining from the kindness of the Emperor the favor of remaining here; but whatever he decrees, he will find in us faithful subjects, profoundly respectful towards a will which we regard as the will of heaven. My husband's letter to the Emperor only ventures to implore a delay until the spring. If we do not obtain it, we shall set out immedi-

ately. . . . . Our books, pictures, furniture, nothing of all this is transportable for people going on a journey of eight hundred leagues, drifting blindly they know not whither, and who are too old, too afflicted, and too disheartened to dream of setting up a home. The sentence will only allow of our pitching a tent, while waiting to fold it for a winding-sheet."

Thanks to the indefatigable exertions of their friends at court, the delay was granted, and Madame Swetchine, resigned and courageous, set out alone to St. Petersburg, to plead her husband's cause at the feet of the Emperor. She was absent six months, but the aim of her journey was accomplished, and after traversing Russia in the most cruel time of the year, she returned with her husband's rehabilitation. It was six o'clock in the morning when she reached Paris, and before driving home, she stopped at the Church of St. Vincent de Paul in the Rue Montholon to pour out her thanks to God, and receive the ashes,—for it chanced to be the first day of Lent,—and then went on to the Rue St. Dominique, where she sank exhausted, a prey to illness which for three months kept her hovering between life and death. Those who were with her during this year of intense anxiety and emotion, saw no change in her manner, no alteration in her angelic sweetness, no faltering in her perfect abandonment to the will of God.

The little chapel in which Madame Swetchine had received that Viaticum of Sorrow was one of the greatest joys and consolations of her life. The Archbishop of Paris granted her the right to keep the Blessed Sacrament there permanently, and she left nothing undone to prove her sense of this magnificent prerogative. The resources of art and wealth were pressed by her ardent devotion into the adornment of her little sanctuary, which those who remember speak of as a shrine let down from heaven. She had devoted her costly jewels to beautifying the sacred vessels, and on her return from this terrible expedition to Russia, her diamond cipher, worn as maid of honor to the Empress, was incrusted in the base of a silver statue of Our Lady as a thank-offering. This exquisite sanctuary was a precious resource to her friends as well as to herself. Père Lacordaire delighted in it. "Men understand very little about worship," he says in one of his letters; "see what a difference there is between the piety of men and of women? Would a man ever have created your chapel?" He loved to say Mass there, and to make little discourses to the privileged few whom it could contain. Père Gratry, Dom Gueranger, Bishop Dupanloup, Père de Ravignan, the Abbé Bantain, in fact, the most distinguished ecclesiastics of the day came to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice there frequently, and break the bread of the word to Madame Swetchine and her friends. We can fancy with what loving vigilance she performed her office of sacristan. Once, the

lamp of the sanctuary went out during the night; the incident is related in one of her little diaries: "What I have suffered from the dread of failing towards the majesty of the God of love, my well-beloved guest, is not to be described. Many a time my heart has been ready to burst with a sudden pang of terror and of love! And yet . . . . " And she goes on to tell how she had looked at the lamp, and decided that it would last without trimming, till morning, when lo! on entering the chapel soon after dawn, she saw that it had gone out, and her "heart was seized with a pain that was not free from the sting of self-reproach."

Madame Swetchine, notwithstanding her unbounded influence over General Swetchine, never had the consolation of seeing him united to her in one faith; he remained true to the church in which he was born. Having reached the green old age of ninety-two, one morning, in the year 1851, as Madame Swetchine was going to read the newspaper to him, he fell dead by her side. Her grief was so inconsolable as for a moment to threaten her reason. Those who knew her best now realized for the first time how large a place her husband had filled in Madame Swetchine's life; not that she had seemed wanting in love for him, but it might be in something which love may miss when too much energy flows from the central claim.

This death left her now free to devote more time to the contemplation of things eternal, and she henceforth prolonged her absence from Paris through the whole summer, and spent October and November in a convent, absorbed in prayer and spiritual exercises.

But this growing life of solitude did not lessen her interest in the lives of others, or the larger life of the world around. She loved her country passionately, and France only a degree less. When the war broke out between the two nations, it affected her like a domestic grief. The fall of Sebastopol struck her to the heart, though the news was conveyed to her by one whose tenderness acted as a salve upon the wound. Mrs. Craven heard the great news at the British Embassy, and went straight to her beloved friend in the Rue St. Dominique. Madame Swetchine read the tidings on her visitor's agitated face the moment she beheld her. "Sebastopol *has fallen!*" she exclaimed, and her countenance showed how deep was her emotion; but not a word escaped her.

The death of the Emperor Nicholas called forth a striking proof of that magnanimity of soul as well as that curious superstition of loyalty which, in Madame Swetchine's case, threw a glamour over the faults, even the crimes of the sovereign.

. . . . "His death has fallen on me like a thunderbolt," she

wrote to the Princess Marie of Baden. . . . . "The idea that this grand reign should some day end had never presented itself to my mind. Every day fresh details reach us, most solemn and touching, of this deathbed, where such great examples have been given us. The elevation of the Emperor's soul revealed itself there to the world as it first revealed itself on the day of his accession to the throne."

When Madame Swetchine uttered this dirge over the dead Czar and his "grand reign," it was evident that loyalty had blotted out from her remembrance the cruelty which had drenched Poland with the blood of its noblest sons, and pressed so heavily on the peasants throughout the entire Muscovite Empire that those miserable beings were reduced to the condition of ill-used cattle; yet this latter truth, at least, had been constantly kept before her. She had been repeatedly urged to sell her property in Russia, with the serfs attached to it, but had persistently refused to do so, declaring she would never alienate this living inheritance of her father, but do her best to alleviate their sad lot, and hand them down in good condition to her sister, the Princess Gargarin. She kept vigilant watch over her peasants, from afar, and received an account of what passed on the estates from friends, as well as from a trustworthy agent. The following letter from one of her friends will be read with interest:

"I contrived to get a confidential visit from one of the runaways from your estate at Nijni. I gave him rendezvous from my balcony under cover of a densely black night, so as not to be seen or overheard by the servants sitting up in the anteroom." Speaking of the serfs on another estate, Saratoco, he goes on to say: "After the first explosion of their joy, they went on to tell me of their griefs, the injustices, the cruel exactions, the forced marriages, etc., they had to suffer from the steward." I asked if they had spoken of these abuses to M. X. "No, M. X. does not question us, and we dare not open speech with him," was the reply. A young man, tall, and with a singular expression of countenance, made his way up to me through the crowd, and with his eyes full of tears, said: "But who amongst us dare tell the truth? I am the son of Ivan XXX, who passed his life in suffering. He was five-and-twenty years in Siberia, separated from his family, because, wishing to do right, he revealed things which the steward had done." The like would happen to us if we told the truth. "The poor fellow was right. I myself worked hard for three years to get Ivan out of Siberia. He came back four years ago; but he is only the shadow of himself."

Madame Swetchine had reached her 75th year, and her health, which, for the last fifty-five years, had been a source of constant

and increasing suffering, now showed signs of a final breaking up. The annual water-cure of Vichy had long kept her alive almost by a permanent miracle; "we will make a god of Vichy, as the ancients used to say," wrote Père Lacordaire to her at once, but the god seemed to have come to the end of his power, and his votary, quick to recognize the fact, set her face heavenwards and prepared for the end that was approaching. Neuralgia, added to all her chronic maladies, had long made her life a veritable martyrdom; the undaunted strength of her soul and her resolute will enabled her to battle through the day without changing any of her habits, or closing her door for one hour more than usual against the friends who, as Cloppet said, "were killing her, though they did not know it." But when the night came, nature vindicated her rights and was revenged for the strain put upon her during the day. On lying down Madame Swetchine generally fell into a sound sleep, from which she was soon roused by violent suffocation; still half asleep, she would fling herself out of bed, and falling against the furniture, inflict severe bruises on herself. She would walk up and down to obtain relief, and while still struggling with feverish agitation and oppressed breathing, would continue some train of thought she had been pursuing in the day, standing now and then at her desk to make a note in pencil. When the day began, all traces of this struggle were gone; she received her visitors with the same cheerful welcome, and made no sign or complaint. The Comtesse de la Rochejacquelein, daughter of her friend the Duchesse de Duras, placed at her disposal the fine old Chateau de Fleury for the summer. The profound stillness of the park, with its waters and its moated towers, soothed the invalid, whose love of solitude grew deeper as she neared the goal. Her friends knew this and forbore from intruding upon her unless she called to them. Mrs. Craven was amongst the few thus favored. "Blessed day!" wrote the sister of Alexandrine, after a visit to Fleury: "Madame Swetchine urged me to reserve to myself at all seasons some hours of entire freedom every morning. The quality of time is, she declares, different then from all other times."

The summer days were bearing her swiftly to the end. Her weakness increased with her sufferings. She noted the progress of the decay with her accustomed clearsightedness; but so little did she betray this, that those nearest to her believed her in total ignorance of her danger.

On her return to Paris, she grew suddenly worse, and M. de Falloux was sent for in haste. The servants warned him not to say why he had come, as their mistress had no idea of her real state. He could scarcely believe this, it was so unlike her. She received

him, however, just as usual, and though evidently in great pain and exhaustion, was full of interest in a variety of subjects, and never once alluded to her own condition. M. de Falloux went away perplexed, and in a sense disappointed, but the next morning Madame Swetchine said to him cheerfully when he came in, "My dear Alfred, I want to have a talk with you about my last wishes." And she proceeded to tell him where and how she wished to be buried, discussing the details with the utmost coolness, as if it were some ordinary subject of conversation. "My friend," said M. de Falloux to Cloppet, as he passed out, "there is nothing to hide from her. She knows all about it, and a great deal more than we do."

A severe crisis came on that morning, but her doors were open at the usual hour, and in spite of her painful breathing, she joined in the conversation going on around her. The nights had become delirious, but even in this extremity, her mind dwelt above its own disarray; she distinguished clearly reality from delusions, standing aloof from the mental chaos, "like a soul in dreams, weaving the wondrous tale it marvels at," and would describe in the morning the strange phantoms that had visited her through the night, processions of the living and the dead, who spoke to her, and whom she answered saying: "You are phantoms of my overheated brain; I will outlive you."

Père Lacordaire was informed of her state, and arrived in Paris without delay. The meeting was a great joy to Madame Swetchine. Both felt it was to be their last on earth, and each strove to make the other feel how precious it was. Père Lacordaire was more sonlike than ever in the filial tenderness of his manner, and his presence so revived Madame Swetchine that she at once made a rally which cheated those around her into the belief that immediate danger was past. He said Mass every morning in her little chapel, where she received Holy Communion as Viaticum, spending three-quarters of an hour of thanksgiving in a prayer of ecstatic devotion, and, in spite of all remonstrance, remaining on her knees the whole time she was in the presence of the blessed sacrament. On the 1st of September, Père Lacordaire said Mass once again for the last time, and after a long conversation with her in private, he took leave of his beloved friend, and set out for Sorrèze by an early morning train. Madame Swetchine bade him farewell with more than usual tenderness, but without any visible emotion, and without making the slightest effort to detain him.

The next day a terrible crisis came on, and the Curé of St. Thomas d'Aquin was sent for. It was the hour when her afternoon receptions began, the door of the *salon* stood open, and after the Curé arrived, several friends came in, and going upon

their knees, joined silently in prayer. Madame Swetchine was sitting up in her little camp-bed. M. de Falloux was supporting her head with both his hands, her features were swollen and convulsed, and hoarse inarticulate sounds escaped from the chest that was heaving with the distress of suffocation. M. le Curé, before administering extreme unction, spoke a few touching words of exhortation, upon which Madame Swetchine, triumphing for a moment over the throes of the body, lifted her right hand with an emphatic gesture of assent. All those present preserved a profound silence as the sacred rite proceeded, but when the priest pronounced the words "for all eternity," and the dying woman, concentrating her energies for a supreme act of faith, gasped out in a loud voice, "*Yes, for all eternity!*" sobs broke forth unrestrainedly from every one in the room.

Mrs. Craven was amongst these privileged spectators. Her faithful instinct had hurried her up from the country unwarned, and led her straight to the Rue St. Dominique on reaching Paris. A young Dominican arrived just as extreme unction had been administered, and M. le Curé signed to him to approach. "This is Père Chocarne," he said to Madame Swetchine, "bless him and in his person Père Lacordaire, and all the children of St. Dominique."

She was now suffering so terribly that dissolution seemed imminent, but the doctor came in and made two incisions in the feet, which afforded almost instant relief; the water which had flooded the lungs and the brain found an outlet, and breathing and the power of speech returned.

They carried her to the open window after awhile, and she sat enjoying the balmy summer evening, the foliage and the birds. "Ah!" she said, to M. de Falloux, "if God leaves me here a little longer I shall enjoy life, but if he deigns to call me to himself what feeling can I have but gratitude to Him?"

"I have often heard you say that resignation is not enough," observed her friend.

"No, because it is distinct from the will of God," she replied; "it is the difference between union and unity; in union there are still two; in unity there is but one, and that is how we should be with regard to the divine will."

Then, consenting to speak of herself for a moment, she went on to say: "My great, I may say my only trial for many a long year has been not knowing or not understanding what the will of God was concerning me. But for that matter, I have full confidence in his mercy, and confidence seems to be the only way now for me to glorify Him."

During the terrible crisis of the morning they had placed her

in a comfortable *fautcuil* instead of the hard, high-backed wooden chair which she always used. When she discovered the fraud, she said to Mrs. Craven, "Will you believe it, my dear Pauline, I have only now found out the meaning of the word comfortable! What penitential laceration I have inflicted on all the people who have been coming here during these years, making them sit in chairs with wooden arms! I beg their pardon for it. Only it is rather late," she added, with a smile.

A great change had taken place in her before the next morning. M. de Falloux was so struck by it that when he entered the room he knelt down by the little iron bed, and, unable to conceal his emotion, gave free vent to it. Madame Swetchine, with a countenance illuminated by faith, bade him lift up his heart and look to the home where they would soon meet. And here there occurs one of those traits which remind us of our great Christian workers of the early Church. When St. Macrina was dying, her brother came to bid her farewell and strengthen her through the last passage; but at the sight of her sufferings, as she lay on her lowly penitential couch, his courage failed him, and he fell upon his knees by her side weeping bitterly. Then, the dying saint, rising above the pangs of death, gathered up her ebbing life to rebuke his faltering faith, and spoke such burning words of divine love as inflamed her brother's heart and consoled him for her departure.

Madame Swetchine had adopted the habit, not uncommon with her countrywomen, of not sleeping in a bedroom, but having a little bed rolled in every night to the *salon*. It now remained there permanently, but its presence was the only sign of illness visible in the large, elegantly furnished room. Not a medicine-bottle, not a glass even was to be seen on any of the tables. When she wanted a drink to allay her feverish thirst, she looked at Parisse, who sat in a distant corner, her eyes riveted on the face of her benefactress, ready to glide to the bedside with her noiseless step at the least sign. Every morning the invalid had herself dressed with her usual care, and carried in a chair to the chapel, where she heard Mass and received Holy Communion as Viaticum. One morning, believing herself quite alone, she began to pray aloud, breaking out from the very fulness of her heart into a thanksgiving of ardent love. A friend, coming softly in, overheard the ecstatic outpouring, but crept away without betraying her presence. A note from her beloved "Paulinus's" journal gives us a last glimpse of Madame Swetchine in this sanctuary where she had communed with God for so many years. "I arrived at 8 o'clock in the morning. She was in the chapel. I went in and took a pew down in front, so that I might see her well when I turned round. I did so when the priest came down to bring her Holy

Communion. He first addressed to her a few words of exhortation. I saw the rapt expression of her face as she listened; I saw her ardent look of fervor at the moment the host was approaching her lips. Then I looked no more. I went to receive communion myself, bringing away a memory of that dear face that clung to me all day, that will cling to me while I live, for that look was the last I had of her on earth."

The end was now at hand. As night closed in she grew delirious, but even in its wanderings her mind dwelt in its native element of light. "Ah! truth, truth," she exclaimed, lifting up her voice in tones of strange energy, "better a hospital bed with truth, than all the splendors of this world without it!" Friends had remained to keep this vigil of eternity with her. A priest was in an adjoining room, helping her soul with his prayers, and from time to time coming in to pronounce the absolution over her. At midnight she counted the strokes and murmured, "My God! have mercy on me!" Then all was silent until five o'clock, when hearing the hour strike, she said, "It will soon be time for Mass, I must dress myself and be ready." She made a faint effort to rise, but her head fell back, and her soul passed softly into the presence of God.

"I saw the river which must be passed in order to reach the kingdom of heaven, and the name of the river was suffering. And I saw the boat which takes so many across that river, and the name of the boat was love."

It is now more than twenty years since Sophia Saymonoff crossed that river, and joined the crowd of blessed witnesses, who, singing the song of their deliverance, stand calling to us, and holding up the light which guided them to the eternal shore. Her departure was a beacon put out in the dark places and the withdrawal of a staff to many; but though the voice of their friend is silent, her words of wisdom live, treasured in many hearts. A soul like Madame Swetchine's leaves an undying echo in the world, and we who knew her not, can hear it, and, hearkening to the silent call, we answer, "Up heart, and sing!" and we go on our way cheered by the memory of this *donna di virtu*, who believed and suffered and loved.

THE GEORGIA NEGRO BEFORE, DURING, AND SINCE THE WAR.

AFTER the fifteen years that have elapsed since the late war in the United States conviction has come to almost all minds at the South, as well the less as the more thoughtful, that the abolishment of negro slavery, in spite of the disastrous terms with which it was enforced, will become an inestimable good to the whites. The writer of this article, a native of the State of Georgia, therein residing from his birth until the year 1867, an owner of inherited slaves, one who accepted with gratitude to God the peace, with all its attendants, proposes to relate in brief somewhat of the conditions coming within his own observation of the negroes, especially in his native State, before, during, and since the war. Him it has sometimes amused, more often saddened, to notice the surprise in men, intelligent, just, and benevolent, both in the Northern States and in Great Britain, at what he has had to say in casual conversations upon the subject. A well-remembered instance is that of an afternoon meeting, not long ago, with a gentleman of the County of Cheshire at the mansion of a common friend, near the village of Lynn. This gentleman, once a member of Parliament, a political and personal friend of Mr. Cobden, apparently well versed in British and European politics, listened with pleased surprise to an account, whereof what is hereinafter told is a brief recapitulation, of a household in which the writer had been reared, which so far from being exceptional was closely assimilated by a majority, at least in the section of Middle Georgia wherein this household was located, and wherein dwelt the greater portion of slave-owners and slaves in that State.

The negroes of Middle Georgia, like their masters, were descendants, for the most part, of Virginians, and with both races there has ever been a love and veneration for the land of their ancestors. Among the planters there was not one among many hundreds who was, or ever had been, what was commonly called a negro-trader. The accessions to the slaves, besides their natural increase, were mainly by importations from Virginia, on principles similar to those on which such importations had been conducted three-fourths of a century ago from the States farther North. Of these planters at least nineteen-twentieths lived in the midst of their slaves. A few there were who dwelt in the villages and towns, having their plantations outside, which, however, they often visited, and sometimes there sojourned for considerable portions of every year. Upon these plantations the discipline was of a kind

that led to domestic enjoyment which is vainly to be sought now. The negro is the most dependent, as he is one of the most affectionate and grateful of beings. For his master and his master's children he had a devotion that somehow was always incredible to outsiders, as were also the conditions, physical and moral, to which it led.

But I will describe in detail the household to which especial reference has been made.

In the rear of the master's mansion, forming two adjacent sides of a square, were the negroes' cabins, some of framework, others of hewn logs, the interstices chinked with boards and mortar. Behind these were small plots of ground assigned for gardens, which were worked in leisure hours, and afforded vegetables in abundance. On this plantation, containing about sixty slaves, nearly everything necessary for its living was produced. The crop of corn (Indian maize) was usually from three to four thousand bushels; of wheat and other small grain fifteen hundred, the pork twelve to fifteen thousand pounds, the cattle averaging a little more, and the sheep a little less, than one hundred heads. The keys to the corncribs were kept by the negro foreman, and that to the smokehouse (containing the year's supply of meat, flour, lard, salt, etc.) by the cook. These keys, especially the latter, the master might not see one time within a month. The care of what was behind the locks to which they belonged was assigned to these slaves, and it was kept with a fidelity that was seldom questioned, and that never faltered. This woman dispensed the supplies for the whole family, white and black. The allowance to laborers was a half pound of bacon each a day, except during the summer months, when this was sometimes increased to three fourths of a pound. Bread and vegetables were distributed proportionately. In the mansion there was one door the key to which was habitually carried by the mistress. This belonged to the pantry containing sugar, sweetmeats, and such other dainties as children are tempted to purloin. Besides this, neither by day nor by night, was a door usually shut or opened in any way other than by a bolt, the turning of which could be done easily by the youngest. Of the animals on the place, only the poultry and the horses were locked in at night, and the latter not within their stalls, but by one fastening at the lot gate. Cattle, sheep, and swine roamed at will in the pastures, fallow lands, and woods.

In this family domestic discipline was such as resulted easily from unanimous accordance of the right of unquestioned control over children and servants to the father and head of the family. Of complainings there were none. Thefts were most rare, and when occurring, mostly for an occasional chicken, or handful of

sugar, or (what was much more serious) a wallet of cotton, carried at night, in exchange for tobacco or whiskey, to a dishonest small white trader,—that principal pest of Southern plantations. The care of the sick and the aged was not different from that of the whites. Many a time had the owner or his wife, or one of his children, sat through the night at the bedside in these cabins when the sick were in extreme peril, and apprehension was felt of neglect from the somnolency or carelessness of their black attendants. In such a state family affections were cultivated, and indulged to a degree not known or believed except among those who have been their witnesses and recipients. In this household the slave admired and honored his master above all mankind. His master's children were loved with a love equal to that which he felt for his own, and when a death occurred, whether in the "big house" or the cabin, the grief in all hearts was for a loss common to them all.

Of such a kind was the average of country plantation-living in Middle Georgia. Not that therein as elsewhere there were not partialities, preferences, and rivalries as to the comparative claims of young masters and mistresses, and the bids to follow them on their attaining to maturity and moving away. The separation among families has often been commented upon unfavorably. The truth is that such separations were less frequent than they were supposed to be, and incomparably less unhappy. Upon the marriage of one of the family, or departure for other cause, those who were given out were such usually for whom such pre-arrangement had long been satisfactorily made and understood. Yet many a time have those who were left at the native homestead looked with feelings approaching the invidious upon those who went out joyously with their young masters to new homes. Members of families among negroes were less distantly and less painfully separated than those among whites, and a majority of such separations were made to the entire satisfaction of the negroes themselves, to whom, on removals of the whites from some to other sections, the choice was commonly allowed, and then most often declined, of making exchanges that would prevent such separations. To the young negro, as sometimes to the young German, Irishman, or New Englander, change and adventure had their attractions, the same which induce the young of both sexes to choose life-partners among those who reside, not most near to their native places, but at varying distances from them. Yet, in the one case, what was not and could not be in the others, the grief, what grief there was at parting, was alleviated by the thought that the emigrant, whether to regions near or remote, went forth under the lead of one compe-

tent to guide and defend, and bound to such offices by the ties, not only of interest, but of family affection.

The enjoyments in that simple life were as abundant and unalloyed as those of the poor in any age. The plenty of necessary things ever possessed, the surety of its continuance in all contingencies, the entire freedom from all responsibility, imparted to the Georgia negro a merry-heartedness that made his life seem almost like a perpetual childhood. The negro is by nature musical. Especially does he love the song. It was rare in the times whereof this writing is done to see a negro, young or old, male or female, who did not habitually sing at field-work. Sometimes it was the corn-song, but more often the hymn; seldom in chorus, but generally as the plough or the hoe was followed, each sang aloud or crooned lowly, always lining (or *giving out* as it was called) the hymns which had been learned. Such music would sometimes be re-enacted in the short interval between their supper and bed-time. The great gala time was "the corn shucking." In that period a planter who had his corn shucked in the daytime was regarded, by both black and white, as selfish and mean. The usual rule was to dump the corn, when gathered and hauled from the fields, upon an open space in the horse-lot, in a semicircle. When it was all collected, a night for the shucking was appointed, and the negroes, men and boys, from the neighboring plantations were invited to assist. Never were invitations more eagerly expected nor more promptly accepted. At the gathering two captains were appointed, who, choosing sides, divided the corn-pile, and the opposing armies shucked from either end towards the fence-rail that had been planted in the midst. It was an entertainment, ever fresh, to witness the rush with which such a combat was fought, and the rapidity with which thousands of bushels were shucked. During it all the song was never silent. One voice, powerful beyond belief, would lead, and the multitude answer in chorus, that was heard two, sometimes three, miles distant. When all was over the crowd would march with never-abating song out of the lot into the yard, sometimes (if he were not too aged or too sombre for such apparent levity) going into the mansion, and, seizing the master with his chair, lift him upon the shoulders of the captains, and bear him in triumph around the quadrangle. Long before midnight the supper would have been discussed and all be at their homes and asleep.

The time does not suffice to speak of the great "laying-by" barbecues in midsummer, nor the full week of Christmas holidays, the feastings and sportings which the old-time Georgian of either race will remember with fondness throughout life.

Forty years' observations and experiences in the midst of such

living induce the writer to believe that, so far as the negro himself was concerned, his living was attended by as little of suffering, at least in his physical being, as any considerable portion of the poor among mankind have known at any time. Instances, indeed, there were of meanness and oppression, as in all states of society. Yet these instances were rare, for the threefold reason that it behooved the pecuniary interest of bad men, alike with good, to treat well their slaves, that the common law of public opinion condemned and disgraced the bad, and that the State laws provided indemnity against such men to any who would furnish their slaves with the necessary things that their avarice withheld.

As for the statutory prohibitions against book-education, though not entirely defensible in the writer's opinion, even upon the ground of the solicitude provoked by outside interference, yet they *sounded* incomparably worse than they operated; and there was no instance, it is believed, wherein any one was ever punished for their violation. The hereditary public sentiment was on the side of full justice and liberality to the negro, and just such an amount of intellectual development as was possible to his capacity and suited to his condition. In the cultivation of this sentiment the masters of Middle Georgia spent their days in the midst of their slaves; if sometimes in too much ease and inactivity, at least in uninterrupted peace and tranquillity, and their rights behind doors, open or unlocked, in security more absolute than if they had been guarded by bands of Prætorian cohorts.

Such were the main conditions of negro slavery in the great slave belt of Middle Georgia before the war. Persons at the North and in Europe were surprised at the continued fealty of the slaves during that unhappy period. Certain, indeed, it is that Mr. Lincoln's proclamation of emancipation made no perceptible change in their relations with their masters. While the latter were engaged in the conflict, often hundreds of miles distant, their wives and children, so far as their own slaves were concerned, felt the same security upon the plantations as at any time before ever a gun was fired. In the first year of the war hundreds of youth were followed by their own proper body-servants; and during that whole struggle the anxieties and fears, the griefs and lamentations for losses of every kind were common in those households where there had ever been a community of good and evil fortune. Not to be forgotten is the fidelity unrelaxed with which these slaves served their masters' wives in the continued prosecution of the work, and their care of the stock of all kinds upon the plantations. The panic raised by the defeat of Hood at Atlanta, and the advance of Sherman towards the sea, fell alike upon those of all conditions; and not one in ten thousand, whose masters were making their last

ineffectual efforts at resistance, refused to accompany their masters' younger sons or their neighbors in withdrawing their portable property from before that devouring march. When the war was over the first sentiments of commingled sadness at defeat and gratitude for peace were shared between the master and his slave.

At this juncture that calamity apparently as disastrous to the Southern people as all the losses of the war, befell,—the assassination of President Lincoln. That large spirit, so without pride or resentment, so unboastful and compassionate, that had commiserated errors he considered it his duty to suppress, what might he not have done for his country with its dissevered parts reunited and at peace! Inexpressibly dire was the horror felt by all thoughtful minds in the South when he was murdered in circumstances so nefarious. The resentment in the North, just, indeed, except in its implication of even tacit participation in the horrid deed of any beyond the frenzied perpetrator, was a sore evil to the whole country.

The history of the early days of President Johnson's administration is familiar to all. The effect of the policy of reconstruction then inaugurated was to multiply proconsulships beyond limit, until not a county-town in the State was without its lieutenant, who, with his squad of ten or fifteen men, was set to rule those with whose language it often happened that he had little, and with their temper no, acquaintance. Then came on, with startling suddenness, that change in the deportment of the negroes which it is yet sorrowful to remember. The dealings of these petty subalterns seemed as if they had been born into the world for their ignoble work; to humiliate the white man, exalt above him his former slave, taunt, often, the latter with his slowness in seizing the facilities extended to him, lead him to violate his contracts, steal and rob from his employer, and otherwise maltreat him in every way that a provoking spirit could invent. Fortunately for the whites these lieutenants could be conciliated occasionally by a five-dollar gold piece or a bottle of peach brandy. Then, sometimes tired out with such petty warfare, meeting no hostility among the Southern soldiery whom they had so often encountered on the field of battle, they conceived disgust for the negro, openly avowed that too much ado was made about him by the government, and occasionally, when called upon to notice outrageous conduct of specially violent men of that race upon plantations, they would tie up by the thumbs and ply the cowhide in a way quite unknown to a Georgian.

In such a state of things the surprise ought to be that the two races were not alienated more widely and forever. A multitude of human beings, without lands and houses, ignorant, improvident, yet greedy and passionate, sedulously persuaded that in this revo-

lution they, who had been at the bottom, were entitled now and destined to rise to the top in their political, civil, and social being, feeling themselves to be backed by the great nation whose arms had prevailed in the mighty struggle, learning for the first time that that struggle had been maintained for the purpose of their special exaltation, what was it that prevented yet greater alienation? For always it has been so that those who have preached to the poor and ignorant that their poverty and ignorance have been inflicted by others than themselves, have found eager listeners, among whom the boldest and most wicked could be made ready for reprisal and revenge. A few among that class to whom Andrew Johnson had appealed, destined henceforth to be forever known as *scalawags*, joined the ranks of the ascendant party. What might have resulted beyond what did result from these influences, but for reasons hereinafter mentioned, God only knows. The sudden emancipation and enfranchisement of this people was a gross mistake, both of statesmanship and philanthropy. Thitherto the wise and humane had labored only for the gradual abolishment of slavery, even when the slaves were of the same race as their masters, and the wisest had warned against the disastrous consequences of sudden movements in that direction. In this instance, the evil was exacerbated by the disfranchisement of the most gifted among the whites, and especially by that studied array, partly through legislation and partly through missionaries, of race against race, inculcating among the negroes the belief that, henceforth at the South, one or the other must be subjected or exterminated in order to secure the peaceful prevalence of the other. Yet noxious as these sorry military subordinates had been, we could not foresee that the ununiformed, the untitled, the unwarlike, who followed in their tread, and destined to a longer sojourn, were incomparably more so. The *carpet-bagger*, like the scalawag, has become historic. He ought, for he was a power in his period, and accomplished an astounding quantity of unpunished wrong. Not, whatever he was, that he was not better than the scalawag. Not to him, as to the latter, were the associations of home, and kindred, and natural regret for a cause that had been as dear as unfortunate. He was simply a shameless plunderer of what little had been left to a people of whom, though he had not seen them in battle, he had heard that they were brave, and he assumed to believe that they deserved yet further punishment for their efforts to overthrow a government, the best that the world had ever seen. With him and with the negro, the poor scalawag, betrayer of his tribe, turning his back upon all that was especially fond in its traditions, coalesced, and that triumvirate of rapacity, ignorance, and perfidy made a career unique in the history of mankind. None outside, and not nearly all inside know what that career in its ful-

ness was. They know somewhat of the conflagrations of dwellings, and gin-houses, and fields, and fences, and woods; the destruction of cattle, and sheep, and swine; but they know little of that monstrous crime of which the negro, in his exaltation, has become madly fond,—the destruction of female purity. The sense of family honor and delicacy has withheld from public knowledge all instances of this kind, except such as, from their peculiar atrocity, made public themselves. In that first season of intoxication, the negro had developed a feeling towards the white female, the promptings to which no age or condition, from prattling childhood to palsied decrepitude, withstood, when no other bar was interposed. For a brief time it seemed, indeed, as if a war of races might soon be at hand.

What prevented this dire calamity was the courage and prudence of the Southern whites and the timely recognition among the negroes of the instinct of self-preservation, by returning to their former and only friends. It was well for the Georgia negro that he who had once been his master could not be brought to feel towards him the slightest sentiment of fear, beyond that which all have for the secret injuries of malefactors. If there had been fear of race towards race, and the whites had been led to believe that one or the other must be exterminated, the question would have been settled speedily, and the African forever removed out of American politics.

But there were no such fear and no such belief. To such outrages as I have mentioned, punishment, speedy, condign, terrific, ensued. For nothing which the whites might apprehend from a government however strong and vindictive was to be compared with endurance of such as these. The *institution* of the Ku Klux Klans, so grossly exaggerated, had for its object the silent rectification of abuses that the laws could not reach with sufficient speed and certainty. In that season of madness the negro had to be made to unlearn much of what he had been most wickedly taught, that incendiarism, rapine, and rape led unto death, instant and horrific. And he did unlearn speedily both this and the delusion that himself was to be enriched by confiscation, and become in his turn the master of the white man. Superadded, the old affections between the whites and their former family servants began to revive. The most thoughtful among the latter began to see, and the boldest of these began to avow, that hostility between the races meant extermination, and extermination not of the whites.

Meanwhile the "wards of the nation" must subsist upon other than expectation, which had dwindled in time to "forty acres and a mule." The swine and the sheep had disappeared in the ostensible squirrel and bird huntings, and the cattle were kept within limited

and guarded inclosures. The negro *had* to work, and work produced its legitimate result in sobering his mind and leading to the conclusion that to himself, as to any other freeman, landless and moneyless, neither more nor less, work was the prerequisite for the obtainment of food, and raiment, and shelter.

It is sad even yet to contemplate the temporary confusion among this simple people after the first disappointment of their hopes of attaining power and riches. The carpet-bagger, employing a cleverness not possessed by the lieutenant or the sergeant (who had acted at first mainly for the "fun of the thing," but afterwards became disgusted), had received their savings of silver—for the negro was ever a hoarder, however inconsiderable, of hard money—for schooling, marriage fees, fees of initiation into "Rising Sons of Liberty" societies; and now he and the scalawag plied them for continued support of these societies, ever urging their necessity with pleas that, unless the whites were continued at least in disfranchisement, they would restore slavery and add to its bonds and exactions.

In this condition of things the State of Georgia found one preeminent advantage in the fact aforementioned, that the main body of slaveholders had resided in the midst of their slaves. Superadded to the old habits of affection from continued association was the superior intelligence which such slaves had acquired, compared with those who dwelt in large bodies upon plantations, the habitations of whose owners were at a distance. This circumstance, though by no means peculiar to that State, was more remarkable than in any other among those where the two races approximated equality in numbers. The time never has been when a Georgia planter could not secure sufficient or nearly sufficient labor, and the question of bread, and meat, and clothes, and houses must the sooner be ascertained and a reasonable understanding be had between the land-owner and the land-worker. The town negro might live upon his wits as one of the leaders of clubs in aid of the yet promised upward movement, appropriating (after the purchase of the flags and the music) the weekly contributions of the members. But the country negro must work from Monday morning at least until Friday night, and be content to come in upon a Saturday with his quarter of a dollar, and listen, with vague concern, to harangues upon the horrors of the past and the various possibilities of the future. It was curious but not greatly surprising to observe the majorities, approximating unanimity, with which they continued for some time to vote according to instructions of the town leaders and their white confreres. As the time elapsed, however, while the townsmen continued in party alignment, the countrymen began to realize in their dull understandings that their interests and those of their employers were common and inseparable.

The following instance is inserted here parenthetically. At a political gathering on July 4th, 1866, of more than a thousand negroes in one of the old counties of Middle Georgia, several boastful and *quasi* incendiary speeches had been made by leading black politicians, when a young negro man who had been the slave of the writer of this article, and had been taught the rudiments of education by his master's children, rose and electrified the audience by remarks on this line. He told his fellows that the idea of hostility between the races was the idea of those who were ignorant of the interests of both, or hostile to them. "If this idea is true," said he, "then we of the black race are doomed to extermination, for we are the weaker, and in such a conflict, my friends, I tell you the Northern white man would join the Southern, because *blood is stronger than water*. If I believed in such hostility I would take my wife and child and sail with the first steamer that will leave Charleston for Liberia. It is because I do not believe in it that I mean to stay here where I was born, and that I mean to be the friend of those whom I consider most capable and willing to befriend me." That young man afterwards became a leading minister in one of the religious sects, and is beloved and respected by a very large number in both races.

In fine, according to the law that intellect, culture, and courage must prevail in any society destined to peaceful and happy existence, the rule passed, with ever-weakening resistance, into the hands of the whites and the better class of negroes, with such results as are now observed only to be felicitated by just men everywhere. Some of these results are to be found in the increased education of the negroes, increased ownership of lands and houses, increased raising and allowing to run at large of cattle, swine, and sheep, and increased reception and rendition of the offices of good neighborhood. These results do not include and, however augmented, never can produce social equality. The Georgia negro well knows that this is impossible, and as a rule he has ceased to desire it. In that understanding, wisely and for benign purposes created inferior, there has been lodged the conviction that his best friend is his master of old, between whom and himself his interests will be to continue henceforth the relationship which, after vain promises and senseless efforts for greater and impossible things, has been established.

In this tripartite coalition only the carpet-bagger realized, and now somewhere lives in a style superior to the expectations, if not the ambitions, of his youth. He feels, and he knows that whatever men may say about him, he is a better as well as more prosperous man than the scalawag. The negro, though less happy than before the war, pursues his way with less complainings than most of the

landless among superior races. Seldom is heard the hymn in the cornfield, and almost never the corn song. For now, not as of yore, he is thinking of the morrow. Yet, with the subsidence of his stormy passions, so unhappily aroused by those who neither knew him nor loved him well, nor even pitied him, in his gradual return to the grateful dependence suited to his simple nature he is learning to enjoy the good which that relationship is capable to impart. When he votes at all, generally, and of his own accord, he votes with those whom he knows and esteems the most, on whose prosperity depends his only sure prospect of continuing in possession of the comforts necessary to the continuance of his being. Like other men whose living is eked from the daily labor of their hands, he has come to see the irreconcilability between the separate and *class* exercise of the right of suffrage with the preservation of cordial relationship to his employer. He knows now full well that the white man, accepting the result of the conflict, would not re-enslave him if he could, nor oppose his rising to any condition of security and prosperity which it may be the will of God for him to attain.

The strangest mistake, after all, that has been made by the dominant party in the country, is that which did, and to some extent does yet, impute unpatriotic motives to the persistent adherence of the South to its former leaders. The South never had, and the North ought never to have had, confidence in the men who consented to take those oaths which swore to conditions that, if possible to be true, disqualified them for responsible employment. The best minds of the South prayed as well as fought for the success of Southern arms, and it was not with hopes of renewing a decided contest, but because they were their best representatives, that they persistently chose those whom, in all exigencies of peace and of war, they had trusted without being betrayed. In the last election for Governor of Georgia, the former slaves of General Colquitt, a multitude in numbers, though residing in a county distant from his abode, with none to persuade or hinder, voted for their old master. A kindred feeling to that which made him governor sent Stephens and Cook to the House and Gordon to the Senate, returned at the North Hayes and Dix, Burnside and Ewing. This conduct was honorable in both, for both were obeying the instincts of all peoples in choosing for their leaders those whom they regarded as their bravest and most heroic. Such action comports with the common sentiment of mankind. When the insurrection in Lusitania had ended by the death of Viriathus, on the application of his murderers for payment it was answered that it was not pleasing to the Roman people for a general to be assassinated by his own soldiers. Yet later, when the republic was in its

dying agonies and the empire at hand, the poor slave who had betrayed Sulpicius was ordered by the victorious Sulla, first to be paid his promised reward, and afterwards hurled from the Tarpeian rock. Less tragic, less remarkable, has been the lot of the scalawag, but not far less unhappy. By those whom he made such sacrifices to serve he is thrown an occasional dole in a petty department clerkship, requiring little capacity, less confidence, and no responsibility; by those whom he forsook, though forgiven and commiserated, he is left—to himself, with no grudge for whatever he can find to enjoy in such an existence.

What has been said thus far was mainly respecting the material being of the negro. As to his religion, unfortunately there is little that is favorable to be told, yet that little is considered by the most thoughtful of those minds who know him best as for the most part on the side of his condition anterior to his enfranchisement. His slow advancement in religious growth was not owing to measures, either in public or domestic rule, which hindered or delayed it, but to circumstances which affected both races. The early settlers of Middle Georgia, especially its leading citizens, were from the State of Virginia, and their ancestors had been mainly of the Episcopalians. These finding no Episcopalian organizations near their new home, when they united with any religious denomination at all, usually did so according to accidental circumstances. Very many of the most gifted among these were not church members at all. Even those who were and who dwelt in country neighborhoods had but one Sunday in the month, when the regular meeting day came around, whereon they could attend upon public religious exercises. The preachers, at the expense of whose ignorance many a pleasant jest was wont to be indulged, obtained, except when at the houses of the brethren and friends, rather a feeble living from their work. In time young men of education became divines, but their ministrations were mostly confined to the towns and villages, while the monthly or occasionally a semi-monthly service was held in the country meeting-houses. Thither on some Sundays, on others not, country gentlemen would ride with their families and, along with other neighbors, going and coming discuss politics, the crops, neighborhood news. As for the negro, he was ever a churchgoer. He loved the Sunday clothes, the crowd, the singing, and many of them earnestly tried to practice the professions which they made. Slave-owners who were not church members had a profound respect for genuine piety and felt it to be their duty to encourage their families, black and white, in their efforts to "get religion." But in such a state of society religion must make slow advancement. In that society manly and womanly honor ran as high as in any country at any time. The charities that succored

the poor, visited the sick, consoled the bereaved, were common and most bountiful. What was needed was an authorized guidance, which those sensitive minds would have gratefully accepted if they had known that it was in existence, and was ready and eager to receive them into its benign hand. But the hereditary hostility of the old Virginia to the Catholic Church followed her emigrant sons, and they, church-members and non-church-members, regarded the Pope as Antichrist (whatever that might be), and his children as idolaters, vaguely, indeed, and without great acrimony of judgment. Adherents of liberty of all sorts, many a one would have contended that the gentleman from Rome was entitled to his opinions, as he was liable to all the risk. Yet, many a man, brave, generous, true-hearted as ever lived, who would attend a religious meeting not more than one or half a dozen times in the year, and say his prayers less often, would vaguely console his conscience in not being a member of any church organization, with the reflection that on the Antichrist question he was as sound as the most pronounced, and so hoped to escape the eternal fires. It is mournful to think how many men of as high a type as this world has ever produced thus spent their lives, practicing every duty to mankind, and omitting duty to God, because of not knowing in their honest hearts the sort of worship which He required. Not that there were not instances of intense anxiety, even in the state of youth and vigorous manhood, and many a sensitive intellect was broken by the despair of finding, amid so many conflicting opinions, the one true interpretation of God's will from the Holy Bible, its only allowed guide.

Now the negro was rarely in this condition. He was ever a cordial, even a partisan believer. His religion was of the sort hearty and exuberant. Not that he ignored or avoided sad themes. On the contrary, they were his favorites. His delight was the contemplation of death and hell. This was one reason why he preferred a black to a white preacher. The latter usually did not employ in his discourses quite enough of fire and brimstone, nor ring loudly and long enough on general pathetics. On a Sunday, when a white man might be holding meeting within a mile or two, he would prefer, if he could obtain a pass, to walk six or eight miles to hear a negro hold forth on a funeral, ever the great theme of the negro preachers, where he would open his great mouth, and cry, and sing, and shout, and feel as if he was growing fat upon the abundance and the sweetness of his religion. Yet, observation had taught the whites that this kind of piety must not be allowed to become excessive, because it led to the neglect of sublunary things that were necessary, and other week-day diversions that were inconsistent with Sunday devotions. It was remarkable that their standard of personal piety was higher among the laity than among the clergy.

It was always a serious, a most puzzling question with slave-owners, what could be reasonably done for the negro's religious condition. That question never was settled, and because the slave-owners knew not what could be done for their own condition. It never could have been settled in a society wherein the whites were ever in a state of incertitude as to the way in which truth, undoubted, infallible, was to be sought and found. This incertitude made the slave-owner, in his honest heart, feel himself to be an insufficient guide to his slave, except to set him an example of rectitude, industry, and respect for God, trying to trust the slave's soul to the chances of his own, hoping for the best for both, yet fearing the worst. When that slave became sick, he tended him with that assiduous care bestowed upon his own child. When he died he wept over his dead body as a friend weeps over his dear friend, and hoped that God was extending mercy to his soul. When himself died, the slave who survived felt a like grief and indulged a like hope. How many, how many of both races, having faithfully performed the obligations known and recognized to be due to one another, yet lived without piety and died unbaptized? In such a career the harm that was done resulted from ignorance of the truth. He who claimed the liberty to accept one dogma of faith that was propounded to him and reject another, or reject all, allowed similar liberty to his dependents of both races. It was an ignorance that seems to us invincible, and we hope that it will be so adjudged at the great day.

What change has been made in the religious condition of the negro since his enfranchisement is considered by those who have the best facilities for judging not to be for the better. His ancient preference for preachers of his own race cleaving yet closer to him he has been able to gratify to the full, and negro preachers are sufficiently numerous to satisfy all demands. The ancient standard among these, if we may credit the reports of those who most thoughtfuly and philanthropically study the condition of the race, instead of being elevated has been further lowered. Meeting-houses have been multiplied and church-membership increased, and sable divines expatiate with tireless lungs and tongues on immortal themes. If a man from the North were to attend one of their country Sunday meetings he would be entertained by a sermon that, in spite of its brimstone and other platitudes, would have more unction than he might have expected, and he would hear singing that would make his very hair rise. Yet if he should linger long in the neighborhood he would find that much of this devoutness with that day's sunset had fallen into abeyance till the next meeting-day, and he would hear of practices on the part of some of those most prominent in these exercises, some of which would make him laugh and some tend to make him weep.

The lead that the negro has taken upon himself, or assigned to another negro, is conducting him upon a curious road. Where that road is to end we can only speculate; but we are sure that it must diverge further and further from the religion of Christ. For sixteen years he has had the exercise of civil and political liberty without molestation. Such aids as the state has rendered to education he has enjoyed in common with the whites. Yet during these sixteen years in the qualities which constitute manhood, even such a manhood as he is capable to attain, he has not improved, while in his moral being he has declined. As to the advance that he has made in material prosperity, so much of it as is not merely apparent (as is the greater part), is due mainly to the examples and the counsels of his former master, who is now his neighbor, and not to his own provident plans and his command of industries and skill. If that neighbor were to leave him and remain away for as much as two years, never did he long for anything as he would long for his return. Yet this is the old negro, or the negro of middle age, who learned in the time of slavery the value of such examples and counsels. The young negro, grown up since that time, in general, regards himself superior both to his father and his father's neighbor, and beyond the work indispensable to the procurement of things necessary to his present subsistence, sits, and lies down, and saunters in expectation of obtaining the fulfilment of his other wants by the exercise of his wits, joined with those of his coevals of his own kind, when they shall be further developed and sharpened by time and the increased facilities that he persuades himself time is destined to bring. The irregularities which this sauntering existence produces are crowding both the penitentiary and the lunatic asylum to a degree that is appalling, and they are leading to apprehensions that the negro is destined to relapse into the barbarous condition of his ancestors.

Need it be added what is the great need of this man in his moral being? or must it be said that this need is the Catholic Church? How would his simple, docile mind yield itself to that teaching whose universality serves to accommodate itself to all understandings! How would the confessional lay open his heart and reveal its wants to the priest, whose commission enables him to heal men of all conditions, the gifted and the humble! How soon and how effectually instruction, unerring as simple, authoritative as mild, would silence those blatant guides, under whose blind leadership both they and their followers, in ever-increasing numbers, are falling into the ditch! That such is the destiny of a people to whom we are bound by ties of so many fond recollections, we pray, we hope, and we are fain to believe.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE TRIALS OF THE CHURCH; OR THE PERSECUTORS OF RELIGION. By *Rev. W. Gleeson*, Rector of St. Anthony's Church, California; author of the "History of the Catholic Church in California." Printed at the New York Catholic Protectory, West Chester, N. Y. 1880. Two vols., 8vo.

By the publication of this book the reverend author has done a good and serviceable work for English-speaking Catholics. There has been hitherto nothing, or scarcely anything of the kind, accessible to them in their own language. And he is further entitled to their gratitude because he has brought before them, for their instruction and edification, one of the chief glories of the Catholic Church, which has been hitherto somewhat neglected, or never adequately, so far, presented to the consideration of English-speaking Catholics.

Most Catholic writers love to dwell upon such glories of the Church as are visible on the surface to any reader of history, her conquest of Imperial Rome, with its world-wide dominion, her overthrowing of the renowned Greek schools and their philosophy, her subduing and civilizing of the barbarous Northern hordes. Others hold up to admiration the wonderful gifts with which God has blessed her, the holy lives and heroic virtues of so many of her children, the miracles they have wrought for the benefit of their fellow-men, or the many wonderful interpositions of God's power to shield His Church from the "gates of hell," when they seemed on the point of prevailing against her. And all these prove conclusively enough that she is the special object of God's love and unceasing care. These glorious triumphs of the Church seem to be the favorite theme of most of our writers, especially of those amongst us who write, chiefly or in part, for non-Catholic readers. This view of the Church is just and true; no one will deny it. But it is not the only one. There is another view, to human eyes a sad and gloomy one, but to the eye of faith no less glorious than the other, which seems more attractive. It is the consideration of the Church in her trials and sufferings, in her sad day of persecution, not in her happy hour of deliverance. It consists in contemplating her, not with feelings of regret or compassion, but of admiration, joy, and triumph, as she stands out on the pages of history, hated, vilified, persecuted, and pursued to death for Christ's sake by wicked men. And that history is nothing more than the verification of divine prophecy.

Whoever reads attentively the New Testament will see plainly stated there that to suffer persecution is no less a mark of Christ's true Church than to be one in her doctrine, Apostolic in her origin, or Infallible in her teaching office. Nothing can be more distinctly set down in the promises or prophecies of Christ and His Apostles than this, that the Church is to suffer as long as He is with her, and He is to be with her to the end of time. She was to be hated of all men, perpetually condemned and slain for His sake. If He came, the bearer not of peace but of a sword, it was on the body of this earthly Spouse that sword was to fall heaviest and work most havoc. And what was true of the Church was to be true likewise of her children individually, even when the Church was seemingly breathing the air of peace or temporary respite from the attacks of her enemies. Every one, says the Apostle, who has made up his mind to live piously in Christ Jesus, must undergo persecution. But this persecution the Church and her children are not to

regard as a misfortune. They are not to call it hardship or calamity, nor merely do their best to bear with it as a stern decree of their Lord and Master, whose will is law for all His creatures. No; but they must welcome it as a special favor and privilege; recognize in it an evident token of His love and the real source of their own happiness. "Blessed are they," he says in His Gospel, "who suffer persecution for justice sake. Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad." Leave to the world its miserable stock of joys and fancied pleasure. It is your portion "to lament and weep." And it is only in these tears that you are to seek and find your true happiness. (Matt. v. 10–12; John xvi. 20.)

The Pagans of old used to taunt the Church with her suffering condition. They looked upon it as a mark of Heaven's disapprobation. The so-called religious world of to-day, which is largely made up of infidelity disguised under a nominal profession of heresy, does the very same thing. The heathen, who knew not God or His revelation, is entitled to our pity, and may have found in it some excuse before the judgment-seat. But what can be said to excuse his successor and modern representative who calls himself a Christian, who has not only read the Scriptures, but boasts of understanding them better than God's own Church? Neither his Christian name nor his pretended knowledge of Scripture can alter the fact that he is thoroughly at heart a Pagan. He hates and vilifies the Church, because she is hated and vilified by the world. That she is gainsaid and persecuted everywhere, by society—fashion, the press, political power—is, to his eyes, a visible token of her reprobation. And he uses it frequently as an argument to present her to others in an odious or contemptible light, to reject any claim on her part to a hearing, to discourage and deter his friends, relatives, or dependents from seeking rest in her bosom for their troubled souls. And each of them, false Christian or open unbeliever as he may happen to be, lends a willing hand to the world in its unceasing effort to thwart, fetter, and persecute the Church. His aim, as it is his hope, is thereby gradually to bring about her ruin. Little does he think, poor silly man! that he is meanwhile bearing witness, unconsciously, to her truth and divine origin; that he is only a blind instrument in the hands of an All-wise providence, working without will or knowledge, but effectually, to fulfil the promises of God for the glory of the Church, and, unfortunately, for his own destruction.

These are the principles that underlie the valuable work of Rev. Mr. Gleeson, and that inspired him in writing it. Let others prefer to sing the glorious triumphs of the Church. He chooses rather to portray the painful stages by which she reaches this glory, to show her divine character in the heroism of her martyrs, in her faithful fulfilment of Christ's prophecies. While others call on us to admire the glorious Bride of the Heavenly King he holds up to our veneration the faithful Spouse of the Man of Sorrows.

The reverend author does not profess to have written for the benefit of the learned world. Hence, in quoting the *Acts of the Early Martyrs*, or other documents of Church history, he avoids all critical discussion. In this he has acted wisely, as all such questions, while giving an appearance of dry learning to a book, mar its general usefulness. While drawing from the best and most authentic sources, he never forgets that he is writing for ordinary readers, whether Catholic or Protestant. And his book, written in a sufficiently pleasant-flowing style, will instruct and edify them. He shows in his two volumes how the Church has fared at the hands of the world in all ages and in all countries; in

Pagan Rome, in Armenia, Abyssinia, and Persia, in China and Japan, as well as in the countries that boast of their modern civilization,—Great Britain, Germany, France, Italy, and the mongrel republics to the south of us that are a disgrace to the Catholic and Spanish names.

We hope that this work will meet with the favor it deserves from Catholic readers, and thus fulfil the author's pious intention of stirring up in their minds, not only admiration of the Church in her sufferings, but also a lively practical feeling that their own true happiness, as well as a substantial token of their predestination, consists in suffering with her and for her sake. Even our non-Catholic friends who have good-will and some desire to know where is Christ's true Church may learn from its perusal that she is more likely to be found amongst the martyrs and confessors of every age, and those who "weep and lament" in fellowship with them, than amongst those who "rejoice" and are not ashamed to boast of their "rejoicing" with this world.

It is not unlikely that a book of this kind, so well adapted for general reading, may reach a second edition. Hence we venture to suggest a few things that might be altered or improved. First of all, the word "Persecutors," in the very title, should be replaced by "Persecutions." It was not the author's intention to discuss the history or paint the character of our persecutors, or to chronicle their lamentable fate. This has never yet been fully done in any work, though it has been touched on by our early Apologists, and partially treated by Lactantius (or Caecilius) in his book *De Mortibus Persecutorum.* Yet it would be a most useful and instructive theme for any Christian writer; and there could be no higher tribute paid to the excellence of our holy religion than by an impartial examination of the character of its persecutors during the last eighteen hundred years. What a fearful array of unhallowed knaves! What a hateful "Rogues' Gallery," royal though it be, from Nero of Rome down to Alexander of Russia! The object, however, of our author was not to discuss the character of the persecutors, but to narrate the blows and stripes they inflicted on God's Church.

The second chapter of the work seems to us to be out of place. It treats of the civilizing influences of the Church, and tells, in glowing language, how she destroyed Northern barbarism, elevated woman, and freed the slave. All this is as true as admirable, but it is hard to discover its connection with the main subject. It cannot fail to remind more than one reader of the *purpureus pannus* of which Horace speaks. The chapter mars in a great measure the unity of the volume; but it has other defects, also, which should be corrected if it is allowed to remain. There are in it some expressions which should be modified, while others might be safely omitted. It often happens that, while indulging in rhetoric, one loses sight of accuracy in doctrine; and this is the case with our author in his second chapter. He speaks (pp. 27, 28) of slavery amongst the ancient Romans, and tells us how, owing to Christian influences, it had been considerably diminished in Europe as far back as the eleventh century, and how it had totally disappeared in the beginning of the sixteenth. But "this unworthy system," he adds, was revived by Spain, countenanced by England and her colonists, and (he might have added) warmly welcomed and indorsed by the Puritan grandfathers; aye, in some cases, the very fathers of the men who now pretend to groan over the unhappy African. "The system," he goes on to say, was condemned by Paul III., Urban VIII., and finally by Gregory XVI. Now all this is apt to mislead the unwary reader. The author surely never meant to affirm, against all law and theology, that domestic slavery, an-

cient and modern, and the traffic in slaves, or slave-trade, are all one "system," and that "system" condemned by solemn enactments of the Catholic Church. However wicked our Southern slaveholders may seem to his eyes, he must acknowledge that they had some little portion of common-sense, and it may be, too, some little share of our common inheritance from Adam, self-love and self-interest. Yet it is a notorious fact that they made a broad distinction between the slave-trade and domestic slavery. Even before the year 1800 they passed laws by which the one was protected and the other declared a felony. And this they did on general principles of philanthropy, unlike their Northern brethren, who abolished slavery and the slave-trade merely because it had ceased to be a source of gain. And in the old days, when we possessed what might be truthfully called a commonwealth, slaveholding Southerners and Northern Puritans joined hands in passing laws which made it a crime either to rob a man of his natural freedom or to steal him away from his lawful owner.

From an ethical point of view the difference is very clear. There is nothing wrong, nothing *intrinsece malum* in domestic slavery, as it existed in the South before the war, but there is and ever was something wrong, *intrinsece malum*, in the slave-trade. And this would be true even if the latter had not been condemned by the Church. The Church only decides moral questions when they come before her in a practical shape. As long as they are not presented to her in this form they remain decided by her general principles. What Paul III., Urban VIII., Benedict XIV., and Gregory XVI. condemned was not domestic slavery, but the slave-trade.

The author seems unwilling to recognize this distinction, for on p. 26 he states more than once (in text and footnote) that "the Church made the manumission of slaves a duty and religious obligation." This is far from correct. If a Christian manumitted his slave she regarded it as a noble and truly Christian act, and recognized it as such by a special religious function. So she did likewise when a man gave up his children or his property to the service of God and His Church. But who would conclude from this that such giving up of children or earthly goods was in her eyes a "duty and religious obligation?" In both cases she was recognizing, rewarding, and honoring a voluntary offering, not enforcing an obligation.

It may seem out of place for us to dwell so long upon this point, otherwise so clear and evident. But there is a reason for it. We live in an atmosphere of heretical and infidel cant, and this cant has been growing louder and fiercer (for cant is tigerlike in its ferocity as well as stealthiness) ever since the late war between the States. It has permeated the whole country. It has worked its way into the minds of not a few of our Catholics, and we hear its echoes in the deliberate utterances of our grave men no less than in the novels of our young literateurs and the juvenile spoutings of the club-room. It is time to put a stop to all this, and to remind our young Ciceros and Grattans that the doctrinal teaching of the Catholic Church is as independent of American political progress as it is of German *kultur*, or any other form of European atheism.

Another fault that we have to find with our author is this. In drawing from French sources he has allowed himself to be drawn into the French spelling, or mispelling rather, of proper names. Thus we are introduced to such chimerical personages as the Emperor Constance (Constantius Chlorus) and to such martyrs as Apien and Datif. The holy patroness of Augsburg is disguised as St. Afree (Afhra or Afra).

The two illustrious martyrs of Edessa, whose heroic deeds have been the perpetual theme of all the Fathers and poets of the Syrian Church, are Frenchified into Guric and Samone. This is not a matter of much importance, but it offends propriety, and may mislead a reader who has already met with these saints under their true names in Alban Butler, or other works of the kind. The note on p. 326 may be made historically accurate by simply substituting the word "baptism" for "conversion."

THE ENDOWMENTS OF MAN. Considered in Their Relations with His Final End. A course of lectures by *Bishop Ullathorne*. London: Burns & Oates. 1880.

This is an admirable work, instinct with Christian philosophy and redolent of the ancient patristic learning, yet harmonizing with the conditions of more recent thought. The title conveys but an imperfect idea of the wide range these lectures take in discussing the gifts and supernatural destiny of man. They embrace the most momentous questions of human life for time and eternity, problems which reason unaided could only guess at, but could not solve. Faith alone holds the key to the solution of these mysteries of humanity, the elevation and fall of man, the providence of God, the origin of evil, free will and grace, the punishment of sin, the corruption and regeneration of mankind. Such are the themes to whose exposition Bishop Ullathorne devotes a mind stored with theological erudition and the philosophy of the best schools, and a style as pure as it is vigorous. If there is in this volume much of the learning of others, whom the author modestly calls "more authoritative writers," it has passed through a process of assimilation which neither they nor the Bishop's readers could have any reason to regret. A very good specimen of the constructive method of teaching, which is followed throughout, is to be found in the lecture on "Why Man was Not Created Perfect?" The ground is carefully levelled off, the foundations are laid broad and deep, the walls rise stone upon stone, arch springing above arch, till the whole building stands complete and imposing in its grandeur. There are other lectures, such as that on "Creation and Providence," or that on "The Regeneration of Man," in which the defects of this method are more apparent. For, to use the critic's privilege of grumbling, we shall take the liberty of saying that the synthetic method *has* defects. It is not the most favorable to clear, precise, well-defined issues. It builds up a splendid edifice, if you will, but many will retain only a vague recollection of the process, and a rather ill-defined impression of the general result. In some of these lectures the reader is fairly bewildered with the number and rapid succession of great thoughts crowded together. It is not that unity is wanting. There is unity, but it is in the midst of so great a multitude and variety that the mind is strained to retain, if not to follow, what it reads. It is a genuine case of "l'embarras de richesse." Not that we would prefer a more meagre fare, but there are some who would rather have less at a time.

When the occasion offers, Dr. Ullathorne refers to the errors of our own times, which he refutes, not by direct argument, but by teaching what they deny. It will be noticed that he speaks in no complimentary terms of men who "love darkness better than the light."

Thus, in the first lecture, on the "Nature of Man," speaking of "the scientific dreams of men who refuse to have God in their knowledge," he says:

"Their treason against God has destroyed their dignity as men. Like Satan in the Book of Job, they have gone round the world and through it to seek the knowledge of man, yet what is open even to the ignorant and poor has escaped them. We may well say to these friends of humanity, as Job said to his consolers: 'Miserable comforters are ye all!' If they only knew something of themselves, they might know God. If they only knew something of God, they might know themselves. . . . When naturalists tell us that man differs from the very noblest ape by a thumb, or a planted foot, or a large convolution of brain, we do not deny these or any other distinctions of the kind, but we feel our nature insulted. When the positivists come with eloquent pens to assure us in glistening sentences that we have no soul or life beyond the grave, we are reminded of the glistening folds of the serpent in which Satan came to ruin mankind. For heaven they give us a skull decked with flowers, and for our present consolation they offer us the worship of a corrupt and perishing humanity. But the immortal life within us springs up with indignation to repel these horrors. When the pantheist tells us that man, with all his weakness, with all his evil propensities and vices, is an emanation, or an evolution, or a scintillation, or some other manifestation of the one Divine and Eternal being, we know that reveries like these come of the high fever of intellectual pride, confusing the object with the subject, and attended by some grievous disorder of the moral sense. We turn from these brainsick reveries to the light of common-sense for refreshment, and seek comfort in the revelation of God. If these monstrosities of the mind strike sensible men with astonishment, they may also teach the great lesson that we stand as much in need of the virtue of humility to keep us reasonable and safe in our common-sense as to keep us in faith with God."

Let the reader compare with this the opening paragraphs of the eleventh lecture, on the "Fall of Man," and he will be in a condition to understand the author's tone of mind towards "that infidel theorizing which besets the scientific men of our age." Their sophistries he lays bare with the severity of a pastor who knows that they are the ruin of many weak souls. Thus, on page 21:

"To separate what is mysterious in man from what is obvious, and to attempt his reconstruction by a process of elimination, is the most unphilosophical, the most unscientific of all methods of investigation. The materialists know well that, in their own proper science of matter, they cannot put aside the unknown qualities and quantities, for which they are unable to account. If some scientists give their thoughts so exclusively to material things, and immerse their minds in material imagery, until they can no longer recognize the operations of spiritual nature, not even their own, there is another class who pursue their mental abstractions, and who live so exclusively on the phenomena of their mind and imagination, that they no longer recognize material substance. Turned from God upon themselves, and involved within their own shadows, they see not half themselves; confounding the subjective mind with the objective truth, they sink into the miserable gulf of pantheistic delusion. But, whether by dwelling exclusively in sense and losing sight of soul men become materialists, or whether by dwelling exclusively in mental abstractions men lose sight of matter and become phenomenists, or whether by confounding subject with object they become pantheists, they, in each case, present us with a monster at which our reason revolts, and which our common-sense refuses to recognize as man. The positivists, by a similar deficiency of intellectual light, confound God with universal humanity, but with a humanity that they pronounce to be mortal in every part; yet they impiously set up this humanity for our deification. What can we learn from these dreary, barren, and inflated speculations but that, as we have said already, we stand in need of Christian humility to know both God and ourselves?"

Again, on page 83:

"How miserable then is the lot of those who muffle themselves in the unhappy delusion that they cannot know God, who is open to their knowledge, as well as to every rational creature! The knowledge of God is the only sure foundation of every other kind of knowledge. What prevents their knowing God but the pride that closes their heart to Him, and darkens their understanding? The light that makes God known is near the sight, even when far from the vision of the understanding, for that light is in the summit of every mind and in the depth of every conscience. But there are men who, in the pride of fancied superiority, look always downward, and look always away from the divine superiority, or, if they glance upwards now and then, the sensual veil of creation is upon their sight, and the superior light of their mind is as far from their understanding as any star is from the earth. They see it is a point of light, but they know nothing of what it contains."

In a like strain he describes, on pages 188–89, the delirium of human pride in attempting to substitute for the conscience which represents God "the unenlightened instincts of the inferior man." But our limited space forbids further quotation.

In his lecture on the "Nature of Man," Bishop Ullathorne follows on the lines of the Fathers, with an eye chiefly to the spiritual nature and sublime destiny of man. This is, probably, the reason why he takes issue with the Aristotelian definition of man, as repugnant to his sense of man's dignity. Those who regard the subject from a purely philosophical standpoint, which even a Christian philosopher may do without reproach, will hardly admit the force of Dr. Ullathorne's objections, or accept as adequate any of the substitutes with which he proposes to replace it. That the old definition of man as "a rational animal" is open to abuse by materialists and pantheists may be true, but it may be doubted whether any of the definitions he prefers will close the way to all the errors of heresy, or false philosophy about the nature of man. The fault, it seems to us, lies not in the definition, but in the false science. Man may, no doubt, be correctly defined, as the Bishop defines him, to be "a composite creation of soul and body, with the soul as the form of the body." But this is a definition of man by his physical parts, not by his metaphysical essence. There are, it is clear, many ways, more or less perfect, of defining as well as of describing man's nature, but when it comes to a strictly metaphysical definition, it will not be so easy to show that the old one is defective. It would do man a wrong, as our author thinks it does, by classifying him with the genus *animal*, if it did not add the specific difference *rational*, which lifts him immeasurably above the whole class of *mere* animals. God, it is true, introduced a new and more solemn form of creation in the words: "Let us make man;" but why? Not because this creation should not in any manner touch upon those which had preceded it, but because he was about to produce the masterpiece of his six days' work, a being that should combine all the lower forms of creation with a higher form, a spiritual nature, making him akin to the angels. And the Scripture says: "Man became a living soul," to indicate wherein man bears the impress of the divinity, the image and likeness of God.

The definition of man by De Bonald, which Dr. Ullathorne looks upon with some favor, is open to several objections. It is far too vague to be a good definition. "*Intelligence*" is not the most accurate expression for man's rational nature. "*Organs*" is not an exact equivalent for man's body. There are other organs besides those of the human structure, and even in man it is not strictly true that all the organs serve the intelligence. Besides, it leaves undetermined the nature of the bond existing between the "intelligence" and the "organs," whether it is external or internal, whether "intelligence" is the substantial form of "organs" or uses them as a mere extrinsic instrument.

The truth seems to be that the Bishop's objection to the Aristotelian definition arises chiefly from the familiar or vulgar use of the word animal to denote a *mere* animal, or brute, in a sense derogatory to the dignity of human nature. In the schools the word has no such meaning, and it is hardly to be expected that an unscholarly prejudice should avail to alter a definition consecrated by time and usage. Metaphysical definitions are for the schools, not for common use. In works intended for religious instruction or spiritual reading, other forms of expression may serve better to throw out in the clearest light the dignity of man's spiritual part, and its immense superiority over his animal nature. Most

of those selected by Bishop Ullathorne from the Fathers are very well suited to this purpose, and are rendered in English with masterly skill.

One of the chief beauties of this volume, in addition to the sustained elevation of thought and the bold grasp of large subjects, is the apt and forcible use of Scripture and the Fathers. The Bishop's erudition reaches out on every side, and presses into his service writers the most widely separated in time and character. Ancient and modern, Christian and Pagan, philosopher and ascetic, all are welcome, if they will bear witness to the truth he is expounding, confirm a position, strengthen an argument, or sum up a statement. If the reader would like to see a good specimen of the author's manner, combining devotion with instruction, in a style strong, clear, and flowing, let him turn to the paragraphs on "Mercy," at the close of the lecture on the "Fall of Man and the Redemption of Christ."

Like all works of erudition and deep thought, this book is one that should be kept near at hand, to be consulted and read again and again, for the more carefully it is studied the more will its merits grow upon the reader. Those will appreciate it best whose previous studies have made them no strangers to these great topics. To them it will be spiritual reading, as well as enlightened instruction, "enlarging their souls and animating their piety." By the side of such a work as this, how mean and puerile are even the best productions of our "advanced thinkers" on the problems of humanity,—poor, weak pipings of an instrument out of tune, compared to the solemn harmonies of the "deep majestic organ." Could the disciples of positivism be induced to study these lectures, and had they the grace of humility to understand them, they might learn at last the true value of life, and why life is worth living.

CHINESE IMMIGRATION IN ITS SOCIAL AND ECONOMICAL ASPECTS. By *George F. Seward*, late United States Minister to China. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1881.

The subject of this work is one of great importance. The question whether Chinese immigration should be prohibited, or left a hindrance to take whatever proportions present or future circumstances may give it, has been the subject of fierce contention in California, and may become at no distant day a matter of practical concern to the people of other parts of the United States. To the discussion of this question Mr. Seward seemingly brings advantages which few others possess. His residence in China and the special privileges connected with his official position there gave him exceptional opportunities for studying the habits and character of the Chinese in their own country. That he has largely profited by those opportunities we fail to discover from the book now before us. Its material seems to have been culled mainly from reports of various committees of investigation and from that part of the testimony taken by those committees which was most favorable to the Chinese. Adverse testimony, of which it is well known a large amount exists, seems, for the most part, to have been systematically excluded. In the few instances in which Mr. Seward refers to it in his work, he seems to have done so in order to explain it away.

This necessarily gives Mr. Seward's work a one-sided character and greatly detracts from its value. It resembles the brief of a lawyer who has carefully noted whatever will strengthen the side of the case he has been retained to defend, rather than an impartial discussion of the subject. It is full of statistics and of quotations of the testimony of merchants, bankers, contractors, and employers of Chinese labor, but the

testimony is mostly, as might naturally be expected, one-sided; and, wherever opinions are expressed or facts cited of an adverse character, Mr. Seward labors to lessen or destroy their force.

This, however, is what the preface to the work leads his readers to anticipate. With commendable candor, the author apprises the public that he takes up the subject not as an open or debatable question, but as one on which his own mind is fully made up. His work, therefore, is not written for the purpose of laying before the public facts and suggestions which will aid it in arriving at a true solution of the social and political problem which the subject involves, but in order to lead the American people to adopt conclusions which the writer in his own mind has already reached and which he desires to enforce upon his readers. The following quotation clearly shows the correctness of these remarks:

"I approached the examination of these questions with a strong feeling that the United States ought not to interfere unnecessarily with (Chinese) immigration, because in doing so we would depart from principles well established in our national life, and because arbitrary interferences with natural processes prove, as a rule, unavailing and injurious. As I proceeded I became satisfied that no necessity existed for such action. I found, in brief, that the Chinese have been of great service to the people of the Pacific coast; that they are still needed there, but in a less important measure; that the objections which have been advanced against them are in the main unwarranted; and that the minor evils incident to their presence may be readily abated under existing treaties and within the lines of ordinary legislation. I found also that the fears of a large emigration which have been entertained are unnecessary and groundless."

This is a frank avowal and does credit to Mr. Seward's candor. His work is not palmed off upon the public as a broad impartial discussion of the general subject of Chinese emigration, looked at from all possible or actual points of view; but as an argument in favor of that side of the question which the author adopts and which he employs all his ability in defending. We may add that though his ability seems limited and his views narrow, yet he brings to the advocacy of his side of the question all the zeal which a retained advocate could exhibit.

It is scarcely necessary to say that persons who are opposed to limiting or obstructing emigration from China to the United States will find in the work before us materials with which they can sustain and strengthen their argument. On the other hand, those of our readers who are disposed to look at the subject impartially and with relation to the broader and deeper questions the subject involves as regards the interests, both material and moral, of our laboring classes and the principles of Christian civilization, will find nothing in this work to aid them in their investigations or reflections, except so far as they may obtain assistance by the examination of what can be gained from a zealous but rather narrow and contracted exhibition of a single side of the question. Justice requires us to say that the author in his preface expressly warns his readers that he deals *only* with "the social and economical aspects of Chinese immigration," but his treatment of the subject even under the limitations he has stated is in the one-sided way which his own statements indicate.

We regret that the author has thus narrowed the scope of his work. The subject of Chinese immigration is a subject of much greater moment even in its economical aspect and in its relations to the industrial interests of our country than is usually represented, at least by writers east of the Rocky Mountains. In its social aspect it is of still deeper importance, connecting itself intimately with considerations of morality and religion that, in their bearing upon our welfare as a people, far outweigh all political and commercial issues (which the author excludes

from his work) that are or may be supposed to be concerned in the determination of the question.

Mr. Seward's argument in favor of unrestricted Chinese immigration to the United States rests on three propositions: first, that man has a natural right to "change his home and allegiance;" secondly, that the presence of the Chinese in the United States is not injurious either socially or economically; thirdly, that the fears that have been entertained of the immigration of the Chinese in large and in increasing numbers are groundless.

The first proposition may be conceded, subject to its proper limitations, without at all supporting Mr. Seward's conclusion. Whatever right man may have to change his home and his allegiance, it is very certain, first, that Chinese immigrants as a class do not transfer, or seek to transfer, their "*homes and allegiance*" to the United States. They come here with an entirely different desire and purpose; secondly, it is an indisputable truth that every nation and people possesses the right of forbidding the entrance upon its domains of persons whose presence it considers injurious to its prosperity. This principle has been violated, we know, in a number of instances by governments claiming to be civilized and Christian, but we are not aware that its truth has ever been successfully impugned. The second proposition is really the only one of importance to the subject. For if Chinese immigration is not injurious, either socially or economically, to the people of the United States, its continuance, or even increase, is not to be deprecated or feared.

To the support of his main proposition Mr. Seward brings a formidable array of testimony and of statistics; but unfortunately for his cause they are obviously arranged for a purpose, and where opposing facts are stated or adverse testimony quoted, it is done in a way that deprives it of its legitimate force. He labors to show that the presence of the Chinese in California was not injurious to its interests, because "cheap labor" was needed for the development of the material resources of that State. The same argument might be urged for introducing Chinamen into Pennsylvania, New York, New England, or Ohio. With cheaper labor mines could be worked that are now closed; mills and factories could be multiplied; manufactured products could be increased both in variety and amount, and could successfully enter markets from which their cost now excludes them. But with all these results would it be an advantage to the *people* of the United States to have labor thus cheapened? Public opinion outside of that which prevails among those immediately and solely interested in the accumulation of wealth unhesitatingly answers, No. The cheapening of labor might and probably would produce the results mentioned, but this would simply beggar the majority of the people of the United States. It is not from low wages but from the high wages commanded by labor in the United States that our prosperity as a people has resulted, enabling the humblest artisan to earn a decent livelihood. Cheapen labor amongst us and comfort would disappear from the homes of the most frugal even and industrious of our laboring men, and squallid poverty with its usual concomitants and consequences would take its place. The aggregates of our manufactures and of our exports would increase, and that increase would swell the exhibits of our banks and increase the wealth of capitalists, but it would degrade in social rank all who were dependent on labor for a livelihood, and reduce the greater part of the people of the United States to a position similar to that which laborers occupy in Europe, a position of hopeless poverty and abject dependence.

This truth Mr. Seward evades rather than fairly meets. He shows or tries to show that the Chinese were necessary in California to build its railroads, and that fruit culture and certain kinds of farming and manufacturing could not be successfully carried on without the cheap labor of Chinamen. But all this may be conceded, and yet the objection still remains undiminished in force that cheap labor, while it may develop and increase material production, is detrimental to the interests of the majority of the people of our country.

The questions connected with the morals and religion of the Chinese, and the utter want of harmony between their civilization and our own, Mr. Seward touches on at some length. But his treatment of these questions seems to us superficial as well as one-sided. The exhibit he gives of Chinese morals and religion is not a description of their actual habits and practices, but a statement of their speculative philosophy and theology, which it is perfectly well known enter but slightly and with no purifying or elevating power into their practical life.

It would exceed the space at our command to mention in detail the fallacies which enter into Mr. Seward's general argument. We cannot refrain, however, from briefly referring to one. He laboriously gathers statistics to show that the number of Chinamen in the United States is much less than it is commonly supposed to be. From this he infers that their presence cannot have the effect of lowering wages. This is a sheer delusion. Experience, based on what has occurred and is constantly occurring, shows that it does not require a *large* number of persons willing to work for lower wages to excite competition and cheapen labor. A *small* number of persons willing to do this, and ready to take the places of discharged workmen, always produce this effect. It certainly has been produced in California by the presence of the Chinese, and it only requires the presence of a limited number of them elsewhere to bring about a like change.

The Brain as an Organ of the Mind. By *H. Charles Bastian, M.D., F.R.S.*, Professor of Pathological Anatomy and of Clinical Medicine in University College, London; Physician to University College Hospital, and to the National Hospital for the Paralyzed and Epileptic. With one hundred illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1880.

The subject of this book is one not only of great importance in itself, but one respecting which the scientific world is now specially concerned. In favor of the work before us it may be said with truth that from beginning to end it is highly interesting. The author has studied to condense his matter, and seems to have taken great pains to show how much may be said in small space. He ranges over a wide field and trenches on the departments of physiology, anatomy, psychology, and pathology, but he has done this plainly for the purpose of gathering material to support his positions and not to pass beyond the limits of the immediate subject, or promulgate radical views. From Chapter I. to Chapter X. he seems to be entirely at home in the subjects treated of, viz.: "The Uses and Origin of a Nervous System," "The Structure of a Nervous System—Nerve Fibres, Cells, and Ganglia," "The Use and Nature of Sense Organs," "The Nervous System of Mollusks," "The Nervous System of Vermes," "The Nervous System of Anthropods," "Data Concerning the Brain, derived from the Study of the Nervous System of Invertebrates," "The Brain of Fishes and of Amphibia," "The Brain of Reptiles and of Birds."

Chapter X. ushers us into the region of metaphysics, and naturally enough "The Scope of Mind" is discussed with special regard to its

"subjective" and "objective" states. Mind, according to Dr. Bastian, is not an independent immaterial entity. He holds that it does not correspond to anything real and positive. He does not affirm this in so many words, but its deduction from what he says is easy.

What the term "mind" really means is declared by him to be merely "assumptive." He speaks of "conscious states" and "mental phenomena" as dependent upon "the properties and molecular activities of nerve-tissues." From this he argues that molecular activity is the cause of thought. But if this be the case nutrition is destined to play a very important part. We then should only have to feed an individual in a special way to make him a thinking being. According to this theory, too, the condition of a lunatic would have to be regarded as that of perverted nutrition, and when under treatment he should be made to cultivate an "unbounded stomach." Institutions for the insane might experiment and see whether the theory would "hold water," a consummation devoutly to be wished. We have in view what is distinctive.

For the purpose of specification, a faculty is that in which is concentrated a power, there it resides. Nerve activity may convey an impression, which is or is not recognized. If the latter, has the molecular impulse been transmitted to another arrangement of cells in the brain? We think not.

We may be met here by a complexity, which it is supposed should be explained in detail. Hardly will this ever be done. It is admitted that the state of the nerves is organic, whether referable to a parent state or not, but we can say that this condition is defined, and it will, I think, be allowed us to say that just so can any other state admit a parallel. What if gradation serve to show no distinct line of separation between simple and complex, the fact remains that specific conditions are part of an existence; if the individual be dead, the brain is dead. A "law of limitation" indicates a purpose, and this in its very nature implies a reality, capable of attaining an end. Can we therefore speak of the brain as we would of a machine where friction is all-important, yet is not its action, nor its implied movement? Of necessity friction is peculiar to it and belongs to it, but there is not a tooth in a wheel used but must obey a defined principle, and this action is true of the smallest cell in a leaf. Give to each nerve-cell the honor due, and its specific action is distinct. Thus can we speak of the "nerves of sense," and in like manner of "nerves of sensation" and of "movement." As the brain is supposed to represent the most highly organized type of nerve-tissue, we needs must recognize that it has a definite purpose to serve in the physical economy, and if it is capable of originating action thus in a parent state no matter what the faculty may be that is used, it gives evidence that though dependent it fulfils a definite purpose, possesses specific character and "entity."

The subject is interesting, but we will pursue it no further, as undoubtedly we would, like the author, have to extend our research and treat of the qualifications that necessarily are connected with it, leading us again to the "law of limitation."

Chapter XI. treats of "Reflex Action and Unconscious Cognition," and the remaining chapters respectively of "Sensation," "Ideation and Perception," "Consciousness in Lower Animals," "Instinct: Its Nature and Origin," "Nascent Reason, Emotion, Imagination and Volition," "The Brain of Quadrupeds and some other Mammals," "The Brain of Quadrumana," "The Mental Capacities and Powers of Higher Brutes," "Development of the Human Brain during Uterine Life," "The Size and Weight of the Human Brain," "From Brute to

Human Intelligence," "The Internal Structure of the Human Brain," "The Functional Relations of the Principal Parts of the Brain," "Phrenology: Old and New," "Will and Voluntary Movements," "Cerebral Mental Substrata," "Speaking, Reading and Writing, as Mental and as Physiological Processes," "The Cerebral Relations of Speech and Thought," "Further Problems in Regard to the Localization of Higher Cerebral Functions."

The appendix discusses "Views Concerning the Existence and Nature of a Muscular Sense." The style of the work is admirable in a literary point of view. The illustrations are well executed, and the general make-up of the book is excellent.

THESAURUS BIBLICUS, OR HANDBOOK OF SCRIPTURE REFERENCE. Compiled from the Latin of *Philip Paul Mertz.* By *Rev. L. A. Lambert.* Waterloo, N. Y., 1880.

The diligent study of the Sacred Scriptures is enjoined by the Church upon its clergy both for their own edification and that they may be better prepared to instruct the faithful, to convince the doubting, to correct mistakes of those who unintentionally are in error, and to expose and refute heresies. It is recommended to the laity because, to use the words of Pope Pius the Sixth, it is "exceedingly well that the faithful should be excited to the reading of the Holy Scriptures. For these are the most abundant sources which ought to be left open to every one, to draw from them purity of morals and of doctrine, and to eradicate the errors which are so widely disseminated in these corrupt times."

Nothing, therefore, can be more untrue than the charge so persistently made by Protestants that the Catholic Church prohibits or discourages the study of the Holy Scriptures by the laity. The Church, as all Catholics well know, and as all others might easily know were they willing to be correctly informed, inculcates the highest reverence for what she has always taught is the written word of God. And not from want of reverence for sacred Scripture, but because of it, she prohibits false and corrupt versions, and with unceasing care and vigilance guards the manner in which even correct and approved versions shall be studied.

The utility of a work, therefore, like the one before us is obvious. It is frequently important in studying the Sacred Scriptures, whether for personal edification and instruction or for purposes of controversy, to be able readily to refer to all the passages that bear upon a particular subject. It is specially to the reverend clergy both a convenience and an aid to have at hand a work like this from which, as occasion requires, they can quickly obtain numerous quotations from the sacred text to illustrate and enforce their exhortations or explanations of Christian doctrine. To intelligent laymen, constantly brought, through their business or social relations, into contact with Protestants and other non-Catholics, it will be a valuable help in meeting objections, false charges, and sophistical arguments against the Catholic religion.

The work before us is well planned and the plan is well carried out. The subjects are arranged in alphabetical order, so that each one can be quickly referred to. The texts quoted under the several subjects, with the verse and chapter and book of Scripture in which they are found, are judiciously selected and arranged. The advantages of all this are evident.

The first laborer in this form of biblical literature is said to have been a native of England, named Allotto, whose work was published at Antwerp in the year 1551. He was followed by Philip Paul Mertz, who, after his conversion from Lutheranism, was ordained to the priesthood,

and labored very faithfully in several parishes near Augsburg. Besides several ascetic and polemic works and a number of catechetical treatises, he undertook, at the instance of the great biblical scholar, Laurentius Veith, S. J., the work of compiling an improved and enlarged THESAURUS BIBLICUS. In carrying out this undertaking he greatly improved upon the crude materials left by his predecessor, and made many important additions, so that the *Thesaurus Biblicus* as it came from his hands was practically a new work and superior to anything that had previously appeared in print. His work was first published at Augsburg in 1731. A number of other editions followed: three at Augsburg, two at Venice, and two at Paris (1822, 1825).

The present work is a compilation from the latest Paris edition, but the preface informs us that the original has not been slavishly followed. Inaccuracies have been corrected; the matter of some subjects has been condensed, that of others enlarged, and copious references to several subjects omitted in the original have been supplied.

THE ENGLISH POETS. Selections, with Critical Introductions by various writers and a General Introduction by Matthew Arnold. Edited by *Thomas Humphrey Ward, M.A.*, late Fellow of Brosenose College, Oxford. Vol. III., Addison to Blake; Vol. IV., Wordsworth to Dohell. London and New York: Macmillan & Co., 1880.

These two volumes contain specimens of the poetical productions of all the poets and many of the versifiers of Great Britain and Ireland from the latter part of the seventeenth century to the present time, excepting writers who are still living. The purpose of the work, to furnish in small compass a fair idea of what has been accomplished during this period in the form of poetical composition, is successfully carried out. Selections have been made from every poet or versifier of any note, and from some of no note whatever, fairly exhibiting their respective peculiarities of style and thought. Introductory sketches, designed to be partly biographical, but chiefly critical, precede the selections from each writer. Some of these sketches are valuable and show nice critical taste and sound judgment. Others of them are trashy and superficial, and some worse than worthless in the ideas they express and the judgments they pronounce. As a specimen of the last we quote the following from a superficial review of Byron's poetry by J. Symonds:

"Mazzini breaks at the end of his essay on Goethe and Byron into the following vindication of the poet (Byron's) claim: 'The day will come when democracy will remember all it owes to Byron. England, too, will, I hope, one day the mission—so entirely English, yet hitherto overlooked by her—which Byron fulfilled on the Continent; the European *rôle* given by him to English literature, and the appreciation and sympathy for England which he awakened amongst us. . . . From him dates the sympathy of all the true-hearted amongst us for this land of liberty, whose true vocation he so worthily represented among the oppressed. He led the genius of Britain on a pilgrimage throughout all Europe."

A more complete mixture than this of utter falsification and nonsense it would be difficult to produce.

Included, too, among the "poets" are a number of mere versifiers of whose productions the public not only are, but we doubt not will ever remain, in happy ignorance. From those of England's poets, however, who have deservedly won a high and permanent place in public estimation, the selections presented evince care and discrimination, and

afford data for correctly estimating their respective merits and peculiarities of genius or of talent.

Wetzer und Welte's Kirchenlexicon, oder Encyklopœdie der Katholischen Theologie und ihrer Hulfswissenschaften. Zweite Auflage in neuer Bearbeitung, unter Mitwirkung vieler Katholischen Gelehrten, begonnen von Joseph Cardinal Herzenröther, fortgesetzt von *Dr. Franz Kaulen.* Mit Approbation des Hochw. Capitels-Vicariats, Freiburg. Erstes, Zweites, und Drittes Heft. Freiburg im Breisgan. Herder'sche Verlagshandlung. 1880.

This is a reprint of one of the most valuable contributions ever made to Catholic science and theology by German *litterati.* The first edition, published like the present at Freiburg, 1847–1856, was in twelve volumes, and the names appended to the articles show that Germany's best and brightest scholars had lent their aid to the work. Hefele, Gams, Mayer, Bendel, and others whom we cannot take time to remember, besides Wetzer and Welte, were amongst the contributors. It is now not only reprinted, but considerably improved, and brought up to the full requirements of modern science. Professor Hergenröther was engaged by the publishers to take charge of the new edition, but his elevation to the dignity of Cardinal, and his consequent Roman residence, have made the publishers turn it over to the hands of Dr. Kaulen, one of Germany's best and most orthodox divines. Cardinal Hergenröther, though he is editor no longer, has contributed seveval articles, and by his side we find the illustrious names of Binder, Jungmann, Philip Hergenröther (the Cardinal's brother), Zämmer, Probst, Thalhofer, and a host of others, whose names are known through all Europe. No ecclesiastical library can dispense with this valuable work. Mr. Herder, of St. Louis, is the American representative of the German publishers, and the portions of the book published so far in pamphlet form cost only thirty-five cents a piece, which is a mere trifle, when we consider the Latin, Greek, Arabic, and Hebrew characters that have been used in printing. All our seminary libraries ought to possess a copy of this work, than which there can be none better for constant reference. We have often used the old edition with delight and perfect satisfaction. The new one will, of course, be much better and more satisfactory.

Instructions for First Communicants. Translated from the German of the *Rev. Dr. J. Schmitt,* of Freiburg-in-Breisgan, Germany. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Company, 1881.

Napoleon the First has left it on record that the happiest day of all his eventful life was the day of his first communion. That day is doubtless the most important in the lives of all of us did people only regard it in the true sense. Preparations for first communion cannot be too careful. The mind needs to be enlightened as to the reality of the great fact, the great solemnity, which is about to take place, and in which we are about to participate; to realize as far as possible its meaning and its worth. It is most necessary, therefore, to have preparatory manuals to assist the instructors in the important matter of preparation. The original of Dr. Schmitt's well-translated volume has already reached a fifth edition in Germany; which speaks sufficiently for its popularity there. It has the approval of the Archbishop of Freiburg, and is warmly recommended by his grace to the clergy of his diocese. It is based on the plan of the instructions for Penance and the Holy Eucharist con-

tained in Deharbe's Full Catechism, No. 1, a translation of which is published by the Catholic Publication Society. Nothing more need be said to commend the work to the careful attention of the clergy and of teachers.

SEVENTY-THREE CATHOLIC TRACTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Company, 1881.

This volume, which is composed of all the Catholic tracts ever published by the Catholic Publication Society Company, may be set down as a collection of truths in nutshells, and nutshells not too hard to crack for Protestant jaws. The tracts are excellent; they are brief expositions of Catholic truth and practice set in a popular way, calculated to catch the eye of any reasonable person, or for that matter even of persons who are unreasonable. Since 1866 more than four millions of these clever little doctrinal bulletins have been shot over the country, it is satisfactory to find, with good effect. "We know," says the preface, "of Protestants converted and received into the Church by their means. Countless prejudices against our religion have been removed, even when persons have not been led to become Catholics. Their minds have thus been prepared for accepting the truth at some future day." Nor are the tracts by any means intended for Protestants only. Catholics will find abundance of matter for instruction in them, and priests excellent hints for sermons or lectures. "Some of the ablest writers in our country," says the preface, "have contributed to this work. . . . Eminent prelates and learned theologians, men who have a world-wide reputation, have written many of these tracts." That they could hardly have turned their powers to better use any one will be convinced on picking up this most welcome and entertaining volume.

MORAL DISCOURSES. By the *Rev. Patrick O'Keefe, C.C.* (Second edition). Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, 1880.

The volume before us contains twenty earnest, concise, and pointed discourses on the following subjects: Baptism, What Evil Is, Mortal Sin, Duty of Parents, Scandal, Christmas Day, Good Friday, Corpus Christi, Love of our Neighbor, Death, Day of Judgment, Purgatory, Blessed Virgin Mary, Society of the Sacred Heart, Grace, The Proud Pharisee, Humility, The Angels, Temperance, Prayer.

In each of these sermons the author has a distinct purpose and aim, which he pursues with a steadiness of purpose that never falters, and a directness and cogency of argument that it would be very difficult to resist. But the letter of Archbishop Croke to the author, acknowledging the receipt of a copy of the work, describes as well as commends the work better than we could. He writes as follows:

. . . "In my humble judgment it is that exactly what I should wish such a work to be. Though perhaps originally meant for, and, I dare say, addressed to, plain and unpretending people, to those good and faithful and truly Catholic congregations that throng our parish churches on Sundays and holidays, your 'Discourses' might have been spoken in the very highest places, and will be read, I have no doubt, with much spiritual profit by persons of every condition and class. I admire the style of your sermons, their simplicity, force, and lucidity."

Among the other commendatory letters prefixed to the work we notice those of Cardinals Manning and Newman, and of the Bishops of Limerick, Kildare and Leighlin, and Salford.

THE HOME RULE CANDIDATE AND OTHER STORIES. FOLLETTE AND OTHER STORIES. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Company, 1881.

Those in search of bright, healthy stories, not too long to weary and not too profound to bewilder, need not travel beyond these two volumes of reprints from *The Catholic World.* They are by various authors, written in every style and on every kind of subject. But the whole is excellent of its kind, and the kind is exceptionally good. Of the many volumes of short stories republished from the magazine in which they first appeared, these two are among the best. "The Home Rule Candidate," by Mr. Nugent Robinson, is one of those semi-political Irish stories on subjects of the day, full of bright delineation of Irish character and rippling over with mischievous drollery. The same clever author's hand may be traced in other and shorter sketches, such as "Phil Redmond," "Blanche Blake's Choice," "His Irish Cousins," "Tom French's Christmas," etc. To say that "Follette" is from the pen of Miss Kathleen O'Meara is alone sufficient to attract attention to a powerfully written story of out-of-the way French peasant life. Of the rest there is not a sketch without merit, and some are exceptionally entitled to attention.

DE RELIGIONE ET ECCLESIA. Prælectiones Scholastico-Dogmaticæ quas habebat *Camillus Mazzella.* Soc. Jesu in Gregoriana Universitate Studiorum Præfectus et Theologiæ Professor, Academiæ Romanæ S. Thomæ Aq. Socius e decem Urbanis. Editio altera. Romæ: ex Typographia Polyglotta S. Congreg. de Prop. Fide. 1880. Large 8vo., pp. 914.

THE LONGFELLOW BIRTHDAY-BOOK. Arranged by *Charlotte Fiske Bates.* Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. 1881.

This is a compilation of extracts from Longfellow's writings, prose and verse, for each day of the year. The selections are set opposite the names of distinguished or prominent persons who were born on those days. In most instances the passages have been chosen with a view to indicating some trait or characteristic in the persons opposite to whose birthdays they have been placed.

THE PRACTICE OF INTERIOR RECOLLECTION WITH GOD, DRAWN FROM THE PSALM OF DAVID. By *Father Paul Segneri,* S. J. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, 1880.

This little work was compiled by the celebrated Father Segneri for his own personal use. It is now published for the first time in English, and cannot fail to comfort and strengthen and edify every attentive reader.

THE WILL OF GOD. Translated from the French. By *M. A. M.* New York: The Catholic Publication Society Company, 1881.

An excellent little pocket manual of pious reflections and admonitions, given in the brief colloquial style made familiar by the "Following of Christ."

GRADUALE DE TEMPORE, et de sanctis juxta ritum Sanctæ Romanæ Ecclesiæ, cum Cantu Pauli V. Pont. Max. jussu reformato. Ratisbonæ, Neo-Eboraci et Cincinnatii; sumptibus chartis et typis. Friderici Pustet. Small 4to.

This is one of the magnificent liturgical works, published by the house of F. Pustet, which has stood the test of hostile criticism, and fully vindicates the confidence reposed in this publishing house by the Sacred Congregation of Prites in Rome.

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